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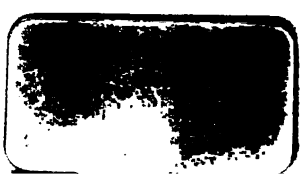
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NATIONAL EDITION



Edited by Charles Knight.

COMEDIES.

VOL I.

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THE

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES,

AND

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY

CHARLES KNIGHT.



THE NATIONAL EDITION.

COMEDIES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

CHARLES KNIGHT, 90, FLEET STREET.

1851.

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TO WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

When I commenced the "Pictorial" edition of Shakspere, twelve years ago, you had recently entered upon your noble task of presenting, at one of our then national theatres, the text of Shakspere, not deformed by presumptuous innovations, and not vulgarized by stage conventionalities. We were engaged, each in our own way, in the honest endeavour "to diffuse more widely a more intimate knowledge, and in that a deeper love, of our great poet's works." I use here the words of a letter which you did me the favour to write to me in 1839. At the precise time when you are quitting for ever that profession which you have long elevated and adorned, I shall be sending to the press the first volume of this revised edition of the Dramas which have been so many years the objects of our common reverence. At such a time, so full of conflicting feelings to yourself, and of unmixed regret to others, I may be permitted to offer a parting tribute, however humble, in saying that your living commentary upon the language, and your artistical penetration into the real nature of the characters and incidents, of these wondrous creations, have often given a coherence and force to my own imperfect conceptions, which the best criticism might have failed to supply. This consideration, as well as the coincidence of time which I have mentioned, lead me to inscribe this edition to you; with every sentiment of respect for your public exertions and your private character, and with the wish, in which thousands participate, that you may find in retirement that peace and holy rest, which make the evening of a well-spent life calm and beautiful as an unclouded sunset,

I remain,
My dear Sir,
Most sincerely yours,
CHARLES KNIGHT.

St. John's Wood,
February 26, 1851.

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CONTENTS.

(COMEDIES, VOLUME I.)

	Page
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA	1
COMEDY OF ERRORS	81
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST	141
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL	235
TAMING OF THE SHREW	327
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM	415
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE	495

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspere's plays, edited by John Heminge and Henry Condell, and published in 1623, seven years after his death. The text is singularly correct. There are not more than half a dozen passages of any real importance upon which a doubt can be entertained, if printed according to the original. It is, in all probability, a play written very early in Shakspere's life.

The scene of this play is, in the first act, at Verona, and afterwards chiefly at Milan. The action is not founded upon any historical event. The one historical fact mentioned in this play is that of the emperor holding his court at Milan, which was under the government of a duke, who was a vassal of the empire. Assuming that this fact prescribes a limit to the period of the action, we must necessarily place that period at least half a century before the date of the composition of this drama.

The incident of Julia following her lover in the disguise of a page, and her subsequent knowledge of his faithlessness, is common enough in the old Italian and Spanish novels. In the 'Diana' of Montemayor, a Spanish romance, which was translated in 1598, we find this resemblance to some scenes of the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' Indeed, in some turns of expression the dialogue is similar. The knowledge of Spanish was pretty widely diffused in England in Shakspere's youth; and we must not too readily fall in with the notion that such a book could not be accessible to him without a translation.

Pope calls the style of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' "simple and unaffected." It was opposed to Shakspere's later style, which is teeming with allusion upon allusion. With the exception of the few obsolete words, and the unfamiliar application of words still in use, this comedy has a very modern air. The thoughts are natural and obvious, the images familiar and general. The most celebrated passages have a character of grace rather than of beauty; the elegance of a youthful poet aiming to be correct. Johnson considered this comedy to be wanting in "diversity of character." The action, it must be observed, is mainly sustained by Proteus and Valentine, and by Julia and Silvia; and the conduct of the plot is relieved by the familiar scenes in which Speed and Launce appear. The other actors are very subordinate, and we scarcely demand any great diversity of character amongst them; but it appears to us, with regard to Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, Speed and Launce, that the characters are exhibited, as it were, in pairs, upon a principle of very defined though delicate contrast.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE.
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

VALENTINE.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

PROTEUS.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

ANTONIO.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

THURIO.
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

EGLAMOUR.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

SPEED.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

LAUNCE.
Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4.

PANTHINO.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

HOST.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

OUTLAWS.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

JULIA.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

SILVIA.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

LUCETTA.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 7.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE—IN VERONA, IN MILAN, AND ON THE FRONTIERS OF MANTUA.

In the original edition of 1623 the Persons Represented are thus described:

DUKE, *father to* Silvia.

VALENTINE, PROTEUS, } *the two Gentlemen.*

ANTONIO, *father to* Proteus.

THURIO, *a foolish rival to* Valentine.

EGLAMOUR, *agent for* Silvia *in her escape.*

SPEED, *a clownish servant to* Valentine.

LAUNCE, *the like to* Proteus.

PANTHINO, *servant to* Antonio.

HOST, *where* Julia *lodges.*

OUTLAWS, *with* Valentine.

JULIA, *beloved of* Proteus.

SILVIA, *beloved of* Valentine.

LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to* Julia.

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[*Open Place in Verona.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place in* Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

VAL. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus[a];
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
Wer 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PRO. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine[1].

[a] In the original this proper name is invariably spelt *Protheus*.

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VAL. And on a love-book pray for my success?
PRO. Upon some book I love, I 'll pray for thee.
VAL. That 's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
PRO. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
VAL. 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.
PRO. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots[2].
VAL. Nay, I will not, for it boots thee not.
PRO. What?
VAL. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However[a], but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
PRO. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
VAL. So, by your circumstance[b], I fear, you 'll prove.
PRO. 'T is love you cavil at; I am not love.
VAL. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.
PRO. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells[3], so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
VAL. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
PRO. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
VAL. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters[c],
Of thy success in love, and what news else

[a] *However*—in whatsoever way, "haply won," or "lost."
[b] *Circumstance.* The word is used by the two speakers in different senses. Proteus employs it in the meaning of *circumstantial deduction;*—Valentine in that of *position.*
[c] *To* Milan. Let me hear from thee by letters, *addressed* to Milan.

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Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

PRO. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

VAL. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit* VALENTINE.

PRO. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself[a], my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

SPEED. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

PRO. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

SPEED. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep[b] in losing him.

PRO. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

SPEED. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

PRO. I do.

SPEED. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

PRO. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED. This proves me still a sheep.

PRO. True; and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

PRO. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.

SPEED. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

PRO. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

SPEED. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

PRO. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

SPEED. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton[c]; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

PRO. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

[a] The original copy reads, "I love myself." The present reading was introduced by Pope.

[b] *Sheep* is pronounced *ship* in many English counties; hence Speed's small jest. Mr. Collier observes that in writings of the time "Sheep-street, in Stratford-upon-Avon, is often spelt *Ship*-street."

[c] *A laced mutton.* The commentators have much doubtful learning on this passage. They maintain that the epithet "laced" was a very uncomplimentary epithet of Shakspere's time; and that the words taken together apply to a female of loose character. This is probable; but then the insolent application, by Speed, of the term to Julia is received by Proteus very patiently. The jest would scarcely cover the coarseness, provided the slang term were of general acceptation.

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SPEED. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

PRO. Nay, in that you are astray [a]; 't were best pound you.

SPEED. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

PRO. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

SPEED. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

PRO. But what said she? did she nod [b]? [SPEED *nods.*

SPEED. I [c].

PRO. Nod, I; why, that 's noddy.

SPEED. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

PRO. And that set together is—noddy.

SPEED. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

PRO. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

SPEED. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

PRO. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

SPEED. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

PRO. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

PRO. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

SPEED. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

PRO. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

SPEED. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

PRO. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

SPEED. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat [4] for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind [d]. Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

PRO. What said she,—nothing?

SPEED. No, not so much as—"Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd [5] me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

PRO. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore [e]:—

[a] *Astray.* The adjective here should be read "*a stray*"—a stray sheep.

[b] *Did she nod?* These words, not in the original text, were introduced by Theobald. The stage-direction, "Speed nods," is also modern.

[c] *I*—the old spelling of the affirmative particle *Ay.*

[d] The second folio changes the passage to "*her* mind." The first gives it "*your* mind." Speed says,—she was hard to me that *brought* your mind, by letter;—she will be as hard to you in *telling* it, in person.

[e] The same allusion to the proverb, "He that is born to be hanged," &c., occurs in 'The Tempest.'

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I must go find some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of* Julia's *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

JUL. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
LUC. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
JUL. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle[a] encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
LUC. Please you, repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
JUL. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
LUC. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
JUL. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
LUC. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
JUL. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
LUC. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
JUL. How now! what means this passion at his name?
LUC. Pardon, dear madam; 't is a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure[b] thus on lovely gentlemen.
JUL. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
LUC. Then thus: of many good I think him best.
JUL. Your reason?
LUC. I have no other reason but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
JUL. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
LUC. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
JUL. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.
LUC. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
JUL. His little speaking shows his love but small.
LUC. Fire[c] that 's closest kept burns most of all.
JUL. They do not love that do not show their love.
LUC. O, they love least that let men know their love.
JUL. I would I knew his mind.

[a] *Parle*—speech. The first folio spells it par'le, which shows the abbreviation of the original French *parole*.

[b] *Censure*—give an opinion—a meaning which repeatedly occurs.

[c] *Fire* is here used as a dissyllable. When the reader has a key to the reading of such words—*fi-er, hou-er*—he may dispense with the notes that he will perpetually find on these matters in the earlier commentators.

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LUC. Peruse this paper, madam.
JUL. "To Julia,"—Say, from whom?
LUC. That the contents will show.
JUL. Say, say; who gave it thee?
LUC. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
JUL. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
LUC. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
JUL. Will you be gone?
LUC. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
JUL. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay."
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly[a] I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

LUC. What would your ladyship?
JUL. Is 't near dinner-time?
LUC. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach[b] on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
JUL. What is 't that you
Took up so gingerly?

[a] *Angerly*, not angrily, as many modern editions have it, was the adverb used in Shakspere's time.

[b] *Stomach* is here used in the double sense of appetite, and obstinacy, or ill temper.

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LUC. Nothing.
JUL. Why didst thou stoop then?
LUC. To take a paper up that I let fall.
JUL. And is that paper nothing?
LUC. Nothing concerning me.
JUL. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
LUC. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
JUL. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
LUC. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set[a].
JUL. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."[6]
LUC. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
JUL. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.
LUC. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
JUL. And why not you?
LUC. I cannot reach so high.
JUL. Let 's see your song:—How now, minion?
LUC. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
JUL. You do not?
LUC. No, madam; 't is too sharp.
JUL. You, minion, are too saucy.
LUC. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant[b]:
There wanteth but a mean[c] to fill your song.
JUL. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
LUC. Indeed, I bid the base[d] for Proteus.
JUL. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
LUC. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
JUL. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

[a] *Set*—compose. Julia plays upon the word, in the next line, in a different sense,—to "set by" being to make account of.
[b] *Descant.* The simple air, in music, was called the "Plain *song*," or ground. The "descant" was what we now call a "variation."
[c] *Mean*—the tenor. The whole of the musical allusions in this passage show that the terms of the art were familiar to a popular audience; and that music (of which there can be no doubt) was generally cultivated in Shakspere's time.
[d] The quibbling Lucetta here turns the allusion to the country game of *base*, or prison-base, in which one runs and challenges another to pursue.

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Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey[7],
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—" kind Julia;"—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And, here is writ—" love-wounded Proteus:"—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search[a] it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
" Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;" that I 'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

LUC. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.
JUL. Well, let us go.
LUC. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
JUL. If you respect them, best to take them up.
LUC. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold[b].
JUL. I see you have a month's mind to them[a].
LUC. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
JUL. Come, come, will 't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Antonio's *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

ANT. Tell me, Panthino, what sad[c] talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
PAN. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.

[a] *Search*—probe. [b] *For catching cold*—lest they should catch cold. *Sad*—serious.

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ANT. Why, what of him?
PAN. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities[9].
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
ANT. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
PAN. I think your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
ANT. I know it well.
PAN. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments[10],
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
ANT. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known:
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.
PAN. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
ANT. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time[a].—Now will we break with him[b].

[a] *In good time.* As Antonio is declaring his intention Proteus appears; the speaker, therefore, breaks off with the expression, "in good time"—à propos.
[b] *Break with him.* Break the matter to him, a form which repeatedly occurs.

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Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

ANT. How now? what letter are you reading there?

PRO. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

ANT. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

PRO. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANT. And how stand you affected to his wish?

PRO. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

ANT. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition* thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

PRO. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

ANT. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PAN.

PRO. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

* *Exhibition*—stipend, allowance. The word is still used in this sense with reference to any special fund for a scholar's maintenance in our universities.

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O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go.
PRO. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt.*

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[*Street in Milan.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

SPEED. Sir, your glove.
VAL. Not mine; my gloves are on.
SPEED. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one[a].
VAL. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!
SPEED. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
VAL. How now, sirrah?
SPEED. She is not within hearing, sir.
VAL. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
SPEED. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
VAL. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
SPEED. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
VAL. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?
SPEED. She that your worship loves?
VAL. Why, how know you that I am in love?
SPEED. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus,

[a] The quibble here depends upon the pronunciation of *one*, which was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*.

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to wreath your arms like a malecontent; to relish a love-song like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet[a]; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas[11]. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions[b]; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VAL. Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED. They are all perceived without ye.

VAL. Without me? they cannot.

SPEED. Without you? nay, that 's certain, for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

VAL. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

VAL. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

SPEED. Why, sir, I know her not.

VAL. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

SPEED. Is she not hard favoured, sir?

VAL. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

SPEED. Sir, I know that well enough.

VAL. What dost thou know?

SPEED. That she is not so fair as (of you) well favoured.

VAL. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

SPEED. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

VAL. How painted? and how out of count?

SPEED. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VAL. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPEED. You never saw her since she was deformed?

VAL. How long hath she been deformed?

SPEED. Ever since you loved her.

VAL. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED. If you love her, you cannot see her.

VAL. Why?

SPEED. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

[a] *Takes diet*—is under regimen.

[b] *To walk like one of the lions* is thus commented on by Ritson: "If Shakspere had not been thinking of the lions in the Tower, he would have written 'like a lion.'"—Shakspere was thinking dramatically; and he therefore made Speed use an image with which he might be familiar. The "clownish servant" might compare his master to a *caged* lion, without being poetical, which Shakspere did not intend him to be.

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VAL. What should I see then?

SPEED. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose[12]; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

VAL. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPEED. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VAL. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

SPEED. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

VAL. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED. And have you?

VAL. I have.

SPEED. Are they not lamely writ?

VAL. No, boy, but as well as I can do them;—Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

SPEED. O excellent motion[a]! O exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

VAL. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

SPEED. O, 'give ye good ev'n! here 's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

SIL. Sir Valentine and servant[13], to you two thousand[b].

SPEED. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

VAL. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

SIL. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly done.

VAL. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SIL. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VAL. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

SIL. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again; and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

[a] *Motion*—a puppet-show. Silvia is the puppet, and Valentine will interpret for her. The master of the show was, in Shakspere's time, often called interpreter to the puppets.

[b] Much of the dialogue between Valentine and Speed is printed metrically in the original. This is sometimes obviously enough wrong: but in other instances, such as these, we have some free dramatic versification which ought to be retained.

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SPEED. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aside.*
VAL. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?
SIL. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.
VAL. Madam, they are for you.
SIL. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.
VAL. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.
SIL. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over:
And if it please you, so: if not, why so.
VAL. If it please me, madam! what then?
SIL. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so good morrow, servant. [*Exit* SILVIA.
SPEED. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?
VAL. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?
SPEED. Nay, I was rhyming; 't is you that have the reason.
VAL. To do what?
SPEED. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.
VAL. To whom?
SPEED. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.
VAL. What figure?
SPEED. By a letter I should say.
VAL. Why, she hath not writ to me?
SPEED. What needs she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?
VAL. No, believe me.
SPEED. No believing you, indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?
VAL. She gave me none, except an angry word.
SPEED. Why, she hath given you a letter.
VAL. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.
SPEED. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.
VAL. I would it were no worse.
SPEED. I 'll warrant you 't is as well.

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

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All this I speak in print[a], for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

VAL. I have dined.

SPEED. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved[b]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

PRO. Have patience, gentle Julia.

JUL. I must, where is no remedy.

PRO. When possibly I can, I will return.

JUL. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. [*Giving a ring.*

PRO. Why then we 'll make exchange[14], here, take you this.

JUL. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

PRO. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should: [*Exit* JULIA.
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

PRO. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a Dog.*

LAUN. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think

[a] *In print*—with exactness. Speed is repeating, or affects to be repeating, some lines which he has read.

[b] *Be moved*—have compassion on me.

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Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe[15] is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing;" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood[a] woman;—well, I kiss her;—why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes; now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter?, why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you 'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

LAUN. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied[b] that ever man tied.

PAN. What 's the unkindest tide?

LAUN. Why, he that 's tied here; Crab, my dog.

PAN. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

LAUN. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

PAN. Where should I lose my tongue?

LAUN. In thy tale.

PAN. In thy tail?

LAUN. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied[c]! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

[a] *Wood*—mad, wild.

[b] This quibble, according to Steevens, is found in Lyly's 'Endymion,' 1591.

[c] We give the punctuation of the original edition. Malone prints the passage thus:—

"Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service: and the tide!"

Steevens omits the *and*, completing the sentence at "service;" and adding "The tide!" as inter-

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PAN. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.
LAUN. Sir, call me what thou darest.
PAN. Wilt thou go?
LAUN. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

SIL. Servant!
VAL. Mistress.
SPEED. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.
VAL. Ay, boy, it 's for love.
SPEED. Not of you.
VAL. Of my mistress then.
SPEED. 'T were good you knocked him.
SIL. Servant, you are sad.
VAL. Indeed, madam, I seem so.
THU. Seem you that you are not?
VAL. Haply I do.
THU. So do counterfeits.
VAL. So do you.
THU. What seem I that I am not?
VAL. Wise.
THU. What instance of the contrary?
VAL. Your folly.
THU. And how quote[a] you my folly?
VAL. I quote[b] it in your jerkin.
THU. My jerkin is a doublet[16].
VAL. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.
THU. How?
SIL. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?
VAL. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.
THU. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.
VAL. You have said, sir.
THU. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
VAL. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
SIL. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
VAL. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

jectional. Both editors appear to forget the quibble of Launce on his *tied* dog; to which quibble, it appears to us, he returns in this passage. In the first instance he says, "It is no matter if the *tied* were lost;"—he now says, "Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the *tied*." In the original there is no difference in the orthography of the two words.

[a] *Quote*—to mark.

[b] *Quote* was pronounced *cote*, from the old French *coter*. Hence the quibble, I *coat* it in your *jerkin*,—your short-coat, or jacket.

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SIL. Who is that, servant?
VAL. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire:
Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks,
And spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.
THU. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
VAL. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words,
And, I think, no other treasure to give your followers;
For it appears, by their bare liveries,
That they live by your bare words[a].
SIL. No more,
Gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father is in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?
VAL. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.
DUKE. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?
VAL. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.
DUKE. Hath he not a son?
VAL. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
DUKE. You know him well?
VAL. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature[b], and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

[a] We have again a metrical arrangement in the original of this and the preceding speech of Valentine, which scarcely looks like accident. (See p. 18.) It is not, however, the versification of Shakspere's early plays; but, if not meant for verse, it is a measured prose, full of a spirited, harmonious movement.

[b] *Feature* (form or fashion) was applied to the body as well as the face. Thus, in Gower,—

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DUKE. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a-while:
I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.
VAL. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
DUKE. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you: and you, sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite[a] him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit* DUKE.
VAL. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
SIL. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
VAL. Nay, sure I think she holds them prisoners still.
SIL. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
VAL. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
THU. They say that love hath not an eye at all—
VAL. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

SIL. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
VAL. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
SIL. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
VAL. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
SIL. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
PRO. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
VAL. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
PRO. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

"Like to a woman in semblance
Of feature and of countenance."
And later, in 'All Ovid's Elegies, by C. M.' (Christopher Marlowe)—
"I fly her lust, but follow beauty's creature,
I loath her manners, love her body's feature."

[a] *'Cite*—incite.

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SIL. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
PRO. I 'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
SIL. That you are welcome?
PRO. No; that you are worthless.
THU. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you[a].
SIL. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
PRO. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.
VAL. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
PRO. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
VAL. And how do yours?
PRO. I left them all in health.
VAL. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
PRO. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
VAL. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love 's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction[b],
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
PRO. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?
VAL. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
PRO. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

[a] In the original this line is given to *Thurio;* and we are not sure that Theobald's change, of bringing a servant on to deliver the message, is right. We may imagine *Thurio* fidgeting during the dialogue between Silvia, Proteus, and Valentine; and then hastily coming forward to interrupt it with a real or pretended message. It is characteristic that he should wish to break off this talk in which he is neglected. He may be supposed to step to the door, and receive a message. We restore the original reading.

[b] There is no woe *compared* to his correction. The idiom was not uncommon.

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VAL. Call her divine.
PRO. I will not flatter her.
VAL. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
PRO. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.
VAL. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
PRO. Except my mistress.
VAL. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
PRO. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
VAL. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
PRO. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
VAL. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
PRO. Then let her alone.
VAL. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
PRO. But she loves you?
VAL. Ay, and we are betroth'd: Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
PRO. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road[a], to disembark

[a] *Road*—open harbour.

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Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I 'll presently attend.

VAL. Will you make haste?

PRO. I will.— [*Exit* VAL.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien[a] or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'T is but her picture[b] I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled[c] my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her, I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

SPEED. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

LAUN. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

[a] The folio of 1623 reads, "It is mine, or Valentine's praise." Warburton would read, "It is mine eye," &c. This reading Steevens adopts, making the sentence interrogative, "Is it mine eye?" The present reading is that of Malone, and it is supported by the circumstance that *mien* was, in Shakspere's time, spelt *mine*, according to its French etymology. Mr. Collier suggests that the true reading is "*mine eyes.*"

[b] *Picture.* Her person, which I have seen, has shown me her "perfections" only as a picture. Dr. Johnson receives the expression in a literal sense, and complains that Shakspere has committed a blunder, when "he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture."

[c] *Dazzled* is here used as a trisyllable.

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SPEED. Come on, you mad-cap, I 'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

LAUN. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

SPEED. But shall she marry him?

LAUN. No.

SPEED. How, then? shall he marry her?

LAUN. No, neither.

SPEED. What, are they broken?

LAUN. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

SPEED. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

LAUN. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

SPEED. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

LAUN. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

SPEED. What thou say'st?

LAUN. Ay, and what I do, too: look thee, I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

SPEED. It stands under thee, indeed.

LAUN. Why, stand under and understand is all one

SPEED. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

LAUN. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

SPEED. The conclusion is then, that it will.

LAUN. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

SPEED. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

LAUN. I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED. Than how?

LAUN. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

SPEED. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

LAUN. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

SPEED. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

LAUN. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so[a]; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

SPEED. Why?

LAUN. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale[b] with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

SPEED. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *So.* This is an insertion of the second folio. We adopt it upon the argument of Mr. Dyce.

[b] *Ale*—a rural festival, oftentimes connected with the holidays of the church, as a Whitsun-ale. Launce calls Speed a Jew because he will not go to the ale (the Church feast) with a Christian.

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SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend:
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended[a] flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:

[a] *Pretended*—intended.

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But Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

JUL. Counsel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table[17] wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
LUC. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
JUL. A true-devoted pilgrim[18] is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.
LUC. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.
JUL. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
LUC. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
JUL. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;

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And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

LUC. But in what habit will you go along?

JUL. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

LUC. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

JUL. No, girl; I 'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

LUC. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

JUL. That fits as well as—"tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, ev'n what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

LUC. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

JUL. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

LUC. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

JUL. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

LUC. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

JUL. Nay, that I will not.

LUC. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who 's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

JUL. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite[a] of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

LUC. All these are servants to deceitful men.

JUL. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

[a] *Infinite*—infinity. The same form of expression occurs in Chaucer:—"Although the life of it be stretched with infinite of time." The reading we give is that of the first folio. The common reading is that of the second folio:—"Instances *as* infinite."

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LUC. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
JUL. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

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[*General View of Milan.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

DUKE. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

PRO. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

DUKE. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;

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Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err[19],
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested[a],
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

PRO. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at[19];
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence[b].

DUKE. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

PRO. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

DUKE. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VAL. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

DUKE. Be they of much import?

VAL. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

DUKE. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

VAL. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match

[a] *Suggested*—tempted. [b] *Pretence*—design.

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Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where[a] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

VAL. What would your grace have me to do in this?

DUKE. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here[b],
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)
How, and which way I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VAL. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

DUKE. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

VAL. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away;"
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

[a] *Where*—whereas.

[b] The original has "There is a lady *in Verona*, here," but the scene is clearly in Milan; and therefore Pope's alteration must be received.

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DUKE. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
VAL. Why then I would resort to her by night.
DUKE. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
VAL. What lets[a], but one may enter at her window?
DUKE. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
VAL. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
DUKE. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
VAL. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
DUKE. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.
VAL. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.
DUKE. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
VAL. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.
DUKE. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
VAL. Ay, my good lord.
DUKE. Then let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.
VAL. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
DUKE. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What 's here?—"To Silvia"?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune.

[a] *Lets*—hinders.

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I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What 's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:"

'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit* DUKE.

VAL. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence: and I leave to be,
If I be not, by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

PRO. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
LAUN. So-ho! so-ho!

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PRO. What seest thou?
LAUN. Him we go to find:
There 's not a hair on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.
PRO. Valentine?
VAL. No.
PRO. Who then, his spirit?
VAL. Neither.
PRO. What then?
VAL. Nothing.
LAUN. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
PRO. Who wouldst thou strike?
LAUN. Nothing.
PRO. Villain, forbear.
LAUN. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—
PRO. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.
VAL. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
PRO. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
VAL. Is Silvia dead?
PRO. No, Valentine.
VAL. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?
PRO. No, Valentine.
VAL. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?
LAUN. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
PRO. That thou art banished. O, that 's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
VAL. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
PRO. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

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That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

VAL. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

PRO. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love*0.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

VAL. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

PRO. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

VAL. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine! [*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

LAUN. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 't is I love, and yet 't is a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milk-maid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel—which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, "she can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, "she can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

SPEED. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

LAUN. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

SPEED. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

LAUN. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

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SPEED. Why, man, how black?
LAUN. Why, as black as ink.
SPEED. Let me read them.
LAUN. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.
SPEED. Thou liest, I can.
LAUN. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?
SPEED. Marry, the son of my grandfather.
LAUN. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.
SPEED. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.
LAUN. There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed[a]!
SPEED. Imprimis, "She can milk."
LAUN. Ay, that she can.
SPEED. Item, "She brews good ale."
LAUN. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.
SPEED. Item, "She can sew."
LAUN. That 's as much as to say, can she so?
SPEED. Item, "She can knit."
LAUN. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock[a]?
SPEED. Item, "She can wash and scour."
LAUN. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.
SPEED. "She can spin."
LAUN. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.
SPEED. Item, "She hath many nameless virtues."
LAUN. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.
SPEED. "Here follow her vices."
LAUN. Close at the heels of her virtues.
SPEED. Item, "She is not to be kissed[b] fasting, in respect of her breath."
LAUN. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.
SPEED. Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."
LAUN. That makes amends for her sour breath.
SPEED. Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."
LAUN. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.
SPEED. Item, "She is slow in words."
LAUN. O villain, that set this down among her vices!
To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue:
I pray thee out with 't; and place it for her chief virtue.
SPEED. Item, "She is proud."
LAUN. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy,
And cannot be ta'en from her.

[a] *Stock*—stocking.
[b] *Kissed* is not in the original. It was introduced by Rowe.

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SPEED. Item, "She hath no teeth."

LAUN. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

SPEED. Item, "She is curst."

LAUN. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED. "She will often praise her liquor."

LAUN. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

SPEED. Item, "She is too liberal."

LAUN. Of her tongue she cannot; for that 's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I 'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

SPEED. Item, "She hath more hair than wit[a], and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

LAUN. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

SPEED. Item, "She hath more hair than wit,"—

LAUN. More hair than wit,—it may be; I 'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt[23], and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

SPEED.—"And more faults than hairs,"—

LAUN. That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

SPEED.—"And more wealth than faults."

LAUN. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I 'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

SPEED. What then?

LAUN. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

SPEED. For me?

LAUN. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

SPEED. And must I go to him?

LAUN. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

SPEED. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

LAUN. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

DUKE. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

THU. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,

[a] An old English Proverb.

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Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

DUKE. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched[a] in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

PRO. Gone, my good lord.

DUKE. My daughter takes his going grievously.

PRO. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

DUKE. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

PRO. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

DUKE. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

PRO. I do, my lord.

DUKE. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

PRO. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

DUKE. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

PRO. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

DUKE. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

PRO. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

DUKE. Then you must undertake to slander him.

PRO. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very[b] friend.

DUKE. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endanger him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

PRO. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,

[a] *Trenched*—cut. [b] *Very*—true; real (verus).

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By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But, say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

THU. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me[23];
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

DUKE. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

PRO. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

DUKE. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

PRO. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window,
With some sweet consort[a]: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump[b]; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit[c] her.

Consort. The musicians *consorted*—chosen to play together—were called the *consort;* and so was the selection of music they performed—modernized into concert.

[b] *Dump*—a mournful elegy. Dump, or dumps, for sorrow, was not originally a burlesque term:—

"My sinews dull, in dumps I stand."—SURREY.

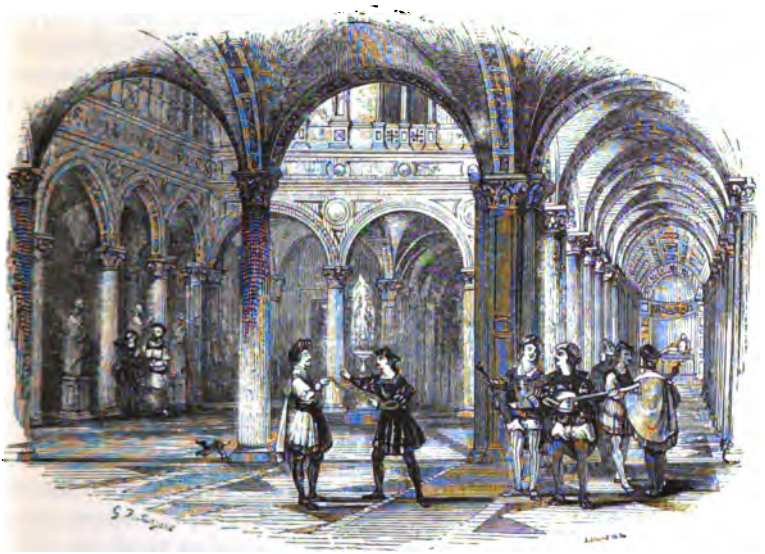
[c] *Inherit*—obtain possession of.

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DUKE. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.
THU. And thy advice this night I 'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort[a] some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.
DUKE. About it, gentlemen.
PRO. We 'll wait upon your grace, till after supper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.
DUKE. Even now about it; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Sort*—to choose.

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[*Court of Duke's Palace.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest, near* Mantua.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1 Out. That 's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2 Out. Peace! we 'll hear him.
3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man!
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

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2 Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 Out. For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.
3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar[24],
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
1 Out. We 'll have him; sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 Out. Tell us this: Have you anything to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful[a] men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied[b] unto the duke.
2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,

[a] *Awful.* Steevens and others think we should here read *lawful.* But Shakspere, in other places, uses this word in the sense of lawful:—
"We come within our awful banks again."
[b] The original gives the line thus:—
"*And* heire and *Neece*, allide unto the Duke."
Theobald gave us *near*, which is probably correct. It would be *neers* in the manuscript.

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And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

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Enter THURIO *and Musicians.*

THU. How now, sir Proteus; are you crept before us?
PRO. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
THU. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
PRO. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
THU. Who? Silvia?
PRO. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
THU. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter HOST, *at a distance; and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

HOST. Now, my young guest! methinks you 're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?
JUL. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
HOST. Come, we 'll have you merry: I 'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.
JUL. But shall I hear him speak?
HOST. Ay, that you shall.
JUL. That will be music. [*Music plays.*
HOST. Hark! hark!
JUL. Is he among these?
HOST. Ay: but peace, let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling:
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

HOST. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the music likes[a] you not.
JUL. You mistake; the musician likes me not.
HOST. Why, my pretty youth?
JUL. He plays false, father.

[a] *Likes*—pleases.

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HOST. How? out of tune on the strings?
JUL. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings
HOST. You have a quick ear.
JUL. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.
HOST. I perceive you delight not in music.
JUL. Not a whit, when it jars so.
HOST. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
JUL. Ay, that change is the spite.
HOST. You would have them always play but one thing.
JUL. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
HOST. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick[25].
JUL. Where is Launce?
HOST. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.
JUL. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.
PRO. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.
THU. Where meet we?
PRO. At Saint Gregory's well[26].
THU. Farewell. [*Exeunt* THURIO *and Musicians*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

PRO. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
SIL. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?
PRO. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
SIL. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
PRO. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
SIL. What 's your will?
PRO. That I may compass[a] yours.
SIL. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,

Compass. It appears to us that a double ambiguity is here intended. Silvia says, "What is your will?"—what is your *wish?*—for, although Shakspere has accurately distinguished between the two words, as in this play (Act. I., Scene 3)—

"My will is something sorted with his wish"—

he yet often uses them synonymously. Proteus' reply to the question is—"That I may compass yours"—*that I may have your will within my power*—encompassed—surrounded. Julia, in her answer, receives the word compass in its meaning of *to perform;* and distinguishes between wish and will.

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That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

PRO. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

JUL. 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried. [*Aside.*

SIL. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

PRO I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

SIL. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

PRO. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

SIL. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

JUL. He heard not that. [*Aside.*

PRO. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

JUL. If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

SIL. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.

PRO. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; *and* SILVIA, *from above.*

JUL. Host, will you go?

HOST. By my halidom[a], I was fast asleep.

JUL. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

[a] *Halidom*—holiness; *holi* and *dom*,—as in kingdom. Holidame—holy virgin—was a corruption of the term.

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HOST. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 't is almost day.
JUL. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window*

SIL. Who calls?
EGL. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
SIL. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.
EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose[a],
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
SIL. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful[b], well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which Heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.

[a] *Impose*—command. The word, as a noun, does not occur again in Shakspere.
[b] *Remorseful*—compassionate.

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I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

EGL. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

SIL. This evening coming.

EGL. Where shall I meet you?

SIL. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

EGL. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

SIL. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher[27]; and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep[a] himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog," says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says the third; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant?

[a] *Keep*—restrain.

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Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks[28] for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory[29] for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now! —Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

PRO. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.
JUL. In what you please.—I 'll do what I can.
PRO. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant; [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been these two days loitering?
LAUN. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.
PRO. And what says she to my little jewel?
LAUN. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.
PRO. But she received my dog?
LAUN. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.
PRO. What, didst thou offer her this from me?
LAUN. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.
PRO. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or, ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end[a] turns me to shame. [*Exit* LAUNCE.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well[b] deliver'd it to me.
JUL. It seems you lov'd her not to leave[c] her token:
She is dead, belike?

[a] *Still an end*—almost perpetually. A common form of expression in our old writers. Gifford has given several examples in a note to Massinger's 'A Very Woman.'—Act III., Scene 1.
[b] She lov'd me well, *who* deliver'd it to me.
[c] To *leave*—to part with.

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PRO. Not so; I think she lives.
JUL. Alas!
PRO. Why dost thou cry, alas!
JUL. I cannot choose but pity her.
PRO. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
JUL. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'T is pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!
PRO. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit* PROTEUS.
JUL. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.
SIL. What would you with her, if that I be she?
JUL. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
SIL. From whom?
JUL. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.
SIL. O!—he sends you for a picture?
JUL. Ay, madam.

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SIL. Ursula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*
Go, give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow
JUL. Madam, please you peruse this letter.——
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
SIL. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
JUL. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
SIL. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.
JUL. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
SIL. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
JUL. She thanks you.
SIL. What say'st thou?
JUL. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
SIL. Dost thou know her?
JUL. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.
SIL. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
JUL. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow
SIL. Is she not passing fair?
JUL. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask[80] away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I[a].

[a] In this passage *pinch'd* means painted, and not, as Johnson has it, pinched with cold. *Black* signifies dark, tanned. In the next act Thurio says, "my face is *black*," as opposed to "fair." It is curious that *black*, *bleak*, *blight*, are words having a strong affinity; and that, therefore, "the air," which "starv'd the roses," and "pinch'd the lily-tincture," so as to make "black," is the same as the withering and *blighting* agency, the *bleak* wind, which covers vegetation with a sterile *blackness*. (See Richardson's Dictionary.)

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SIL. How tall was she?
JUL. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
SIL. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.
JUL. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her air is auburn, mine is perfect yellow[31]:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig[32].
Her eyes are gray as glass[33]; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective[a] in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,

[a] Steevens interprets *respective* as respectful, respectable; but the true meaning of the word, and the context, show that Julia says "What he respects in her has equal *relation to* myself."

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Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead[34].
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

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[*Abbey of St. Ambrose.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. The sun begins to gild the western sky:
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!
SIL. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.

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EGL. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

THU. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
PRO. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
THU. What, that my leg is too long?
PRO. No; that it is too little.
THU. I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
PRO. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
THU. What says she to my face?
PRO. She says it is a fair one.
THU. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
PRO. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
JUL. 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*
THU. How likes she my discourse?
PRO. Ill, when you talk of war.
THU. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
JUL. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*
THU. What says she to my valour?
PRO. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
JUL. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*
THU. What says she to my birth?
PRO. That you are well deriv'd.
JUL. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*
THU. Considers she my possessions?
PRO. O, ay; and pities them.
THU. Wherefore?
JUL. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*
PRO. That they are out by lease[a].
JUL. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?
THU. Not I.
PRO. Nor I.

[a] By his possessions, Thurio means his lands; but Proteus, who is bantering him, alludes to his mental endowments, which he says "are out by lease"—are not in his own keeping.

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DUKE. Saw you my daughter?
PRO. Neither.
DUKE. Why, then, she 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
THU. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I 'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
PRO. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*
JUL. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of* Mantua. *The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA *and* Outlaws.

1 OUT. Come, come;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.
SIL. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 OUT. Come, bring her away.
1 OUT. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3 OUT. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled.
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.
1 OUT. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
SIL. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt*

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SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

VAL. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record[a] my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who 's this comes here? [*Steps aside.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

PRO. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
VAL. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*
SIL. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
PRO. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
SIL. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy
JUL. And me, when he approacheth to your presence [*Aside.*
SIL. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

[a] *Record*—to sing: thus:—
"Fair Philomel, night-music of the spring,
Sweetly *records* her tuneful harmony."
Drayton's Eclogues, 1593.

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O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

PRO. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd[a],
When women cannot love where they 're belov'd.

SIL. When Proteus cannot love where he 's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

PRO. In love,
Who respects friend?

SIL. All men but Proteus.

PRO. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

SIL. O heaven!

PRO. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.

VAL. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

PRO. Valentine!

VAL. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now;) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now[b], when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

[a] *Approv'd*—proved, experienced.

[b] *Now.* The second folio has, "Who should be trusted *now*," &c. The first folio omits *now*. Hanmer reads "Who should be trusted when one's *own* right hand." We agree with Mr. Collier in adopting the reading of the second folio.

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PRO. My shame, and guilt, confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
VAL. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd,—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee[26].
JUL. O me, unhappy! [*Faints*[a].
PRO. Look to the boy.
VAL. Why, boy!
Why, wag! how now? what 's the matter? Look up; speak.
JUL. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.
PRO. Where is that ring, boy?
JUL. Here 't is: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*
PRO. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
JUL. O, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*
PRO. But how camest thou by this ring?
At my depart, I gave this unto Julia.
JUL. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself has brought it hither.
PRO. How! Julia!
JUL. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root[b]?
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
PRO. Than men their minds! 't is true; O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins[c]:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins:

[a] *Faints* is a modern stage direction.
[b] *Cleft the root*—an allusion to *cleaving the pin*, in archery, continuing the metaphor from "give aim." To *cleave the pin* was to break the nail which attached the mark to the butt.
[c] *All sins.* *In* the original, *All th' sins.*

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What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

VAL. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

PRO. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

JUL. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO

OUT. A prize, a prize, a prize!

VAL. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banish'd Valentine.

DUKE. Sir Valentine!

THU. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.

VAL. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not hold thee[a]. Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

THU. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

DUKE. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love!
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

VAL. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

[a] The reading of the original edition is, "Verona shall not hold thee." The correction of the place, which appears essential, was made by Theobald. The same mistake occurs in Act III., Scene 1, when the Duke says,

"There is a lady in Verona here,"

the scene being clearly in Milan. But Theobald reads "Milan shall not behold thee." The licensed retardation of dramatic blank verse may dispense with the second change.

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DUKE. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
VAL. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
DUKE. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity[36].
VAL. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?
DUKE. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
VAL. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.
DUKE. What mean you by that saying?
VAL. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*" I will be thy Beadsman, Valentine."*

THE Anglo-Saxon *beade*—a prayer—something prayed—has given the name to the mechanical help which the ritual of the early church associated with the act of praying. To drop a ball down a string at every prayer, whether enjoined by the priest or by voluntary obligation, has been the practice of the Romish church for many centuries. In our language the ball, from its use, came to be called a bead. To "bid the beads," and to "pray," were synonymous. Burnet, in his History of the Reformation, says, "The form of *bidding* prayer was not begun by King Henry, as some have weakly imagined, but was used in the times of popery, as will appear by the form of *bidding the beads* in King Henry the Seventh's time The way was, first for the preacher to name and open his text, and then to call on the people to go to their prayers, and to tell them what they were to pray for; after which all the people said their *beads* in a general silence, and the minister kneeled down also and said his." We find the expression "bedes bydding" in the Vision of Pierce Plowman, which was written, according to Tyrwhitt, about 1362. In the same remarkable poem we also find *Bedman*—beadman, or beadsman. A beadsman, in the sense of "I will be thy beadsman," is one who offers up prayers for the welfare of another. In this general sense it was used by Sir Henry Lee to Queen Elizabeth. (See Illustration 10.) "Thy poor daily orator and beadsman" was the common subscription to a petition to any great man or person in authority. We retain the substance, though not the exact form, of this courtly humiliation, even to the present day, when we memorialize the Crown and the Houses of Parliament, and seek to propitiate those authorities by the unmeaning assurance that their "petitioners shall ever pray." But the great men of old did not wholly depend upon the efficacy of their prayers for their welfare, which proceeded from the expectation or gratitude of their suitors. They had regularly appointed *beadsmen*, who were paid to weary Heaven with their supplications. It is to this practice that Shakspere alludes, in the speech of Scroop to Richard II.:—

> "Thy very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows
> Of double-fatal yew against thy state."

Johnson, upon this passage, says, "The king's beadsmen were his chaplains." This assertion is partly borne out by an entry in "The Privy Purse Expenses of King Henry VIII.," published by Sir Harris Nicolas:—"Item, to Sir Torche, the king's bede man at the Rood in Grenewiche, for one yere now ended, xl s." The title "Sir" was in these days more especially applied to priests. (See 'Merry Wives of Windsor.') But the term "Bedesman" was also, we have little doubt, generally applied to any persons, whether of the clergy or laity, who received endowments for the purpose of offering prayers for the sovereign. Henry VII. established such persons upon a magnificent scale. The Harleian MS. No. 1498, in the British Museum, is an indenture made between Henry VII. and John Islipp, Abbot of St. Peter, Westminster, in which the abbot engages to "provide and sustain within the said monastery, in the almshouses there, therefore made and appointed by the said king, thirteen poor men, one of them being a priest;" and the duty of these thirteen poor men is "to pray during the life of the said king, our sovereign lord, for the good and prosperous state of the same king, our sovereign lord, and for the prospering of this his realm." These men are not in the indenture called *bedesmen;* that instrument providing that they "shall be named and called the *Almesse men* of the said king our sovereign lord." The general designation of those who make prayers for others—bedesmen—is here sunk in a name derived from the particular almesse (alms) or endowment. The dress of the twelve almsmen is to be a gown and a hood, "and a scochyn to be made and

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set upon every of the said gowns, and a red rose crowned and embroidered thereupon." In the following design (the figure of which, a monk at his devotions, is from a drawing by Quellinus, a pupil of Rubens), the costume is taken from an illumination in the indenture now recited, which illumination represents the abbot, the priest, and the almsmen receiving



the indenture. The first almsman bears a string of *beads* upon his hand. The "scochyn" made and set upon the gown reminds us of the "badge" of poor Edie Ochiltree, in the 'Antiquary;' and this brings us back to "Beadsmen." This prince of mendicants was, as our readers will remember, a "King's Bedesman"—"an order of paupers to whom the kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic church, and who were expected, in return, *to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state.*" The similarity in the practices of the "King's Bedesmen" of Scotland, and the "Almesse men" of Henry VII., is precise. "This order," as Sir Walter Scott tells us in his advertisement to the 'Antiquary,' from which the above description is copied, "is still kept up." The "poor orators and beadsmen" of England live now only in a few musty records, or in the allusions of Spenser and Shakspere; and in the same way the "Blue Gowns" or "Kings Bedesmen" of Scotland, who "are now seldom to be seen in the streets of Edinburgh," will be chiefly remembered in the imperishable pages of the Author of 'Waverley.'

[1] SCENE I.—"*Nay, give me not the boots.*"

This expression may refer, as Steevens has suggested, to a country sport in harvest-time, in which any offender against the laws of the reaping-season was laid on a bench and slapped with boots. But Steevens has also concluded —and Douce follows up the opinion—that the allusion is to the instrument of torture called *the Boots*. That horrid engine, as well as the rack and other monuments of the cruelty of irresponsible power, was used in the *question*—in the endeavour to wring a confession out of the accused by terror or by actual torment. This meaning gives a propriety to the allusion. In the passage before us, Valentine is bantering Proteus about his mistress—and Proteus exclaims, "Nay, give me not the boots"—do not *torture me to confess* to those love-delinquencies of which you accuse me. Mr. Collier, however, says that this is "a proverbial expression not unfrequently met with in our old dramatists, signifying—don't make a laughing-stock of me. It seems to have no connexion whatever with the punishment of the Boots." Be this as it may, we may add a few words upon Douce's view. The torture of the boots was used principally in Scotland; and Douce has an extract from a very curious pamphlet containing an account of its infliction in the presence of our James I., before he was called to the English crown, upon one Dr. Fein, a supposed wizard, who was charged with raising the storms which the king encountered on his passage from Denmark. The brutal superstition which led James to the use of this horrid torture is less revolting than the calculating tyranny which prescribed its application to the unhappy Whig preachers of a century later, as recorded by Burnet, in the case of Maccael, in 1666. Our readers will here again remember Scott, in his powerful scene of Macbriar before the Privy



Council of Scotland—and will think of the wily Lauderdale and his detestable joke when the

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tortured man has fainted—"he 'll scarce ride to day, though he has had his boots on." Douce says, "the torture of the boot was known in France, and, in all probability, imported from that country." He then gives a representation of it, copied from Millæus's *Praxis criminis persequendi*, Paris, 1541. The woodcut which we subjoin is from the same book; but we have restored a portion of the original engraving which Douce has omitted—the judges, or examiners, witnessing the torture, and prepared to record the prisoner's deposition under its endurance.

[3] SCENE I. "*In the sweetest bud*
The eating canker dwells."

This is a figure which Shakspere has often repeated. In the Sonnets we have (Sonnet LXX.)—

"Canker vice the sweetest buds doth love."

In 'King John,'—

"Now will canker sorrow eat my bud."

In 'Hamlet,'—

"The canker galls the infants of the spring."

The peculiar canker which our poet, a close observer of Nature, must have noted, is described in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,'—

"Some to kill cankers in the *musk-rose* buds."

And in '1 Henry VI.,'—

"Hath not thy *rose* a canker."

The instrument by which the canker was produced is described in

"The bud bit with an envious worm"

of 'Romeo and Juliet;' and in

"concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Fed on her *damask* cheek,"

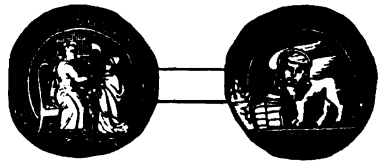
in 'Twelfth Night.'

Shakspere found the "canker-worm" in the Old Testament (Joel i. 4). The Geneva Bible, 1561, has, "That which is left of the palmer-worm hath the grasshopper eaten, and the residue of the grasshopper hath the *canker-worm* eaten, and the residue of the *canker-worm* hath the caterpillar eaten." The Arabic version of the passage in Joel renders what is here, and in our received translation, "the palmer-worm," by *dud*, which seems a general denomination for the larva state of an insect, and which applies especially to the "canker-worm." The original Hebrew, which is rendered palmer-worm, is from a verb meaning to cut or shear; the Greek of the Septuagint, by which the same word is rendered, is derived from the verb meaning to bend.—(See 'Pictorial Bible,' Joel i.) These two words give a most exact description of the "canker-worm;"—of "the canker in the musk-rose buds;" of the larvæ which are produced in the leaves of many plants, and which find habitation and food by the destruction of the receptacle of their infant existence. These caterpillars are termed "leaf-rollers," and their economy is amongst the most curious and interesting of the researches of entomology. A small dark-brown caterpillar, with a black head and six feet, is the "canker-worm" of the rose. It derives its specific name, *Lozotænia Rosana*, from its habits. The grub, produced from eggs deposited in the previous summer or autumn, makes its appearance with the first opening of the leaves, and it constructs its summer tent while the leaves are in their soft and half-expanded state. It weaves them together so strongly, *bending* them (according to the Greek of the Septuagint) and fastening their discs with the silken cords which it spins—that the growth of the bud in which it forms its canopy is completely stopped. Thus secured from the rain and from external enemies, it begins to destroy the inner partitions of its dwelling: it becomes the *cutting* insect of the Hebrew. In this way,

"the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow."

[4] SCENE I.—"*Not so much as a ducat.*"

The ducat—which derives its name from duke, a ducal coin—is repeatedly mentioned in Shakspere. There were two causes for this. First, many of the incidents of his plays were derived from Italian stories, and were laid in Italian scenes; and his characters, therefore, properly use the name of the coin of their country. Thus, ducat occurs in this play—in the 'Comedy of Errors'—in 'Much Ado about Nothing'—in 'Romeo and Juliet;' and, more than all, in the 'Merchant of Venice.' But Italy was the great resort of English travellers in the time of Shakspere; and ducat being a familiar word to him, we find it also in 'Hamlet,' and in 'Cymbeline.' Venice has, at present, its silver ducat—the ducat of eight livres—worth about 3*s.* 3*d.* The gold ducat of Venice is at present worth about 6*s.* The following representation of its *old* gold ducat is from a print in the Coin Room in the British Museum.



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[5] SCENE I.—*"You have testern'd me."*

A verb is here made out of the name of a coin—the *tester*—which is mentioned twice in Shakspere: 1, by Falstaff, when he praises his recruit Wart, "There's a tester for thee;" and, 2, by Pistol, "Tester I'll have in pouch." We have also testril, which is the same, in 'Twelfth Night.' The value of a tester, teston, testern, or testril, as it is variously written, was supposed to be determined by a passage in Latimer's sermons (1584):—"They brought him a denari, a piece of their current coin that was worth ten of our usual pence—such another piece as our testerne." But the value of the tester, like that of all our ancient coins, was constantly changing, in consequence of the infamous practice of debasing the currency, which was amongst the expedients of bad governments for wringing money out of the people by cheating as well as violence. The French name, *teston*, was applied to a silver coin of Louis XII., 1513, because it bore the king's head; and the English shilling received the same name at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII.,—probably because it had the same value as the French teston. The testons were called in by proclamations in the second and third years of Edward VI., in consequence of the extensive forgeries of this coin by Sir William Sherrington, for which, by an express act of parliament, he was attainted of treason. They are described in these proclamations as "pieces of xiid., commonly called testons." But the base shillings still continued to circulate, and they were, according to Stow, "called down" to the value of ninepence, afterwards to sixpence, and finally to fourpence halfpenny, in the reign of Edward VI. The value seems, at last, to have settled to sixpence. Harrison in his description of England, says "Sixpence, usually named the testone." In Shakspere's time, it would appear, from the following passage in 'Twelfth Night,' where Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are bribing the Clown to sing, that its value was sixpence:

> "*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.
> *Sir A.* There 's a testril of me, too."

In the reign of Anne its value, according to Locke, who distinguishes between the shilling and the tester, was sixpence; and to this day we sometimes hear the name applied to sixpence. Whence do we derive the present slang name for sixpence, *a tanner?*

[6] SCENE II.—*"Best sing it to the tune of Light o' love."*

This was the name of a dance tune, which, from the frequent mention of it in the old poets, appears to have been very popular. Shakspere refers to it again in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' with more exactness: "Light o' love;—that goes without a burthen; do you sing it and I'll dance it."

[7] SCENE II.—*"Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey."*

The economy of bees was known to Shakspere with an exactness which he could not have derived from books. The description in 'Henry V.,' "So work the honey bees," is a study for the naturalist as well as the poet. He had doubtless not only observed "the lazy yawning drone," but the "injurious wasps," that plundered the stores which had been collected by those who

> "Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds."

These were the fearless robbers to which the pretty pouting Julia compares her fingers:—

> "Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
> And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!"

The metaphor is as accurate as it is beautiful.

[8] SCENE II.—*"I see you have a month's mind," &c.*

The *month's mind*, in one form of the expression, referred to the solemn mass, or other obsequies directed to be performed for the repose of the soul, during the month which followed interment. At the funeral of the Abbot Islip, "The herse, with all th' other things, did remayne there untill the *monethes mynde*." ('Vetusta Monumenta,' Vol. IV. p. 3.) The strong desire with which this ceremony was regarded in Catholic times might have rendered the general expression "month's mind" equivalent to an eager longing, in which sense it is generally thought to be here used. But we are not quite sure that it means a strong and abiding desire; two lines in Hudibras would seem to make the "month's mind" only a passing inclination:—

> "For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
> Who hath not a month's mind to combat?"

[9] SCENE III.—*"Some to the wars," &c.*

It would be out of place here to give a more particular detail of what were the *wars*, and who the illustrious men that went "to try their fortunes there," or to recapitulate "the islands far away," that were sought for or discovered, or

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to furnish even a list of "the studious universities" to which the eager scholars of Elizabeth's time resorted. The subject is too large for us to attempt its illustration by any minute details. We may, however, extract a passage from Gifford's 'Memoirs of Ben Jonson,' prefixed to his excellent edition of that great dramatist, which directly bears upon this passage:—

"The long reign of Elizabeth, though sufficiently agitated to keep the mind alert, was yet a season of comparative stability and peace. The nobility, who had been nursed in domestic turbulence, for which there was now no place, and the more active spirits among the gentry, for whom entertainment could no longer be found in feudal grandeur and hospitality, took advantage of the diversity of employment happily opened, and spread themselves in every direction. They put forth, in the language of Shakspere,

> 'Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there:
> Some, to discover islands far away;
> Some, to the studious universities';

and the effect of these various pursuits was speedily discernible. The feelings, narrowed and embittered in household feuds, expanded and purified themselves in distant warfare, and a high sense of honour and generosity, and chivalrous valour, ran with electric speed from bosom to bosom, on the return of the first adventurers in the Flemish campaigns; while the wonderful reports of discoveries, by the intrepid mariners who opened the route since so successfully pursued, faithfully committed to writing, and acting at once upon the cupidity and curiosity of the times, produced an inconceivable effect in diffusing a thirst for novelties among a people, who, no longer driven in hostile array to destroy one another, and combat for interests in which they took little concern, had leisure for looking around them, and consulting their own amusement."

[10] SCENE III.—"*There shall he practise tilts and tournaments.*"

St. Palaye, in his "Memoirs of Chivalry," says, that, in their private castles, the gentlemen *practised* the exercises which would prepare them for the public tournaments. This refers to the period which appears to have terminated some half-century before the time of Elizabeth, when real warfare was conducted with express reference to the laws of knighthood; and the tournay, with all its magnificent array—its minstrels, its heralds, its damosels in lofty towers—had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths. There were the "Joustes à outrance," or the "Joustes mortelles et à champ," of Froissart. But the "tournaments" that Shakspere sends Proteus to "practise" were the "Justes of Peace," the "Joustes à Plaisance," the tournaments of gay penons and pointless lances. They had all the gorgeousness of the old knightly encounters; but they appear to have been regarded only as courtly pastimes, and not as serious preparations for "a well-foughten field."

ACT II.

[11] SCENE I.—"*Beggar at Hallowmas.*"

IF we were to look only at the severe statutes against mendicancy, we might suppose that, at the period when Shakspere thus describes what he must have commonly seen, there were no beggars in the land but the licensed beggars, which these statutes permitted. Unlicensed beggars were, by the statute of 1572, to be punished, in the first instance, by grievous whipping, and burning through the gristle of the right ear; and for second and third offences they were to suffer death as felons. It is clear that these penal laws were almost wholly inoperative; and Harrison, in his 'Description of Britain,' prefixed to Holinshed, shows the lamentable extent of vagrancy amongst the "thriftless poor." In our notes upon 'King Lear,' where Edgar describes himself as "Poor Tom, who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned," we again notice this subject. Of the "valiant beggar,"—the compound of beggar and thief,—Shakspere has given a perfect picture in his Autolycus. We give a curious representation of the Beggarman and Beggarwoman, from a manuscript of the 'Roman de la Rose,' in the Harleian Collection (No. 4425). The date of the MS. is somewhat earlier than this play, and these beggars are French; but the costume of rags is not

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a subject for very nice distinctions either of time or place.



[10] SCENE I.—"*He, being in love, could not see to garter his hose.*"

Shakspere is here speaking of the garters of his own time, but at the period to which we have confined the costume of this play, garters of great magnificence appeared round the large slashed hose, both above and below the knee. To go ungartered was the common trick of a fantastic lover, who thereby implied he was too much occupied by his passion to pay attention to his dress.

[11] SCENE I.—"*Sir Valentine and servant.*"

Sir J. Hawkins says, "Here Silvia calls her lover servant, and again her gentle servant. This was the common language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakspere wrote." Steevens gives several examples of this. Henry James Pye, in his 'Comments on the Commentators,' mentions that, "In the 'Noble Gentlemen' of Beaumont and Fletcher, the lady's gallant has no other name in the dramatis personæ than servant," and that "mistress and servant are always used for lovers in Dryden's plays." It is clear to us, however correct may be the interpretation of servant and mistress (see 'Studies,' p. 464), that Shakspere *here* uses the words in a much more general sense than that which expresses the relations between two lovers. At the very moment that Valentine calls Silvia mistress, he says that he has written for her a letter,—"some lines to one she loves,"—unto a "secret nameless friend;" and what is still stronger evidence that the word "servant" had not the full meaning of lover, but meant a much more general admirer, Valentine, introducing Proteus to Silvia, says,

> "Sweet lady, entertain him
> To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship;"

and Silvia, consenting, says to Proteus,

> "Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress."

Now, when Silvia says this, which, according to the meaning which has been attached to the words servant and mistress, would be a speech of endearment, she had accepted Valentine really as her betrothed lover, and she had been told by Valentine that Proteus

> "Had come along with me, but that his mistress
> Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks."

It appears, therefore, that we must sometimes receive these words in a very vague sense, and regard them as titles of courtesy, derived, perhaps, from the chivalric times, when many a harness'd knight and sportive troubadour described the lady whom they had gazed upon in the tilt-yard as their "mistress," and the same lady looked upon each of the gallant train as a "servant" dedicated to the defence of her honour, or the praise of her beauty.

[14] SCENE II.—"*Why, then, we 'll make exchange.*"

The priest in 'Twelfth Night' (Act V. Sc. 1,) describes the ceremonial of betrothing:—

> "A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings."

This contract was made, in private, by Proteus and Julia; and it was also made by Valentine and Silvia—"We are betroth'd."

[15] SCENE III.—"*This left shoe.*"

A passage in King John also shows that each foot was formerly fitted with its shoe, a fashion of unquestionable utility, which has been revived in recent times:—

> "Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
> Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet."

[16] SCENE IV.—"*My jerkin is a doublet.*"

The jerkin, or jacket, was generally worn over the doublet; but occasionally the doublet was worn alone, and, in many instances, is confounded with the jerkin. Either had sleeves or not, as the wearer fancied; for by the inventories and wardrobe accounts of the time, we find that the sleeves were frequently separate articles of dress, and attached to the doublet, jerkin, coat, or even woman's gown, by laces or ribbons, at the pleasure of the wearer. A "doblet jaquet" and hose of blue velvet, cut upon cloth of gold, embroidered, and a "doublet hose and jaquet" of purple velvet, embroi-

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dered, and cut upon cloth of gold, and lined with black satin, are entries in an inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII.

In 1535, a jerkin of purple velvet, with purple satin sleeves, embroidered all over with Venice gold, was presented to the king by Sir Richard Cromwell; and another jerkin of crimson velvet, with wide sleeves of the same coloured satin, is mentioned in the same inventory.

[17] SCENE VII.

"The table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd."

The allusion is to the table-book, or tables, which were used, as at present, for noting down



something to be remembered. Hamlet says:

"My tables,—meet it is I set it down."

They were made sometimes of ivory, and sometimes of slate. The Archbishop of York, in 'Henry IV.,' says:

"And, therefore, will he wipe his tables clean."

The table-book of slate is engraved and described in Gesner's treatise, *De Rerum Fossilium Figuris*, 1565; and it has been copied in Douce's Illustrations.

[18] SCENE VII.—*"A true devoted pilgrim."*

The comparison which Julia makes between the ardour of her passion, and the enthusiasm of the pilgrim, is exceedingly beautiful. When travelling was a business of considerable danger and personal suffering, the pilgrim who was not weary

"To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps,"

to encounter the perils of a journey to Rome, or Loretto, or Compostella, or Jerusalem, was a person to be looked upon as thoroughly in earnest. In the time of Shakspere the pilgrimages to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, which Chaucer has rendered immortal, were discontinued; and few, perhaps, undertook the sea voyage to Jerusalem. But the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, or St. Jago, the patron-saint of Spain, at Compostella, was undertaken by all classes of Catholics. The house of our Lady at Loretto was, however, the great object of the devotee's vows; and, at particular seasons, there were not fewer than two hundred thousand pilgrims visiting it at once.

ACT III.

[19] SCENE I.—*"My jealous aim might err."*
"My discovery be not aimed at."

STEEVENS explains the noun *aim* as meaning *guess*. But *aim* also signifies purpose, intention. The Duke feared that his "jealous aim," —his purpose—to forbid Valentine his court might "disgrace the man."—*Aimed at* is also stated, both by Steevens and Johnson, to mean *to guess*. The common interpretation of aim,—to point at, to level at,—will, however, give the meaning of the passage quite as well. At first sight it might appear that the word *aim*, which, literally or metaphorically, is ordinarily taken to mean the act of looking towards a definite object with a precise intention, cannot include the random determination of the mind which we imply by the word *guess*. But we must go a little further. The etymology of both words is somewhat doubtful. Aim is supposed to be derived from *æstimare*, to weigh attentively; guess, from the Anglo-Saxon *wiss-an*, *wis*, to think (see Richardson's Dictionary). Here the separate meanings of the two words almost slide into one and the same. It is certain that in the original and literal use of the word *aim*, in archery, was meant the act of the mind in considering the various circumstances connected with the flight of the arrow, rather than the mere operation of the sense in pointing at the mark. When Locksley, in 'Ivanhoe,' tells his adversary, "You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert, or that would have been a better shot," he furnishes Hubert with a new element of calculation for his next *aim*. There is a passage of Bishop Jewell: "He that seeth no mark must shoot by aim." This certainly does not mean *must shoot at random*—although it may mean

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must shoot by guess,—must shoot by calculation. To give aim, in archery, was the business of one who stood within view of the butts, to call out how near the arrows fell to the mark,—as "Wide on the bow hand;—wide on the shaft-hand;—short;—gone." To give aim was, therefore, to give the knowledge of a fact, by which the intention, the aim, of the archer might be better regulated in future. In the fifth Act (4th scene) of this comedy, the passage

"Behold her, that gave aim to all thy oaths,"

has reference to the aim-giver of the butts.

[20] SCENE I.—"*Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.*"

The lady of the sixteenth century had a small pocket in the front of her stays, in which she carried her letters, and other matters which she valued. In the verses which Valentine has addressed to Silvia, he says,

"My herald thoughts in thy pu ›som rest them."

In 'Hamlet' we have the same allusion:

"In her excellent white bosom, these."

A passage in Lord Surrey's Sonnets conveys the same idea, which occurs also in Chaucer's Merchant's Tale:—

"This purse hath she in her bosom hid."

[21] SCENE I.—"*St. Nicholas be thy speed.*"

When Speed is about to read Launce's paper, Launce, who has previously said, "Thou canst not read," invokes St. Nicholas to assist him. Saint Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars. There is a story in Douce how the saint attained this distinction, by discovering that a wicked host had murdered three scholars on their way to school, and by his prayers restored their souls to their bodies. This legend is told in 'The Life of St. Nicholas,' composed in French verse by *Maitre Wace*, chaplain to Henry II., and which remains in manuscript. By the Statutes of St. Paul's School, the scholars are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on the anniversary of this saint. The parish clerks of London were incorporated into a guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. These worthy persons were, probably, at the period of their incorporation, more worthy of the name of *clerks* (scholars) than we have been wont in modern times to consider. But why are thieves called St. Nicholas' clerks in 'Henry IV.?' Warburton says, by a quibble between Nicholas and old Nick. This we doubt. Scholars appear, from the ancient statutes against vagrancy, to have been great travellers about the country. These statutes generally recognise the right of poor scholars to beg; but they were also liable to the penalties of the gaol and the stocks, unless they could produce letters testimonial from the chancellor of their respective universities. It is not unlikely that in the journeys of these hundreds of poor scholars they should have occasionally "taken a purse" as well as begged "an almesse," and that some of "St. Nicholas's clerks" should have become as celebrated for the same accomplishments which distinguished Bardolph and Peto at Gadshill, as for the learned poverty which entitled them to travel with a chancellor's licence.

[22] SCENE I.—"*The cover of the salt hides the salt.*"

The large salt-cellar of the dinner-table was a massive piece of plate, with a cover equally substantial. There was only one salt-cellar on the board, which was placed near the top of the table; and the distinction of those who sat above and below the salt was universally recognised. The following representation of a salt-cellar, *a*, with its cover, *b*, presented to Queen Elizabeth, is from 'Nichols's Progresses.'



[23] SCENE II.

"*Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,*
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me."

This image, derived from the labours of the sempstress, had found its way into English poetry before the time of Shakspere:—

"A *bottom* for your silk, it seems
My letters are become,
Which, oft with winding off and on,
Are wasted whole and some."
Grange's Garden, 1557.

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ACT IV.

[24] SCENE I.—"*Robin Hood's fat friar.*"

The jolly Friar Tuck of the old Robin Hood ballads—the almost equally famous Friar Tuck of 'Ivanhoe'—is the personage whom the outlaws here invoke. It is unnecessary for us to enter upon the legends

> "Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made,
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade,"

as Drayton has it. It may be sufficient to give a representation of his "bare scalp." The following illustration is copied, with a little improvement in the drawing, from the Friar in Mr. Tollett's painted window, representing the celebration of May-day.



Shakspere has two other allusions to Robin Hood. The old duke, in 'As You Like It,' "is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him, and there they live, like the old Robin Hood of England." Master Silence, that "merry heart," that "man of mettle," sings, "in the sweet of the night," of

> "Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John."

The honourable conditions of Robin's lawless rule over his followers were evidently in our poet's mind when he makes Valentine say

> "I take your offer, and will live with you;
> Provided that you do no outrages
> On silly women, or poor passengers."

[25] SCENE II.—"*He loved her out of all nick.*"

His love was beyond all reckoning. The nick was the notch upon the tally-stick, by which accounts were kept. An inn-keeper, in a play before Shakspere's time—'A Woman never Vexed,' says—

> ——— "I have carried
> The tallies at my girdle seven years together,
> For I did ever love to deal honestly in the nick."

These primitive day-books and ledgers were equally adapted to an alehouse score and a nation's revenue; for, as our readers know, they continued to be used in the English Exchequer till within a recent period.

[26] SCENE II.—"*At St. Gregory's well.*"

This is, as far as we know, the only instance in which holy wells are mentioned by Shakspere. The popular belief in the virtues of these sainted wells must have been familiar to him. Saint Gregory's well, the place where Proteus and Thurio were to meet, might have been found in some description of Italian and other cities, which Shakspere had read; for these wells were often contained within splendid buildings, raised by some devotee to protect the sacred fount from which, he believed, he had derived inestimable advantage. Such was the well of Saint Winifred at Holywell, in Flintshire. This remarkable fountain throws up eighty-four hogsheads every minute, which volume of water forms a considerable stream. The well is enclosed within a beautiful Gothic temple, erected by the mother of Henry VII. The following engraving represents this rich and elegant building.



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[27] SCENE IV.—"*He steps me to her trencher.*"

That the daughter of a Duke of Milan should eat her capon from a trencher may appear somewhat strange. It may be noted, however, that the fifth Earl of Northumberland, in 1512, was ordinarily served on wooden trenchers, and that plates of pewter, mean as we may now think them, were reserved in his family for great holidays. The 'Northumberland Household Book,' edited by Bishop Percy, furnishes several entries which establish this. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. there are also entries regarding trenchers; as, for example, in 1530,—"Item, paied to the s'geant of the pantrye for certen trenchors for the king, xxiijs. iiij*d.*"

[28] SCENE IV.—"*I have sat in the stocks.*"

Launce speaks familiarly of an object that was the terror of vagabonds in every English village,—the "Ancient Castle" of Hudibras,—the

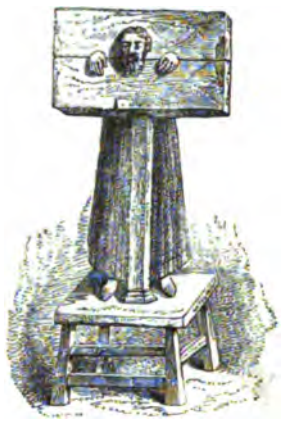
> "Dungeon scarce three inches wide;
> With roof so low, that under it
> They never stand, but lie or sit;
> And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
> Is to the middle leg in prison."

Civilisation has banished the stocks, with many other relics of a barbarous age. The following representation, which is taken from Fox's 'Acts and Monuments,' and there professes to depict "the straight handling of close prisoners in Lollards' tower," may contribute to preserve the remembrance of this renowned "Fabric."



[29] SCENE IV.—"*I have stood on the pillory.*"

The pillory is also abolished in all ordinary cases, and perhaps public opinion will prevent it being ever again used. Our ancestors were ingenious in the varieties of form in which they constructed their pillories. Douce has engraved no less than six specimens of these instruments of punishment. The pillory that was in use amongst us not a quarter of a century ago, appears to have differed very slightly from that of the time of Henry VIII. The following engraved illustration, which represents the infliction of the punishment upon Robert Ockham, in that reign, is copied, like the preceding illustration, from Fox's 'Martyrs.'



[30] SCENE IV.—"*Sun-expelling mask.*"

Stubbes, in his 'Anatomie of Abuses,' published in 1595, thus describes the masks of the ladies of Elizabeth's time: "When they use to ride abroad they have masks and visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look."

[31] SCENE IV.—"*Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.*"

Capell says the colour of the hair marks this play as of the period of Elizabeth. The auburn, or yellow, of the queen's hair made that colour beautiful.

[32] SCENE IV.—"*A colour'd periwig.*"

No word has puzzled etymologists more than periwig. It has been referred to a Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and northern origin, and, perhaps, with equal want of success. It is the same word as *perwick*, *periwicke*, and *peruke*. Whiter, in his very curious 'Etymological Dictionary,'

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thinks it is a compound of two words, or, rather, combinations of sounds, common to many languages. "The WIG belonging to the head," he says, "means the *raised up, soft* covering. In the *perruque*, or *perri*-WIG, the PRQ, or PR, means, I believe, the *enclosure*, as in *park*." When we smile at Julia's expression, "a colour'd periwig," we must recollect that, in Shakspere's time, the word had not a ludicrous meaning. False hair was worn by ladies long before wigs were adopted by men. In a beautiful passage in 'The Merchant of Venice,' Shakspere more particularly notices this female fashion:

> "So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The scull that bred them in the sepulchre."

[33] SCENE IV.—"*Her eyes are gray as glass; and so are mine.*"

The glass of Shakspere's time was not of the colourless quality which now constitutes the perfection of glass, but of a light-blue tint; hence "as gray as glass." "Eyen as gray as glasse," in the old romances, expresses the pale cerulean blue of those eyes which usually accompany a fair complexion—a complexion belonging to the "auburn" and "yellow" hair of Julia and Silvia.

[34] SCENE IV.—"*My substance should be statue in thy stead.*"

The words *statue* and *picture* were often used without distinction. In Massinger's 'City Madam,' Sir John Frugal desires that his daughters

> "may take leave
> Of their late suitors' statues."

Luke replies—"there they *hang*." Stow, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's funeral, mentions "her statue or picture lying upon the coffin;" and in one of the inventories of Henry VIII.'s furniture, *pictures of earth*, that is, busts of *terra cotta*, are recited.

ACT V.

[35] THIS passage has much perplexed the commentators. Pope thinks it very odd that Valentine should give up his mistress at once, without any reason alleged; and consequently the two lines spoken by Valentine, after his forgiveness of Proteus,—

> "And, that my love may appear plain and free,
> All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee,"—

are considered to be interpolated or transposed. Sir W. Blackstone thinks they should be spoken by Thurio. In our first edition we suggested, without altering the text, that the two lines might be spoken by Silvia. A correspondent (J. J. Lonsdale, Esq.) had the kindness to supply us with an explanation which is preferable to our own suggestion. Our correspondent writes as follows:—"It appears to me that the lines belong, properly, to Valentine, as given in all the editions, and not to Silvia, as suggested by you. The error of all the previous commentators, and, as I think, the one into which you have fallen, is in understanding the word 'all' to be used by Shakspere, in the above passage, in the sense of 'everything,' or as applying to 'love' in the previous line; whereas it refers to 'wrath' in the line which immediately precedes the above couplet. The way in which I would read these three lines is as follows:—

> "'By penitence the Eternal's *wrath* 's appeas'd;
> And that my love (*i. e.* for Proteus) may appear plain and free,
> All (*i. e.* the wrath) that *was* mine in (*i. e.* on account of) Silvia, I give thee (*i. e.* give thee up—forego).'

In other words, Valentine, having pardoned Proteus for his treachery to himself, in order to convince him how sincere was his reconciliation (justifying, however, to himself what he was about to do by the consideration that even

> "'By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd'),

also forgives him the insult he had offered to Silvia. The use above suggested of the preposition 'in' appears to me to be highly poetical. It distinguishes between Valentine's wrath on his own account, for Proteus's treachery to himself, and that of Silvia for the indignity offered her by Proteus, which latter Valentine

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adopts and makes his own, and so calls his wrath in Silvia. The use of the word 'was' also supports this reading. Valentine wishes to express that his wrath was past: had he been speaking of his 'love' he would have said 'is.'"

But we originally expressed our belief that "after 'all, it might be intended that Valentine, in a fit of romance, should give up his mistress." Mr. Dyce observes, that the "O me, unhappy," of Julia, implies this renunciation, pointing out that in Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare' this is treated as "an overstrained and too generous act of friendship." It is to be borne in mind that Valentine's conduct to Proteus has all along been that of confiding attachment. When he welcomes Proteus (Act II., Scene 4), he desires Silvia to

"Confirm his welcome with some special favour."

Valentine has been recognised as her "servant;" but Valentine says

"Sweet lady, entertain him,
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship."

At this point, had not Proteus been betrothed to Julia with the knowledge of Valentine, Valentine would himself have committed the indiscretion of furnishing opportunity for the treachery of his friend. Remembering this, in the same spirit of a romantic friendship he may intend to say, in these ambiguous words—that my love for Silvia may appear open to all, and free from disguise or secret preference, I give up my present position—I surrender my advantage—all that *was* mine I give thee. But in the strength of my love I have no fear to begin as we were: Be my "fellow-servant" again. This is not to give up Silvia, but to commence a new career of generous rivalry. When Julia is discovered, the implied rivalry is at an end:—

"'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes,"

says Valentine.

[a] SCENE IV.—"*Triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.*"

Malone, in a note on this passage, says, "*Triumphs*, in this and many other passages of Shakspere, signify masques and revels." This assertion appears to us to have been hastily made. We have referred to all the passages of Shakspere in which the plural noun "triumphs" is used; and it appears to us to have a signification perfectly distinct from that of masques and revels. And first of 'Julius Cæsar.' Antony says—

"O, mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?"

In 'Titus Andronicus,' Tamora, addressing her conqueror, exclaims,

"We are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs."

In these two quotations we have the original meaning of triumphs—namely, the solemn processions of a conqueror with his captives and spoils of victory. The triumphs of modern times were gorgeous shows, in imitation of those pomps of antiquity. When Columbus, returning from his first voyage, presented to the sovereigns of Castile and Aragon the productions of the countries which he had discovered, the solemn procession on that memorable occasion was a real *Triumph*. But when Edward IV., in Shakspere ('Henry VI., Part III.') exclaims, after his final conquest—

"And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?"—

he refers to those ceremonials which the genius of chivalry had adopted from the mightier pomps of antiquity, imitating something of their splendour, but laying aside their stern demonstrations of outward exultation over their vanquished foes. There were no human captives in massive chains—no lions and elephants led along to the amphitheatre, for the gratification of a turbulent populace. Edward exclaims of his prisoner Margaret—

"Away with her, and waft her hence to France!"

The dread of Cleopatra was that of exposure in the Triumph:—

"Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome?"

Here, then, was the difference of the Roman and the feudal manners. The triumphs of the middle ages were shows of peace, decorated with the pomp of arms; but altogether mere scenic representations, deriving their name from the more solemn triumphs of antiquity. But they were not masques, as Malone has stated. The Duke of York, in 'Richard II.,' asks,

"What news from Oxford? hold these justs and triumphs?"

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and for these "justs and triumphs" Aumerle has prepared his "gay apparel." There is one more passage which appears to us conclusive as to the use of the word Triumphs. The passage is in 'Pericles:' Simonides asks,

"Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?"

And when answered that they are, he says—

"Return then, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child."

The triumph, then, meant the "joustes of peace."

The Duke of Milan, in this play, desires to "include all jars," not only with "triumphs," but with "mirth and rare solemnity." The "mirth" and the "solemnity" would include the "pageant"—the favourite show of the days of Elizabeth. The "masque" (in its highest signification) was a more refined and elaborate device than the pageant; and, therefore, we shall confine the remainder of this Illustration to some few general observations on the subject of "pageants."

We may infer, from the expression of Julia in the fourth act,—

"At Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,"—

that the pageant was a religious ceremonial, connected with the festivals of the church. And so it originally was. (See 'Studies,' page 8.)

It is clear, from the passage in which Julia describes her own part in the "pageants of delight,"—

"Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,"—

that the pageant in the time of Elizabeth had begun to assume something of the classical character of the masque. But it had certainly not become the gorgeous entertainment which Jonson has so glowingly described, as "of power to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves." The pageant in which Julia acted at Pentecost was probably such as Shakspere had seen in some stately baronial hall of his rich county.



COSTUME.

In the folio of 1623, there are no indications of the localities of the several Scenes. The notices, such as "An open Place in Verona, The Garden of Julia's House, A Room in the Duke's Palace, A Forest near Mantua," are additions that have been usefully made, from time to time. The text, either specially or by allusion, of course furnishes the authority for these directions.

Cesare Vecellio, the brother of Titian, in his curious work, 'Habiti Antiche e Moderni di tutto il mondo,' completed in 1589, presents us with the general costume of the noblemen and gentlemen of Italy, which has been made familiar to us by the well-known portraits of the contemporary monarchs, Francis I. and our own Henry VIII. He tells us that they wore a sort of diadem surmounted by a turban-like cap of gold tissue, or embroidered silk, a plaited shirt low in the neck with a small band or ruff, a coat or cassock of the German fashion, short in the waist and reaching to the knee, having sleeves down to the elbow, and from thence showing the arm covered only by the shirt with wristbands or ruffles. The cassock was ornamented with stripes or borders of cloth,

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silk, or velvet of different colours, or of gold lace or embroidery, according to the wealth or taste of the wearer. With this dress they sometimes wore doublets and stomachers, or *placcards*, as they were called, of different colours, their shoes being of velvet, like those of the Germans, that is, very broad at the toes. Over these cassocks again were occasionally worn cloaks or mantles of silk, velvet, or cloth of gold, with ample turn-over collars of fur or velvet, having large arm-holes through which the full puffed sleeves of the cassock passed, and sometimes loose hanging sleeves of their own, which could either be worn over the others or thrown behind at pleasure.



Nicholas Hoghenberg, in his curious series of prints exhibiting the triumphal processions and other ceremonies attending the entry of Charles V. into Bologna, A.D. 1530, affords us some fine specimens of the costume at this period, worn by the German and Italian nobles in the train of the Emperor. Some are in the cassocks described by Vecellio, others in doublets with slashed hose; confined both above and below the knee by garters of silk or gold. The turban head-dress is worn by the principal herald; but the nobles generally have caps or bonnets of cloth or velvet placed on the side of the head, sometimes over a caul of gold, and ornamented with feathers, in some instances profusely. These are most probably the Milan caps or bonnets of which we hear so much in wardrobe accounts and other records of the time. They were sometimes slashed and puffed round the edges, and adorned with "points" or "agletts," *i. e.* tags or aiguillettes. The feathers in them, also, were occasionally ornamented with drops or spangles of gold, and jewelled up the quills.

Milan was likewise celebrated for its silk hose. In the inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII., Harleian MSS., Nos. 1419 and 1420, mention is made of "a pair of hose of purple silk, and Venice gold, woven like unto a caul, lined with blue silver sarcenet, edged with a passemain of purple silk and gold, wrought at Milan, and one pair of hose of white silk and gold knits, bought of Christopher Millener." Our readers need scarcely be told that the present term milliner is derived from Milan, in consequence of the reputation of that city for its fabrication as well "of weeds of peace" as of "harness for war;" but it may be necessary to inform them that by hose at this period is invariably meant breeches or upper stocks, the *stockings*, or *nether stocks*, beginning now to form a separate portion of male attire.

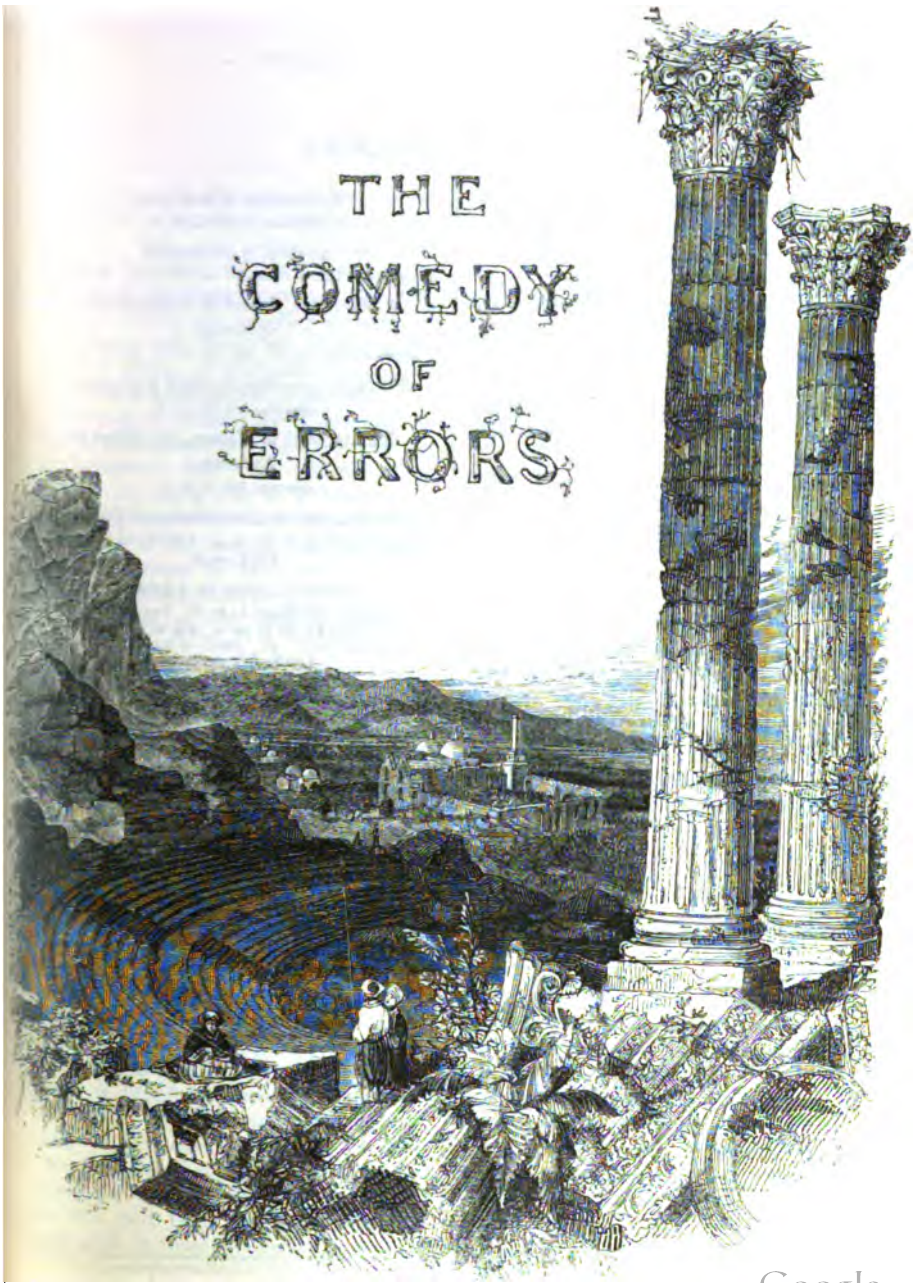
The ladies, we learn from Vecellio, wore the same sort of turbaned head-dress as the men, resplendent with various colours, and embroidered with gold and silk in the form of rose leaves, and other devices. Their neck-chains and girdles were of gold, and of great value. To the latter were attached fans of feathers, with richly ornamented gold handles. Instead of a veil they wore a sort of collar or neckerchief (bavaro) of lawn or cambric, pinched or plaited. The skirts of their gowns were usually of damask, either crimson or purple, with a border lace or trimming round the bottom a quarter of a yard in depth. The sleeves were of velvet or other stuff, large and slashed, so as to show the lining or under garment, terminating with a small band or ruffle like that round the edge of the collar. The body of the dress was of gold stuff or embroidery. Some of the dresses were made with trains, which were either held up by the hand when walking, or attached to the girdle. The head-dress of gold brocade given in one of the plates of Vecellio is not unlike the beretta of the Doge of Venice; and caps very similar in form and material are still worn in the neighbourhood of Linz in Upper Austria.

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The Milan bonnet was also worn by ladies as well as men at this period. Hall, the chronicler, speaks of some who wore "Myllain bonnets of crymosyne sattin, drawn through (*i. e.* slashed and puffed) with cloth of gold;" and in the roll of provisions for the marriage of the daughters of Sir John Nevil, *tempore* Henry VIII., the price of "a Millan bonnet, dressed with agletts," is marked as 11*s.*



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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, *twin-brother to* Antipholus of Syracuse, *but unknown to him, and son to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, *twin-brother to* Antipholus of Ephesus, *but unknown to him, and son to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS, *twin-brother to* Dromio of Syracuse, *and an attendant on* Antipholus of Ephesus.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *twin-brother to* Dromio of Ephesus, *and an attendant on* Antipholus of Syracuse.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*
Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

A Merchant, *friend to* Antipholus of Syracuse.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

PINCH, *a schoolmaster and a conjurer.*
Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

ÆMILIA, *wife to* Ægeon, *an abbess at Ephesus.*
Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

ADRIANA, *wife to* Antipholus of Ephesus.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

LUCIANA, *sister to* Adriana.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

LUCE, *her servant.*
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

A Courtezan.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

SCENE—EPHESUS.

The original folio edition does not contain any List of Characters, usually termed "Names of the Actors."

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE COMEDY OF ERRORS' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspere's Plays in 1623. This copy presents many typographical blunders, and in a few passages the text is manifestly corrupt. The difficulties, however, are not very considerable. The Comedy was clearly one of Shakspere's very early plays. It was probably untouched by its author after its first production.

In a work by Francis Meres, published in 1598, it is mentioned amongst other dramas of Shakspere. The chief evidence of its being a very early play is to be found in the great prevalence of that measure which was known to our language as early as the time of Chaucer by the name of "rime dogerel." This peculiarity is to be observed only in three of our author's plays,—in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and in 'The Comedy of Errors.' It was a distinguishing characteristic of the early English drama. 'The Comedy of Errors' was unquestionably suggested by 'The Menæchmi' of Plautus; and it furnishes abundant proof of Shakspere's familiarity with that ancient dramatist.

Criticism has justly held that 'The Comedy of Errors' is essentially a farce, and was meant to be so. Coleridge says, "A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the licence allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations." Nothing, however, can be managed with more skill than the whole dramatic action of this farce. It has been objected that the riddle which is presented throughout the piece teases and wearies the reader and the spectator. Hazlitt says, "In reading the play, from the sameness of the names of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, as well as from their being constantly taken for each other by those who see them, it is difficult, without a painful effort of attention, to keep the characters distinct in the mind. And again, on the stage, either the complete similarity of their persons and dress must produce the same perplexity whenever they first enter, or the identity of appearance, which the story supposes, will be destroyed. We still, however, having a clue to the difficulty, can tell which is which, merely from the contradictions which arise as soon as the different parties begin to speak; and we are indemnified for the perplexity and blunders into which we are thrown, by seeing others thrown into greater and almost inextricable ones." Hazlitt has here, almost undesignedly, pointed out the source of the pleasure which, with an "effort of attention,"—not a "painful effort," we think,—a reader or spectator of 'The Comedy of Errors' is sure to receive from this drama. We have "a clue to the difficulty;"—we know more than the actors in the drama;—we may be a little perplexed, but the deep perplexity of the characters is a constantly-increasing triumph to us. The spectators, the readers, have the clue, are let into the secret, by the story of the first scene. Nothing can be more beautifully managed, or is altogether more Shaksperean, than the narrative of Ægeon; and that narrative is so clear and so impressive, that the reader never forgets it amidst all the errors and perplexities which follow. It appears to us that every one of an *audience* of 'The Comedy of Errors,' who keeps his eyes open, will, after he has become a little familiar with the persons of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, find out some clue by which he can detect a difference between each, even without "the practical contradictions which arise as soon as the different parties begin to speak." Each pair of persons selected to play the twins must be of

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the same height,—with such general resemblances of the features as may be made to appear identical by the colour and false hair of the tiring-room,—and be dressed with apparently perfect similarity. But let every care be taken to make the deception perfect, yet the observing spectator will detect a difference between each; some peculiarity of the voice, some "trick o' the eye," some dissimilarity in gait, some minute variation in dress; and, while his curiosity is kept alive by the effort of attention which is necessary for this detection, the riddle will not only not tease him, but its perpetual solution will afford him the utmost satisfaction.

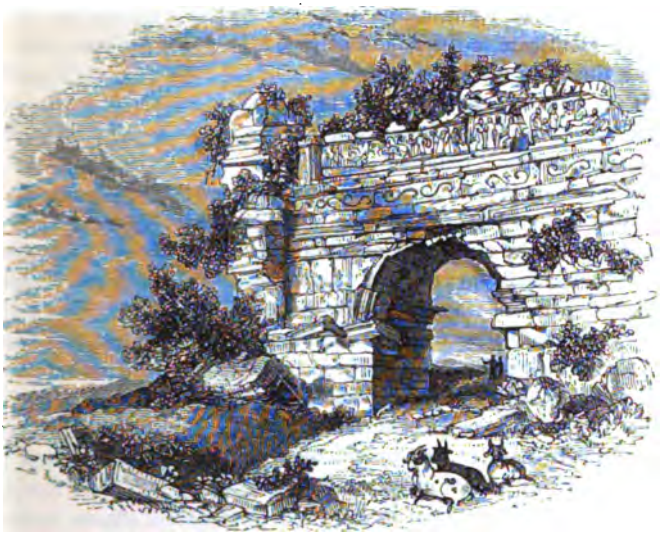
But has not Shakspere himself furnished a clue to the understanding of the Errors, by his marvellous skill in the delineation of character? Pope forcibly remarked that, if our poet's dramas were printed without the names of the persons represented being attached to the individual speeches, we should know who is speaking by his wonderful discrimination in assigning to every character appropriate modes of thought and expression. It appears to us that this is unquestionably the case with the characters of each of the twin-brothers in 'The Comedy of Errors.' The Antipholus of Ephesus is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse; he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly loving, as his brother is;—he has no habits of self-command;—his temperament is sensual. The two Dromios each have their "merry jests;" they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper; they each cling faithfully to their masters' interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth. The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion. On the contrary, the "merry jests" of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

"Go hand in hand, not one before another."



[*Thalia.*]

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[*Remains of a Gate at Ephesus.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic in our adverse towns:
Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,

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Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him[1].
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

ÆGE. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

DUKE. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

ÆGE. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature[a], not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, too, had not our hap been bad[b].
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left[c],
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered[d]
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

[a] *By nature*—by the impulses of nature, by natural affection,—as opposed to *vile offence*, the violation of the municipal laws of Ephesus.

[b] The word *too* in this line was supplied in the *second* folio.

[c] The first folio reads—

"And *he* great care of goods at random left."

Malone made the text easy and clear by the substitution of *the*.

[d] The word *poor* in this line was added in the second folio.

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My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon. We came aboard[a]:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, most careful for the latter born,
Had fastened him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

DUKE. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

ÆGE. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,

[a] The punctuation of the original gives somewhat of a different meaning:—
"Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soon we came aboard."
The line is printed thus, without a hemistich.

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We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon[a],
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

DUKE. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

ÆGE. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (so his case was like[b],
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

DUKE. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,

[a] *Upon*—the original has *up*.

[b] *So his case was like.* *So* is the reading of the first folio;—his case was *so* like that of Antipholus.

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Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help[a]:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him into thy custody.

GAOL. I will, my lord.

ÆGE. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless[b] end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse, *and a* Merchant.

MER. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

ANT. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

DRO. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit* DRO. S.

[a] *To seek thy help.* This is the reading of the folio. Mr. Collier has suggested the reading of "To seek thy *hope* by beneficial *help*." Mr. Barron Field, in an interesting article on "Obscure Passages," ('Shakespeare Society's Papers,' vol. ii.) considers this conjecture valuable, and we agree with him. It is consistent with Ægeon's reply:—

"*Hopeless*, and *helpless*, doth Ægeon wend."

[b] *Liveless.* So the original: *lifeless* and *liveless* are the same; as *lively* and *lifely* also are the same.

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ANT. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?
MER. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock[a],
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.
ANT. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.
MER. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit* Merchant.
ANT. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?
DRO. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent[b] for your default to-day.
ANT. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
DRO. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;

[a] *Soon at five o'clock.* This is ordinarily printed, "Soon, at five o'clock." But Antipholus says—
"Within this hour it will be dinner-time."
The time of dinner was *twelve;* therefore five o'clock would not have been *soon.* We must therefore understand the phrase as *about* five o'clock.

[b] *Penitent*—in the sense of doing penance.

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The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

ANT. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

DRO. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed[a],
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock[b],
And strike you home without a messenger.

ANT. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

DRO. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

ANT. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

DRO. E. My charge was but to fetch you from[c] the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

ANT. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd[d] my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

DRO. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

ANT. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

DRO. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

ANT. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

DRO. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels. [*Exit* DRO. E.

ANT. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,

[a] *Post indeed.* The *post* of a shop was used as the tally-board of a publican is now used, to keep the *score*.

[b] *Clock.* The original has *cook*. Pope made the necessary change.

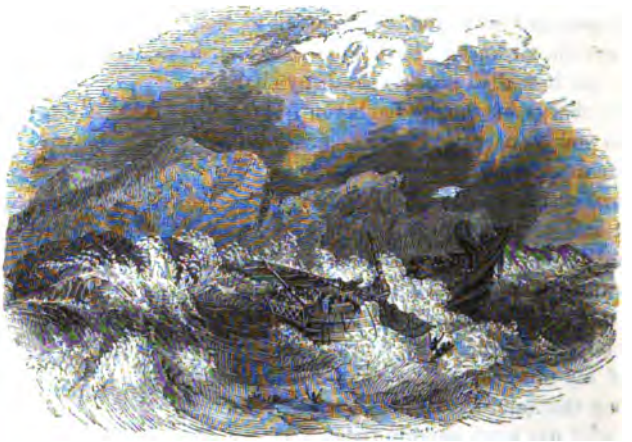
[c] This is usually printed *fro'*, but the original has *frō*; the typographical contraction of *from*, to save space.

[d] *Bestow'd*—stowed, deposited.

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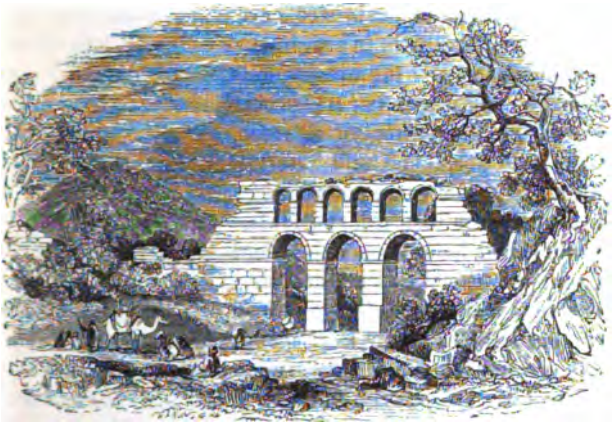
The villain is o'er-raught[a] of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin[b]:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

[a] *O'er-raught*—overreached.
[b] *Liberties of sin.* Some would read *libertines.*



["We were encounter'd by a mighty rock."]

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[*Remains of Aqueduct at Ephesus.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
LUC. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They 'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.
ADR. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
LUC. Because their business still lies out o' door.
ADR. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill [a].
LUC. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
ADR There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
LUC. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe [b].

[a] *Ill.* This is the reading of the second folio, which is necessary for the rhyme. The original has *thus.*

[b] *Lash'd with woe.* Steevens says, "Should it not rather be *leash'd?*"—coupled like a hound. But he turns from this solution, to suggest that "lash'd with woe" has the meaning of *punished* with woe. To *lash*, to be under *the lash*, are well-known expressions, which require no explanation. But a *lace*, a *leash*, a *latch*, a *lash*, is each a form of expressing what binds or fastens; and thus "headstrong liberty" and "woe" are bound together—are inseparable.

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There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords[a]:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADR. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUC. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

ADR. But were you wedded you would bear some sway.

LUC. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.

ADR. How if your husband start some other where[b]?

LUC. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADR. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience[c] in thee will be left.

LUC. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

ADR. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DRO. E. Nay, he 's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

ADR. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

DRO. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.
Beshrew his hand! I scarce could understand it.

LUC. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

[a] In the original we have—

"*Man*, more divine, the *master* of all these,
Lord of the wide world," &c.

But the subsequent use of "*souls*," and of the plural verb, renders the change unavoidable.

[b] Johnson would read, "start some other *hare*." But *where* has here the power of a noun, and is used, as in 'Henry VIII.,'—"the king hath sent me *otherwhere*." We have lost this mode of using *where* in composition; but we retain *otherwise*, in a different guise: we understand *otherwhile*, at a different time; and we can therefore have no difficulty with *otherwhere*, in a different *place*.

[c] Johnson considers this an allusion to the practice of "begging a fool" for the guardianship of his fortune.

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DRO. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them[a].

ADR. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

DRO. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

ADR. Horn-mad, thou villain?

DRO. E. I mean not cuckold mad;
But sure he is stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks[b] in gold:
"'T is dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:
"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:
"Will you come?"[c] quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he:
"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

LUC. Quoth who?

DRO. E. Quoth my master:
"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress;"
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADR. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

DRO. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake send some other messenger.

ADR. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

DRO. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

ADR. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

DRO. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus[d]?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

LUC. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

ADR. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

[a] *Understand them*—stand under them. We have the same quibble in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'—"My staff understands me."

[b] *A thousand marks* is the reading of the second folio—the first has "*a hundred.*"

[c] This line is ordinarily printed, in correction of the supposed deficiency of metre—
"Will you come *home?* quoth I; my gold, quoth he."
The retardation of the line, according to the original, is not a defect.

[d] To be *round* with any one is to be plain-spoken; as in 'Hamlet'—"Let her be *round* with him." Dromio uses the word in a double sense, when he alludes to the football.

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From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault, he 's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures[a]: My decayed fair[b]
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale[c].

LUC. Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence.

ADR. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain[d],
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame[e].
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

LUC. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Defeatures*—want of beauty—defect of features.

[b] *Fair* is used substantively, for beauty.

[c] *Stale* is stalking horse: thus, in Ben Jonson's 'Catiline'—

"Dull, stupid Lentulus,
My *stale*, with whom I *stalk*."

[d] In the first folio we have—

"Would that alone *a love* he would detain."

The obvious error, says Malone, was corrected in the second folio. But what sense have we obtained by the correction? The repetition of the word *alone* perplexes the sense, without rendering the passage emphatic.

[e] This passage has been altered by Pope, Warburton, and Steevens, from the original; and it is so impossible to gain a tolerable reading without changing the text, that we leave it as it is commonly received. In the first folio the reading is—

"I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; *yet* the gold bides still
That others touch; *and* often touching will
Where gold; and no man, that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame."

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SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

ANT. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
DRO. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?
ANT. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
DRO. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
ANT. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.
DRO. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
ANT. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*
DRO. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
ANT. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours[a].
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
DRO. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,

[a] The "serious hours" of Antipholus are his *private* hours: the "sauciness" of Dromio intrudes upon those hours, and deprives his master of his exclusive possession of them—makes them "*a common*" property.

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and insconce it[a] too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

ANT. S. Dost thou not know?

DRO. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

ANT. S. Shall I tell you why?

DRO. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

ANT. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

DRO. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

ANT. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

ANT. S. I 'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

DRO. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

ANT. S. In good time, sir, what 's that?

DRO. S. Basting.

ANT. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

DRO. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

ANT. S. Your reason?

DRO. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

ANT. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There 's a time for all things.

DRO. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

ANT. S. By what rule, sir?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

ANT. S. Let 's hear it.

DRO. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

ANT. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

DRO. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig[b], and recover the lost hair of another man.

ANT. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

DRO. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men[c] in hair, he hath given them in wit.

ANT. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DRO. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

ANT. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

DRO. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

ANT. S. For what reason?

[a] *Insconce it*—defend it—fortify it.

[b] *Periwig.* This, the word in the folio, is ordinarily printed *perukes*.

[c] *Men.* The original has *them*; no doubt a typographical error.

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DRO. S. For two; and sound ones too.

ANT. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

DRO. S. Sure ones then.

ANT. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing[a].

DRO. S. Certain ones then.

ANT. S. Name them.

DRO. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring[b]; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

ANT. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

DRO. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, in[c] no time to recover hair lost by nature.

ANT. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

DRO. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

ANT. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall[d]
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,

[a] *Falsing*—the participle of the obsolete verb *to false*. Shakspere uses this verb once only, viz. in 'Cymbeline,' Act II., Scene 3:—

"'T is gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth: yea, and makes
Diana's rangers *false* themselves."

[b] *Tiring*—attiring. In the folio we have *trying*, an obvious typographical error, corrected by Pope.

[c] *In*. So the first folio. The ordinary reading is "*a'en* no time." But *in* agrees well enough with the long joke about "hair" and "periwig." Dromio proves that "there is no time for all things," because a man recovers his hair, by means of a periwig, "in no time."

[d] *Fall* is here used as a verb active.

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As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off[a] my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd[b], thou, undishonoured.

ANT. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

LUC. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANT. S. By Dromio?

DRO. S. By me?

ADR. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

ANT. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

DRO. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

ANT. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

DRO. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

ANT. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

[a] *Off.* The folio has *of*, as in similar cases, for *off*. We may read *of* here, without injury to the sense, though *off* is more natural and more emphatic.

[b] *Unstain'd.* The original has *distain'd*, which means stained, defiled. Theobald holds that we must either read *unstained*; or, by adding a hyphen, give the preposition *dis* a privative force. But we must recollect that an actor could not speak a hyphen. We agree with Mr. Dyce in the simpler reading of *unstain'd*.

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ADR. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt[a],
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine[z];
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger[b] state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle[c] moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

ANT. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd[d] fallacy.

LUC. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

DRO. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land[3];—O, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls[e], and elvish[f] sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

LUC. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dromio[g], thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

DRO. S. I am transformed, master, am not I[h]?

ANT. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

DRO. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

[a] *Exempt.* Johnson says the word here means *separated.* But surely Adriana intends to say that she must bear the wrong; that Antipholus, being her husband, is released, acquitted, *exempt*, from any consequences of this wrong.

[b] *Stronger.* The original has *stranger.*

[c] *Idle*—useless, fruitless—as in "desarts *idle*." An *addle* egg is an *idle* egg. Shakspere plays upon the words in 'Troilus and Cressida:'—"If you love an *addle* egg as well as you love an *idle* head, you would eat chickens i' the shell."

[d] *Offer'd.* In the first folio, *freed.*

[e] *Owls.* Theobald changed *owls* to *ouphes*, upon the plea that owls could not suck breath and pinch. Warburton maintains that the *owl* here is the *strix* of the ancients—the destroyer of the cradled infant—

"Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes,
Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis."—OVID. *Fasti*, lib. vi.

[f] *Elvish* is wanting in the first folio, but is found in the second.

[g] *Dromio.* So the original, which distinctly gives *Dromio* with a capital D, and in italic, as a proper name. Theobald altered it to *drone.* The verse, he says, "is half a foot too long." This is a reason *against* the alteration.

[h] *Am not I?* In the original "*am I not?*"

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ANT. S. Thou hast thine own form.
DRO. S. No, I am an ape.
LUC. If thou art chang'd to aught, 't is to an ass.
DRO. S. 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
ADR. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.
ANT. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
DRO. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
ADR. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
LUC. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*



[*Medal of Ephesus.*]

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[*Syracuse.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

ANT. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carcanet[a],
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

[a] *Carcanet*—a chain, or necklace. In Harrington's 'Orlando Furioso' we have—
"About his neck a *carknet* rich he ware."

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DRO. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
ANT. E. I think thou art an ass.
DRO. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
ANT. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.
BAL. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
ANT. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
BAL. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.
ANT. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.
BAL. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.
ANT. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.
DRO. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!
DRO. S. [*Within.*] Mome[a], malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch[b]!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.
DRO. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.
DRO. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.
ANT. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.
DRO. S. Right, sir, I 'll tell you when, and you 'll tell me wherefore.
ANT. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.
DRO. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.
ANT. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe[c]?
DRO. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
DRO. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.
LUCE. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

[a] *Mome* is the French word for a buffoon;—*momer* is to go in disguise; hence *mummery*. But *mome* here means a blockhead,—something foolish. *Mumchance* expresses the behaviour of one who has nothing to say for himself.

[b] *Patch* is a pretender, a deceitful fellow, one who is *patched* up. Shakspere, in 'Troilus and Cressida,' uses *patchery* in the sense of roguery: "Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery."

[c] *Owe*—own.

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DRO. E. Let my master in, Luce.
LUCE. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.
DRO. E. O Lord, I must laugh;—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?
LUCE. Have at you with another: that 's,—When? can you tell?
DRO. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.
ANT. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?
LUCE. I thought to have ask'd you.
DRO. S. And you said, no.
DRO. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.
ANT. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
LUCE. Can you tell for whose sake?
DRO. E. Master, knock the door hard.
LUCE. Let him knock till it ake.
ANT. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
LUCE. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
ADR. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?
DRO. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
ANT. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
ADR. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.
DRO. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.
ANG. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
BAL. In debating which was best, we shall part with[a] neither.
DRO. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.
ANT. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
DRO. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.
ANT. E. Go fetch me something, I 'll break ope the gate.
DRO. S. Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.
DRO. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind:
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
DRO. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking: Out upon thee, hind!
DRO. E. Here 's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.
DRO. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
ANT. E. Well, I 'll break in: Go, borrow me a crow.
DRO. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.
ANT. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
BAL. Have patience, sir, O let it not be so.
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect

[a] *Part with*—depart with.

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The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this[a],—Your long experience of her[b] wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you[c].
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever housed, where it gets possession.

ANT. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse;
Pretty and witty: wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine; this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 't is made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine[d];
For there 's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

ANG. I 'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

ANT. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

LUC. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,

[a] *Once this*—once for all.
[b] *Her.* The original has *your;* and the same mistake occurs in the next line but one.
[c] To *make* the door is still a provincial expression.
[d] *Porpentine.* This word is invariably used throughout the early editions of Shakspere for *porcupine.* It was, no doubt, the familiar word in Shakspere's time, and ought not to be changed.

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Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous[a]?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but[b] believe,
Being compact of credit[c], that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'T is holy sport, to be a little vain[d],
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

ANT. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I 'll yield.

[a] *Ruinate*, instead of *ruinous*, is the reading of the folio. To make a rhyme to *ruinate*, Theobald inserted the word *hate* in the second line—"Shall, Antipholus, *hate*,"—shall hate rot thy love-springs? The correction of *ruinate* to *ruinous*, suggested by Steevens, though not adopted by him, is much more satisfactory.

[b] *But*. The original has *not*, which is contrary to the sense.

[c] *Compact of credit*—credulous.

[d] *Vain*. Johnson interprets this *light of tongue*.

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But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister[a] flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed[b] I 'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let Love[c], being light, be drowned if she sink!

LUC. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

ANT. S. Not mad, but mated[d]; how, I do not know.

LUC. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

ANT. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

LUC. Gaze where[e] you should, and that will clear your sight.

ANT. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

LUC. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

ANT. S. Thy sister's sister.

LUC. That 's my sister.

ANT. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

LUC. All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANT. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee;
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

LUC. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I 'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit* LUC.

Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

ANT. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

[a] *Sister* is the reading of the first folio; *sister's* is that of the second folio, which is ordinarily received: *sister* is more elegant, using the noun adjectively, which is frequent with Shakspere.

[b] *Bed.* The folio reads *bud.* There can be no doubt, we think, of the propriety of the correction. "The golden hairs" which are "spread o'er the silver waves" will form the bed of the lover. It has been suggested that we should read, "And as a bed I 'll take *them*."

[c] *Love* is here used as the queen of love. In the 'Venus and Adonis,' Venus, speaking of herself, says—

"Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire."

[d] To *mate*—to *amate*—is to make senseless,—to stupify, as in a dream. *Mætan* (A. S.) is to dream.

[e] *Where.* The original has *when.*

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DRO. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

ANT. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

DRO. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

ANT. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

ANT. S. What claim lays she to thee?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

ANT. S. What is she?

DRO. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence[a]: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANT. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANT. S. What complexion is she of?

DRO. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

ANT. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

DRO. S. No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

ANT. S. What 's her name?

DRO. S. Nell, sir; but her name and[b] three quarters, that 's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANT. S. Then she bears some breadth?

DRO. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her[4].

ANT. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

ANT. S. Where Scotland[5]?

DRO. S. I found it in the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

ANT. S. Where France?

DRO. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir[6].

ANT. S. Where England?

DRO. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANT. S. Where Spain?

DRO. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

[a] When anything offensive was spoken of, this form of apology was used.

[b] *And.* In the original, *is*—an evident error.

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ANT. S. Where America, the Indies[7]?

DRO. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

ANT. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

DRO. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured[a] to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel[b].

ANT. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

DRO. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

ANT. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to[c] self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

ANG. Master Antipholus?

ANT. S. Ay, that 's my name.

ANG. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

ANT. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

ANG. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

ANT. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

[a] *Assured*—affianced.

[b] We have printed these two lines as verse. The doggrel, like some of Swift's similar attempts, contains a superabundance of syllables; but we have little doubt that Dromio's description of the kitchen-maid was intended to conclude emphatically with rhyme.

[c] *Guilty to*—not *of*—was the phraseology of Shakspere's time.

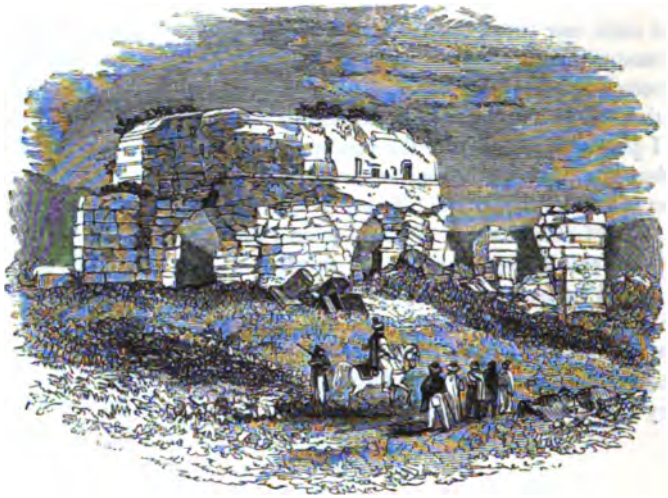
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ANG. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
ANT. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
ANG. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*
ANT. S. What I should think of this I cannot tell:
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*



["Sing, Siren."]

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[*Remains of the Gymnasium, Ephesus.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

MER. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.
ANG. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me[a] by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

OFF. That labour may you save; see where he comes.
ANT. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow

Growing to me—accruing to me.

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Among my wife and her[a] confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

DRO. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* DROMIO.

ANT. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you.
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

ANG. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

ANT. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will[b] be there as soon as you.

ANG. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

ANT. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

ANG. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

ANT. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

ANG. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

ANT. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

MER. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

ANG. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

ANT. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

ANG. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

ANT. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:

[a] *Her*—the original has *their*. This, and similar mistakes of the pronoun, arise from the abbreviations of the manuscript.

[b] *I will*, instead of *I shall*, is a Scotticism, says Douce (an Englishman); it is an Irishism, says Reed (a Scotsman); and an ancient Anglicism, says Malone (an Irishman).

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Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
MER. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say whe'r you 'll answer me or no;
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.
ANT. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?
ANG. The money that you owe me for the chain.
ANT. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.
ANG. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
ANT E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.
ANG. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.
MER. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
OFF. I do; and charge you in the duke's name, to obey me.
ANG. This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
ANT. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
ANG. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
OFF. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.
ANT. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
ANG. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

DRO. S. Master, there 's a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
ANT. E. How now! a madman? Why, thou peevish[a] sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
DRO. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

[a] *Peevish*—silly. *Sheep* and *ship* were pronounced alike. Thus Speed's jest in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona:'—
"Twenty to one then he is *shipp'd* already,
And I have play'd the *sheep* in losing him."

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ANT. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
DRO. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
ANT. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave: be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, *and* ANT. E.
DRO. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
LUC. First, he denied you had him in no right[a].
ADR. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
LUC. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
ADR. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
LUC. Then pleaded I for you.
ADR. And what said he?
LUC. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
ADR. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
LUC. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.
ADR. Didst speak him fair?
LUC. Have patience, I beseech.

[a] The modern construction would be—"He denied you had in him *a* right;" but this was Shakspere's phraseology, and that of his time.

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ADR. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical[a] in making, worse in mind.
LUC. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
ADR. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away[8];
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

DRO. S. Here, go: the desk, the purse; sweet, now, make haste.
LUC. How hast thou lost thy breath?
DRO. S. By running fast.
ADR. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
DRO. S. No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff[9];
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well[10];
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell[11].
ADR. Why, man, what is the matter?
DRO. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.
ADR. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.
DRO. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?
ADR. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at, [*Exit* LUC.
That[b] he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band[c]?
DRO. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?
ADR. What, the chain?
DRO. S. No, no, the bell: 't is time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

[a] *Stigmatical*—branded in form—with a mark upon him.
[b] *That*, according to the second folio. The original has *thus*.
[c] *Band*—a law bond. Dromio quibbles on the more common use of *band*. Each means something which binds.

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ADR. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
DRO. S. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.
ADR. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!
DRO. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he 's worth, to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he[a] be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

ADR. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

ANT. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

DRO. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for:
What, have you got [rid of[b]] the picture of Old Adam new apparelled?
ANT. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?
DRO. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.
ANT. S. I understand thee not.
DRO. S. No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case

[a] *He.* The original has *I.* Malone made the change.
[b] Theobald inserted *rid of*; and the words appear necessary—for the "fellow all in buff" was not with the Antipholus of Syracuse.

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of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them, suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike[a].

ANT. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

DRO. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

ANT. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to night? may we be gone?

DRO. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

ANT. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

COUR. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

ANT. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

DRO. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

ANT. S. It is the devil.

DRO. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, "God damn me," that 's as much as to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

COUR. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We 'll mend our dinner here.

DRO. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

ANT. S. Why, Dromio?

DRO. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

ANT. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

COUR. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I 'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

DRO. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,

[a] *A morris-pike* was the pike of the Moors. The weapon is mentioned by Holinshed.

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Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

COUR. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

ANT. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

DRO. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S.

COUR. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and an* Officer.

ANT. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus [a],
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus, *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

[a] This is ordinarily printed—

"And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus."

As we print the passage, his wife will not lightly, easily, trust the messenger with the money; for it will sound harshly, strangely, in her ears that her husband should be attached in Ephesus.

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DRO. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all [12].
ANT. E. But where 's the money?
DRO. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
ANT. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
DRO. E. I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.
ANT. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
DRO. E. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.
ANT. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*
OFF. Good sir, be patient.
DRO. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.
OFF. Good now, hold thy tongue.
DRO. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.
ANT. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!
DRO. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.
ANT. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.
DRO. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with* PINCH, *and others.*

ANT. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.
DRO. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."
ANT. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*
COUR. How say you now? is not your husband mad?
ADR. His incivility confirms no less.
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.
LUC. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!
COUR. Mark, how he trembles in his extasy!
PINCH. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.
ANT. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.
PINCH. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.
ANT. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.
ADR. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

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ANT. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?
ADR. O husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!
ANT. E. Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?
DRO. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
ANT. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
DRO. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
ANT. E. And did not she herself revile me there?
DRO. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
ANT. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
DRO. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.
ANT. E. And did I not in rage depart from thence?
DRO. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
ADR. Is 't good to sooth him in these contraries?
PINCH. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
ANT. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
ADR. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
DRO. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.
ANT. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
ADR. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
LUC. And I am witness with her, that she did.
DRO. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
PINCH. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
ANT. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
ADR. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
DRO. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
ADR. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
ANT. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes,

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That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[PINCH *and his* Assistants *bind* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.

ADR. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

PINCH. More company; the fiend is strong within him.

LUC. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!

ANT. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

OFF. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

PINCH. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

ADR. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

OFF. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

ADR. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

ANT. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

DRO. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

ANT. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

DRO. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, the devil.—

LUC. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

ADR. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt* PINCH *and* Assistants, *with* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

OFF. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?

ADR. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

OFF. Two hundred ducats.

ADR. Say, how grows it due?

OFF. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

ADR. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

COUR. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day,
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

ADR. It may be so, but I did never see it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

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Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

LUC. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

ADR. And come with naked swords; let 's call more help,
To have them bound again.

OFF. Away, they 'll kill us.

[*Exeunt* Officer, ADR., *and* LUC.

ANT. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

DRO. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

ANT. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

DRO. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

ANT. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff[a] aboard. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Stuff*—baggage. "The king's stuff" is often mentioned in the orders issued for royal progresses.



[*Coin of Ephesus.*]

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[*Remains of the Amphitheatre at Ephesus.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant *and* Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of* Syracuse.

Ang. 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny

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This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

ANT. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

MER. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

ANT. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

MER. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 't is pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

ANT. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

MER. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and others.*

ADR. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;
Some get within him [a], take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

DRO. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house [b].
This is some priory.—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S. *to the Priory.*

Enter the Abbess.

ABB. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

ADR. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

ANG. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

MER. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

ABB. How long hath this possession held the man?

ADR. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

ABB. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

[a] *Get within him*—close with him.
[b] *Take a house*—take *to* a house; take the shelter of a house.

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Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
ADR. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
ABB. You should for that have reprehended him.
ADR. Why, so I did.
ABB. Ay, but not rough enough.
ADR. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
ABB. Haply, in private.
ADR. And in assemblies too.
ABB. Ay, but not enough.
ADR. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
ABB. And therefore came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair[a],
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
LUC. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
ADR. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

[a] Capell took an amusing method of correcting the supposed confusion in the sex of melancholy, reading thus:—

"But moody and dull melancholy, *kins-Woman* to grim and comfortless despair."

This is as good as

"I studied in the *U-Niversity* of Gottingen."

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Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
ABB. No, not a creature enters in my house.
ADR. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.
ABB. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
ADR. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
ABB. Be patient: for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
ADR. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.
ABB. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [*Exit* Abbess.
LUC. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
ADR. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
MER. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,—
The place of depth[a] and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
ANG. Upon what cause?
MER. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
ANG. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
LUC. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

[a] *The place of depth* is the reading of the original. The modern reading is "the place of *death*." Mr. Hunter ('Disquisition on the Tempest,' p. 121) condemns the alteration as "injudicious and unjustifiable;" believing that the original words indicate the name of a particular spot in the city—The Place of Depth. But, without accepting the words with a *local* meaning, they appear to us to have a general signification, which may dispense with the change to *death*. "The place of depth" is the deep abysm, suited for "sorry execution."

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Enter DUKE, *attended; ÆGEON, bare-headed; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

DUKE. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

ADR. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

DUKE. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

ADR. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home;
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape[a],
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

DUKE. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,

[a] *Strong escape*—escape effected by strength.

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Beaten the maids a-row[a], and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool[b];
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADR. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

SERV. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

DUKE. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

ADR. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

ANT. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars[c], and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice!

ÆGE. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

ANT. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

DUKE. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

ANT. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots[d] feasted in my house.

[a] *A-row*—*on row*—one after the other.

[b] It was the custom to shave, or crop, the heads of idiots. "*Crop*, the conjurer," was probably a nickname for the unhappy *natural*.

[c] Thus, in 'Henry IV. Part I.':—"Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride* me."

[d] A *harlot* was, originally, a *hireling*. Thus in Chaucer's 'Sompnoure's Tale:'

"A sturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,
That was hir hostes man."

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DUKE. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?
ADR. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befal my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal!
LUC. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
ANG. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
ANT. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: In the street I met him;
And, in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: He with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately

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Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.

ANG. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

DUKE. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

ANG. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

MER. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

ANT. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain: so help me heaven
As this is false you burthen me withal [a].

DUKE. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been:
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

DRO. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

COUR. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

ANT. E. 'T is true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

DUKE. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

COUR. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

DUKE. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;
I think you are all mated, or stark mad. [*Exit an* Attendant.

ÆGE. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

DUKE. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

ÆGE. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

DRO. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:

[a] In a previous part of the scene Adriana says,

"So befal my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal."

It is usual here to print, and we fell into the error,

"I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false," &c.

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Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

ÆGE. I am sure you both of you remember me.

DRO. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

ÆGE. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

ANT. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

ÆGE. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

ANT. E. Neither.

ÆGE. Dromio, nor thou?

DRO. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

ÆGE. I am sure thou dost.

DRO. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies you are bound to believe him.

ÆGE. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

ANT. E. I never saw my father in my life.

ÆGE. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

ANT. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

DUKE. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the ABBESS, *with* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

ABB. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*

ADR. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

DUKE. One of these men is genius to the other;

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And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

DRO. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

DRO. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

ANT. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

DRO. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

ABB. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

ÆGE. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

ABB. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

DUKE. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together[a].
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

ANT. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

DUKE. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

ANT. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

DRO. E. And I with him.

ANT. E. Brought to this town by that famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

ADR. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

ANT. S. I, gentle mistress.

ADR. And are not you my husband?

ANT. E. No, I say nay to that.

ANT. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

[a] In the original these six lines of the Duke's speech follow the line spoken by the Abbess—
"And speak unto the same Æmilia."
The transposition, which was made by Malone, is necessary to the sense.

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Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

ANG. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

ANT. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

ANT. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

ANG. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

ADR. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

DRO. E. No, none by me.

ANT. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

ANT. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

DUKE. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

COUR. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

ANT. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

ABB. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered *:
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

DUKE. With all my heart, I 'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, *and* Attendants.

DRO. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

* The passage in the original stands thus:—
"*Thirty-three* years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, *and* till this present hour
My heavy burthen *are* delivered."
Theobald altered the number to *twenty-five*. In the first scene, Ægeon says, that at *eighteen* years his youngest boy became inquisitive after his brother: and when he supposes that he recognises this son, in the last scene, he says, "but *seven* years since" we parted. Mr. Dyce recommends *and* to be retained instead of *nor*, and instead of *are* to substitute *ne'er*. Either reading gives the sense, which has been obscured by a typographical mistake of one or the other word.

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ANT. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
DRO. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
ANT. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* E., ADR. *and* LUC.
DRO. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
DRO. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see, by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
DRO. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
DRO. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?
DRO. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.
DRO. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*



[*Corinth.*]

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

Scene I.

[1] "*It hath in solemn synods been decreed,*
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay more, If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him."

The offence which Ægeon had committed, and the penalty which he had incurred, are pointed out with a minuteness, by which the poet doubtless intended to convey his sense of the gross injustice of such enactments. In 'The Taming of the Shrew,' written most probably about the same period as 'The Comedy of Errors,' the jealousies of commercial states, exhibiting themselves in violent decrees and impracticable regulations, are also depicted by the same powerful hand:—

"*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir? how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly."

At the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, the just principles of foreign commerce were asserted in a very remarkable manner in the preamble to a statute (1 Eliz. c. 13): "Other foreign princes, finding themselves aggrieved with the said several acts"—(statutes prohibiting the export or import of merchandise by English subjects in any but English ships)—"as thinking that the same were made to the hurt and prejudice of their country and navy, have made like penal laws against such as should ship out of their countries in any other vessels than of their several countries and dominions; by reason whereof there hath not only grown great displeasure between the foreign princes and the kings of this realm, but also the merchants have been sore grieved and endamaged." The inevitable consequences of commercial jealousies between rival states—the retaliations that invariably attend these "narrow and malignant politics," as Hume forcibly expresses it—are here clearly set forth. But in five or six years afterwards we had acts "for setting her Majesty's people on work," forbidding the importation of foreign wares ready wrought, "to the intent that her Highness's subjects might be employed in making thereof." These laws were directed against the productions of the Netherlands; and they were immediately followed by counter-proclamations, forbidding the carrying into England of any matter or thing out of which the same wares might be made; and prohibiting the importation in the Low Countries of all English manufactures, under pain of confiscation. Under these laws, the English merchants were driven from town to town—from Antwerp to Embden, from Embden to Hamburgh; their ships seized, their goods confiscated. Retaliation of course followed, with all the complicated injuries of violence begetting violence. The instinctive wisdom of our poet must have seen the folly and wickedness of such proceedings; and we believe that these passages are intended to mark his sense of them. The same brute force, which would confiscate the goods and burn the ships of the merchant, would put the merchant himself to death, under another state of society. He has stigmatised the principle of commercial jealousy by carrying out its consequences under an unconstrained despotism.

ACT II.

[2] Scene II.—"*Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine.*"

When Milton uses this classical image, in 'Paradise Lost,'—

"They led the vine
To wed the elm; she, spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms,"—

the annotators of our great epic poet naturally give us the parallel passages in Catullus, in

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Ovid, in Virgil, in Horace. Shakspere unquestionably had the image from the same sources. Farmer does not notice this passage; but had he done so he would, of course, have shown that there were translations of 'The Georgics' and 'The Metamorphoses' when this play was written. It appears to us that this line of Shakspere is neither a translation nor an imitation of any of the well-known classical passages; but a transfusion of the spirit of the ancient poets by one who was familiar with them.

[3] SCENE II.—"*This is the fairy land.*"

In the first act we have the following description of the unlawful arts of Ephesus:—

"They say this town is full of cosenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin."

It was observed by Capell that "the character given of Ephesus in this place is the very same that it had with the ancients, which may pass for some note of the poet's learning." It was scarcely necessary, however, for Shakspere to search for this ancient character of Ephesus in more recondite sources than the most interesting narrative of St. Paul's visit to the city, given in the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. In the 13th verse we find mention of "certain of the vagabond Jews, *exorcists*;" and in the 19th verse we are told that "many of them also which used *curious arts* brought their books together, and burned them before all men." The ancient proverbial term, *Ephesian Letters*, was used to express every kind of charm or spell.

ACT III.

[4] SCENE II.—"*I could find out countries in her.*"

SHAKSPERE most probably had the idea from Rabelais, in the passage where Friar John maps out the head and chin of Panurge (L. 3. c. 28). "Ta barbe par les distinctions du gris, du blanc, du tanné, et du noir, me semble une mappemonde. Regarde ici. Voila Asie. Ici sont Tigris et Euphrates. Voila Africque. Ici est la montaigne de la Lune. Veois-tu les palus du Nil? Deça est Europe. Veois-tu Theleme? Ce touppet ici tout blanc, sont les monts Hyperborées."

[5] SCENE II.—"*Where Scotland?*"

In the 'Merchant of Venice,' where Portia describes her suitors to Nerissa, we have an allusion,—sarcastic although playful,—to the ancient contests of Scotland with England, and of the support which France generally rendered to the weaker side:

"*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able; I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another."

The word *Scottish* is found in the original quarto of this play, but in the folio of 1623 it is changed to *other*. Malone considers that the 'Merchant of Venice' being performed in the time of James, the allusion to Scotland was suppressed by the Master of the Revels; but that the more offensive allusion to the "barrenness" of Scotland, in the passage before us being retained in the original folio edition, is a proof that the 'Comedy of Errors' was not revived after the accession of the Scottish monarch to the English throne.

[6] SCENE II.—"*Making war against her heir.*"

It seems to be pretty generally agreed that this passage is an allusion to the war of the League. In the first folio we have the spelling *heire*, although in the second folio it was changed to *haire*. Upon the assassination of Henry III., in August, 1589, the great contest commenced between his *heir*, Henry of Navarre, and the Leaguers, who opposed his succession. In 1591 Elizabeth sent an armed force to the assistance of Henry. If the supposition that this allusion was meant by Shakspere be correct, the date of the play is pretty exactly determined; for the war of the League was in effect concluded by Henry's renunciation of the Protestant faith in 1593.

[7] SCENE II.—"*Where America, the Indies?*"

This is certainly one of the boldest anachronisms in Shakspere; for, although the period of the action of the 'Comedy of Errors' may include a range of four or five centuries, it must certainly be placed before the occupation of Ephesus by the Mohammedans, and therefore some centuries before the discovery of America.

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ACT IV.

[8] SCENE II.—"*Far from her nest, the lapwing cries, away.*"

THIS image was a favourite one with the Elizabethan writers. In Lily's 'Campaspe,' 1584, we have, "You resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not." Greene and Nash also have the same allusion, which Shakspere repeats in 'Measure for Measure:'

"With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart."



"Far from her nest the lapwing cries."]

[9] SCENE II.—"*A fellow all in buff.*"

The Prince asks Falstaff, "Is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?" The buff jerkin, according to Dromio's definition, is "an everlasting garment," worn by "a shoulder-clapper." The commentators have thrown away much research upon these passages. Steevens maintains that *everlasting* and *durance* were technical names for very strong and durable cloth; but there can be no doubt, we think, that the occupation of the bailiff being somewhat dangerous, in times when men were ready to resist the execution of the law with the sword and rapier, he was clothed with the ox-skin, the buff, which in warfare subsequently took the place of the heavier coat of mail. It is by no means clear, from the passage before us, that the bailiff did not even wear a sort of armour:—

"One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel."

[10] SCENE II.—"*A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well.*"

The hound that runs *counter* runs upon a false course; but the hound that draws *dry-foot* well, follows the game by the scent of the foot, as the blood-hound is said to do. The bailiff's dog-like attributes were not inconsistent; for he was a serjeant of the *counter prison*, and followed his game as Brainworm describes in 'Every Man in his Humour:' "Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, *dry-foot*, over Moorfields to London this morning."

[11] SCENE II.—"*One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.*"

The arrest "before judgment" is that upon *mesne-process*, and Shakspere is here employing his legal knowledge. It appears that Hell was the name of a place of confinement under the Exchequer Chamber for the debtors of the Crown. It is described by that name in the Journals of the House of Commons on the occasion of the coronation of William and Mary.

[12] SCENE IV.—"*Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.*"

Dr. Gray has the following note on this passage: "If the honest countryman in the Isle of Axholm in Lincolnshire, where they grow little else but hemp, had been acquainted with Shakspere's Works, I should have imagined that he borrowed his jest from hence. At the beginning of the rebellion in 1641, a party of the parliament soldiers, seeing a man sowing somewhat, asked him what it was he was sowing, for they hoped to reap his crop, 'I am sowing of hemp, gentlemen,' (says he,) 'and I hope I have enough for you all.'"

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ENGRAVINGS.

The period of the action in this comedy being so necessarily undefined, we have preferred to select our Pictorial Illustrations from the most authentic representations of the existing remains of ancient Ephesus, and from views of the present state of that celebrated city, of Corinth, and of Syracuse. It may be convenient here to furnish a brief explanation of these Illustrations.

The Temple of Diana is thus described by Pococke:—

"The Temple of Diana is situated towards the south-west corner of the plain, having a lake on the west side, now become a morass, extending westward to the Cayster. This building and the courts about it were encompassed every way with a strong wall, that to the west of the lake and to the north was likewise the wall of the city; there is a double wall to the south. Within these walls were four courts: that is, one on every side of the temple, and on each side of the court to the west there was a large open portico, or colonnade, extending to the lake, on which arches of bricks were turned for a covering. The front of the temple was to the east. The temple was built on arches, to which there is a descent. I went a great way in, till I was stopped either by earth thrown down, or by the water. They consist of several narrow arches, one within another. It is probable they extended to the porticoes on each side of the western court, and served for foundations to those pillars. This being a morassy ground, made the expense of such a foundation so necessary; on which, it is said, as much was bestowed as on the fabric above ground. It is probable, also, that the shores [sewers] of the city passed this way into the lake. I saw a great number of pipes made of earthenware in these passages; but it may be questioned whether they were to convey the filth of the city under these passages, or the water from the lake to the basin which was to the east of the temple, or to any other part of the city. In the front of the temple there seems to have been a grand portico. Before this part there lay three pieces of red granite pillars, each being about fifteen feet long, and one of gray broken into two pieces; they were all three feet and a half in diameter. There are four pillars of the former sort in the mosque of St. John, at the village of Aiasalouck. I saw also a fine entablature; and on one of the columns in the mosque there is a most beautiful composite capital, which, without doubt, belonged to it. There are great remains of the pillars of the temple, which were built of large hewn stone, and probably cased with marble; but, from what I saw of one part, I had reason to conclude that arches of brick were turned on them, and that the whole temple, as well as these pillars, was incrusted with rich marbles. On the stonework of the middle grand apartment there are a great number of small holes, as if designed in order to fix the marble casing. It is probable that the statue of the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians was either in the grand middle compartment or opposite to it."

The engraving of the Temple restored is principally founded upon the descriptions of Pococke, who has given an imaginary ground-plan.

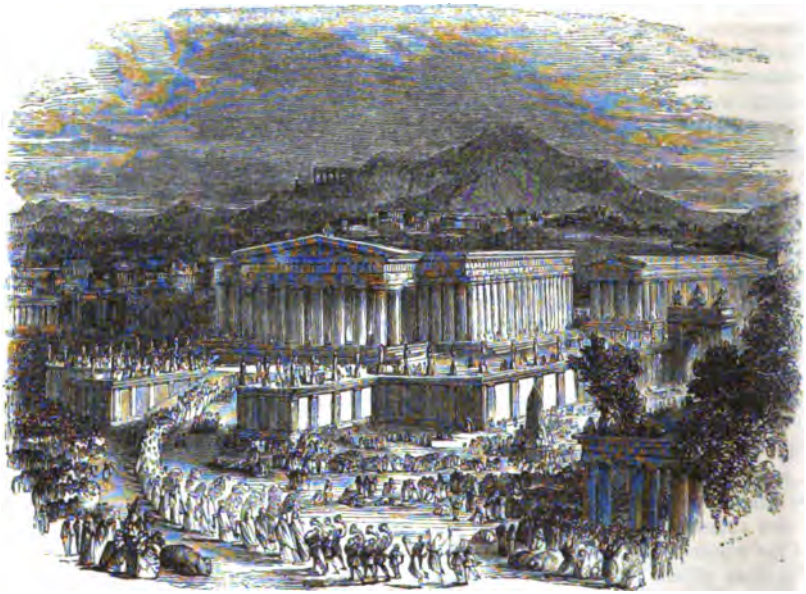
The 'Antiquities of Ionia,' published by the Dilettanti Society, and the 'Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce,' of M. Choiseul Gouffier, have furnished the authorities for the other engravings of Ephesian remains.

Of the modern population of Ephesus the following striking description was furnished by Chandler sixty years ago. The place is now far more desolate and wretched:—

"The Ephesians are now a few Greek peasants, living in extreme wretchedness, dependence, and insensibility; the representatives of an illustrious people, and inhabiting the wreck of their greatness; some, the substructions of the glorious edifices which they raised; some, beneath the vaults of the Stadium, once the crowded scene of their diversions; and some, by the abrupt precipices in the sepulchres which received their ashes. We employed a couple of them to pile stones, to serve instead of a ladder at the arch of the Stadium, and to clear a pedestal of the portico by the theatre from rubbish. We had occasion for another to dig at the Corinthian temple; and, sending to the Stadium, the whole tribe, ten or twelve, followed; one playing all the time on a rude lyre, and at times striking the sounding-board

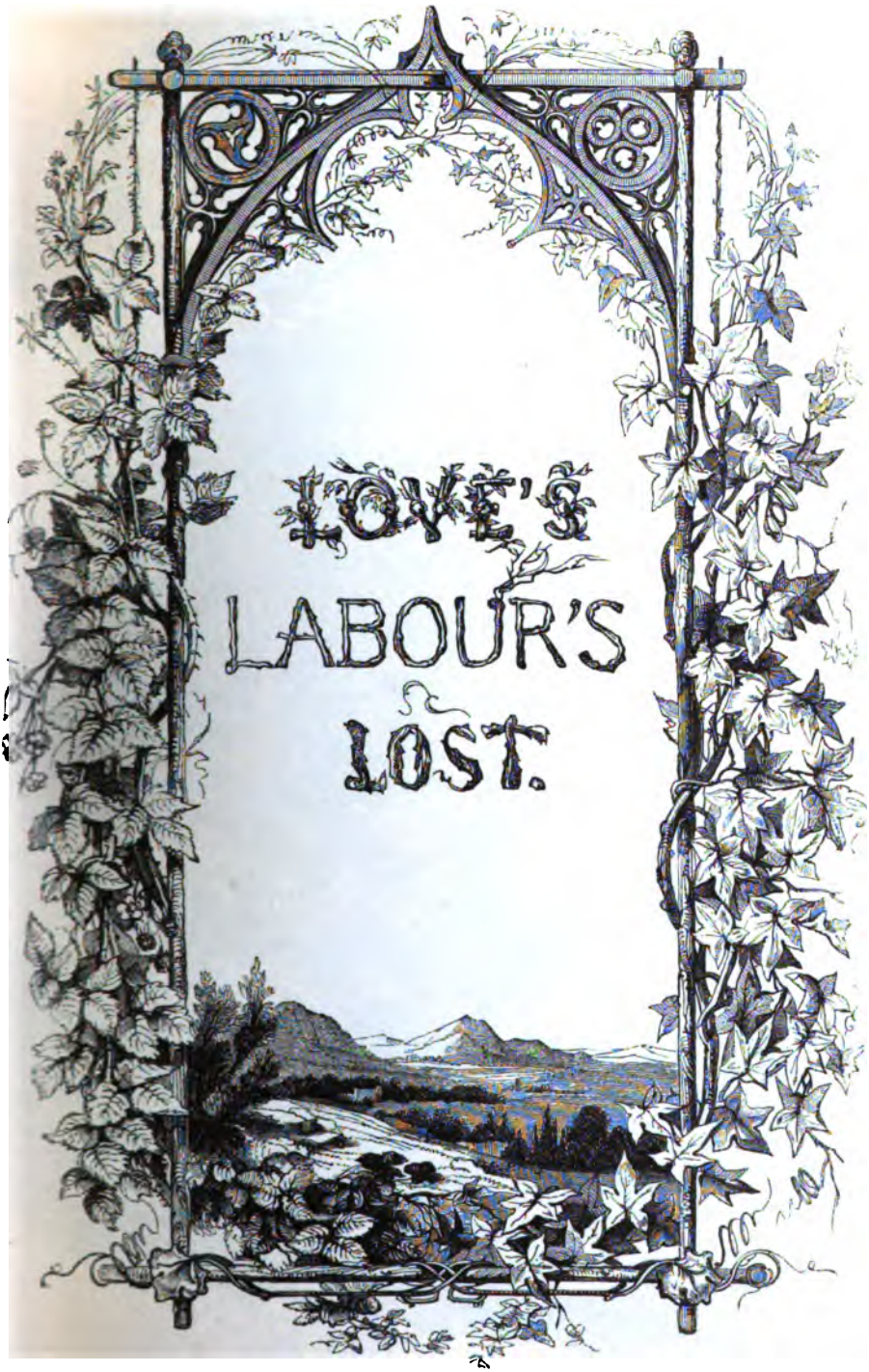
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with the fingers of his left hand in concert with the strings. One of them had on a pair of sandals of goat-skin, laced with thongs, and not uncommon. After gratifying their curiosity, they returned back as they came, with their musician in front. Such are the present citizens of Ephesus, and such is the condition to which that renowned city has been gradually reduced. It was a ruinous place when the Emperor Justinian filled Constantinople with its statues, and raised the church of St. Sophia on its columns. Since then it has been almost quite exhausted. A herd of goats was driven to it for shelter from the sun at noon; and a noisy flight of crows from its marble quarries seemed to insult its silence. We heard the partridge call in the area of the theatre and of the Stadium. The glorious pomp of its heathen worship is no longer remembered; and Christianity, which was here nursed by apostles, and fostered by general councils, until it increased to fulness of stature, barely lingers on in an existence hardly visible."



Restoration of the Second Temple o Diana, at Ephesus.]

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[*Representation of 'Love's Labour's Lost' before Queen Elizabeth.*]

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

This play was one of those published in Shakspere's lifetime. The first edition appeared in 1598. In the first collected edition, the folio of 1623, the text differs little from the original quarto.

From the title of the first edition of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' we learn that, when it was presented before Queen Elizabeth, at the Christmas of 1597, it had been "newly corrected and augmented." As no edition of the comedy, before it was corrected and augmented, is known to exist, we have no proof that the few allusions to temporary circumstances, which are supposed in some degree to fix the date of the play, may not apply to the augmented copy only. In the *extrinsic* evidence, therefore, which this comedy supplies, there is nothing whatever to disprove the belief which we entertain that, before it had been "corrected and augmented," 'Love's Labour's Lost' was one of the plays produced by Shakspere about 1589, when, being only twenty-five years of age, he was a joint-proprietor in the Blackfriars theatre. The *intrinsic* evidence appears to us entirely to support this opinion.

There is no historical foundation for any portion of the action of this comedy. There was no Ferdinand King of Navarre. We have no evidence of a difference between France and Navarre as to possessions in Aquitain.

Charles Lamb was wont to call 'Love's Labour's Lost' the Comedy of Leisure. 'Tis certain that in the commonwealth of King Ferdinand of Navarre we have—

> "All men idle, all;
> And women too."

But still all this idleness is too energetic to warrant us in calling this the Comedy of Leisure. Let us try again. Is it not the Comedy of Affectations?

Molière, in his 'Précieuses Ridicules,' has admirably hit off *one* affectation that had found its way into the private life of his own times. In 'Love's Labour's Lost' Shakspere presents us almost every variety of affectation that is founded upon a misdirection of intellectual activity. We have here many of the forms in which cleverness is exhibited as opposed to wisdom, and false refinement as opposed to simplicity. The affected characters, even the most fantastical, are not fools; but, at the same time, the natural characters, who, in this play, are chiefly the women, have their intellectual foibles. All the modes of affectation are developed in one continued stream of fun and drollery; every one is laughing at the folly of the other, and the laugh grows louder and louder as the more natural characters, one by one, trip up the heels of the more affected. The most affected at last join in the laugh with the most natural; and the whole comes down to "plain kersey yea and nay," —from the syntax of Holofernes, and the "fire-new words" of Armado, to "greasy Joan" and "roasted crabs."

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

BIRON, *a lord attending on the* King.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

LONGAVILLE, *a lord attending on the* King.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

DUMAIN, *a lord attending on the* King.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

BOYET, *a lord attending on the* Princess of France.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

MERCADE, *a lord attending on the* Princess of France.
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

DULL, *a constable.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

COSTARD, *a clown.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MOTH, *page to* Armado.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

A Forester.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

ROSALINE, *a lady attending on the* Princess of France.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

MARIA, *a lady attending on the* Princess of France.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

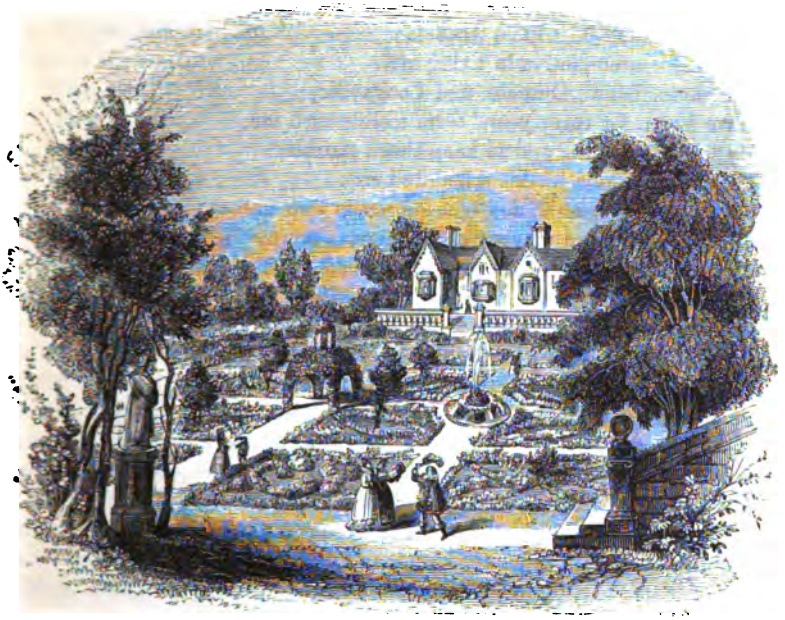
KATHARINE, *a lady attending on the* Princess of France.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2.

SCENE,—NAVARRE.

Neither the quarto edition of 1598, nor the folio of 1623, contains any List of Characters.

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["Curious-knotted garden."]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON[a], LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

KING. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;

[a] *Biron.* In all the old copies this name is spelt *Berowne.* In Act IV., Scene 3, we have a line in which *Biron* rhymes to *moon.* We may, therefore, suppose the pronunciation to have been *Beroon.* Boswell says that all French words of this termination were so pronounced in English; and that Mr. Fox always said *Toulon* (for Toulon) in the House of Commons.

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Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath[a], and keep it too.

LONG. I am resolv'd: 't is but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout[b] the wits.

DUM. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy[c].

BIRON. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies,—study,—fast,—not sleep.

KING. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

BIRON. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

LONG. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

[a] *Oath.* The original copies have *oaths.*

[b] So the folio. The quarto of 1598 reads "bank'rout *quite.*

[c] *With all these.* To love, to wealth, to pomp, Dumain is dead; but philosophy, in which he lives, includes them all.

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BIRON. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.
KING. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
BIRON. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
KING. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.
BIRON. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid[a];
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.
KING. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
BIRON. Why, all delights are vain; and that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

[a] *Forbid.* The old copies read "to *fast* expressly am forbid." This appears, at first, to be the converse of the oath. But *for-bid* was a very ancient mode of making *bid* more emphatical. Biron will *study* to know what he is *forbid* to know;—he uses here forbid in its common acceptation. But he is expressly *for-bid* to fast—expressly bid to fast; and he will receive the word as if he were *forbidden*—bid from fasting. With this view of Biron's casuistry we restore the old word *fast*.

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KING. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!
DUM. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
LONG. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
BIRON. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.
DUM. How follows that?
BIRON. Fit in his place and time.
DUM. In reason nothing.
BIRON. Something then in rhyme.
KING. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
BIRON. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any[a] abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate[b].
KING. Well, sit you out[c]; go home, Biron; adieu!
BIRON. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say;
Yet, confident I 'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day,
Give me the paper,—let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I 'll write my name[d].
KING. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
BIRON. [*Reads.*]

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—

Hath this been proclaim'd?
LONG. Four days ago.
BIRON. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads.*]

—On pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devis'd this penalty?
LONG. Marry, that did I.
BIRON. Sweet lord, and why?
LONG. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

[a] For *any* Pope gave us *an*. Why? The freedom of dramatic rhythm was no part of his system of versification.
[b] So the quarto of 1598. The folio has—
"That were to climb o'er the house t' unlock the gate."
[c] *Sit you out.* The folio has "*fit you out.*"
[d] It is usual to close the sentence at "three years' day;" but the construction requires the rejection of such a pause.

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BIRON. A dangerous law against gentility[a].
[*Reads.*]

Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court shall possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

KING. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

BIRON. So study evermore is over-shot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

KING. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie[b] here on mere necessity.

BIRON. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak[c] for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions[d] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

KING. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:

[a] In the early editions this line is given to Longaville. It seems more properly to belong to Biron, and we therefore receive Theobald's correction, especially as Biron is reading the paper, and the early copies do not mark this when they give the line of comment upon the previous item to Longaville.

[b] *To lie*—to reside. We have the sense in Wotton's punning definition of an ambassador—"an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."

[c] The folio reads *break*.

[d] *Suggestions*—temptations.

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One who[a] the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements[b], whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate[1].
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

BIRON. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new[c] words, fashion's own knight.

LONG. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

DULL. Which is the duke's own person?

BIRON. This, fellow. What wouldst?

DULL. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough[d]: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

BIRON. This is he.

DULL. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There 's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

COST. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

KING. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

BIRON. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

LONG. A high hope for a low heaven[e]: God grant us patience!

BIRON. To hear? or forbear hearing?

LONG. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

BIRON. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness[f].

[a] *Who.* So the old copies. The more correct *whom* of the modern editions is a deviation from the idiom of Shakspere's time.

[b] *Complements*—a man versed in ceremonial distinctions—in punctilios—a man who brings *forms* to decide the mutiny between right and wrong. *Compliment* and *complement* were originally written without distinction; and though the first may be taken to mean *ceremonies*, and the second *accomplishments*, both the one and the other have the same origin—they each *make that perfect which was wanting*. In this passage we have the meaning of ceremonies; but in Act III., where Moth says, "these are complements," we have the meaning of accomplishments.

[c] *Fire-new* and bran-new,—that is, brand new,—new off the irons,—have each the same origin.

[d] *Tharborough*—thirdborough—a peace-officer.

[e] *Heaven.* This is the reading of the early copies; but it was changed by Theobald to *having*. Biron has somewhat profanely said, "I hope in God for high words;" and Longaville reproves him by saying, your hope is expressed in strong terms for a very paltry gratification—"A high hope for a low heaven."

[f] *Climb in the merriness.* It has been proposed to read *chime*. The meaning is surely clear

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COST. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner[a].

BIRON. In what manner?

COST. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

BIRON. For the following, sir?

COST. As it shall follow in my correction: And God defend the right!

KING. Will you hear this letter with attention?

BIRON. As we would hear an oracle.

COST. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

KING. [*Reads.*]

"Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

COST. Not a word of Costard yet.

KING.

"So it is,—

COST. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

KING. Peace!

COST. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

KING. No words!

COST. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

KING.

"So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yclept thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden[a]. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

COST. Me?

KING.—

—"that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

enough, without seeking for a change. If the style of the letter is sufficiently absurd, we shall laugh immoderately—our merriment will ascend. The *style* will make us *climb*—a poetical fancy, or a pun, as the reader accepts it.

[a] *Manner.* Costard here talks law-French. A thief was taken with the *mainour* when he was taken with the thing stolen—*hond-habend*, having in the hand.

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COST. Me?
KING.

—"that shallow vassal,

COST. Still me?
KING.

—"which, as I remember, hight Costard,

COST. O me!
KING.

—"sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with*,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

COST. With a wench.
KING.

—"with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

DULL. Me, an 't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.
KING.

"For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

BIRON. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.
KING. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?
COST. Sir, I confess the wench.
KING. Did you hear the proclamation?
COST. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.
KING. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.
COST. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.
KING. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.
COST. This was no damosel, neither, sir; she was a virgin.
KING. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.
COST. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.
KING. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.
COST. This maid will serve my turn, sir.
KING. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with bran and water.
COST. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.
KING. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

* The early copies read "*which* with."

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And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

BIRON. I 'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

COST. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and until then, Sit thee down, sorrow[a]!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*—Armado's *House.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

ARM. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARM.[b] Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp[c].

MOTH. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

ARM. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOTH. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

ARM. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

MOTH. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

ARM. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

MOTH. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

ARM. Pretty, and apt.

MOTH. How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH. Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARM. In thy condign praise.

MOTH. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARM. What? that an eel is ingenious[d]?

MOTH. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heat'st my blood.

MOTH. I am answered, sir.

ARM. I love not to be crossed.

[a] *Sit thee down, sorrow.* A proverbial expression, which Biron repeats in the fourth Act, with the addition, "for so, they say, the fool said."

[b] In the folio of 1628, Armado is called *Braggart* through the scene, after his first words.

[c] *Imp*, in our old language, is a graft, a shoot;—and thence applied to a child.

[d] The first folio, *ingenuous*. The words were often confounded.

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MOTH. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses[a] love not him. [*Aside.*

ARM. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

MOTH. You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARM. Impossible.

MOTH. How many is one thrice told?

ARM. I am ill at reckoning; it fits the spirit of a tapster.

MOTH. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

ARM. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

MOTH. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARM. It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH. Which the base vulgar call, three.

ARM. True.

MOTH. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here 's three studied, ere you 'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you[a].

ARM. A most fine figure!

MOTH. To prove you a cipher. [*Aside.*

ARM. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

MOTH. Hercules, master.

ARM. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

MOTH. Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

ARM. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love, too—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth.

MOTH. A woman, master.

ARM. Of what complexion?

MOTH. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

ARM. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

MOTH. Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARM. Is that one of the four complexions?

MOTH. As I have read, sir: and the best of them too.

ARM. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

[a] *Crosses.* A cross is a coin. Moth thinks his master has the poverty as well as pride of a Spaniard.

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MOTH. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

ARM. My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOTH. Most maculate[a] thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

ARM. Define, define, well-educated infant.

MOTH. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me.

ARM. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

MOTH. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe[b].
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

ARM. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

MOTH. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

ARM. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

MOTH. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*

ARM. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

MOTH. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

ARM. I say, sing.

MOTH. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

DULL. Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a'[c] must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman[4]. Fare you well.

ARM. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

JAQ. Man.

ARM. I will visit thee at the lodge.

[a] So the quarto of 1598. The folio *immaculate*. To maculate is to stain—maculate thoughts are impure thoughts. Thus in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' of Beaumont and Fletcher,—

"O vouchsafe
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld things *maculate*."

[b] *Owe*—possess.

[c] The folio, *he*.

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JAQ. That 's hereby [a].

ARM. I know where it is situate.

JAQ. Lord, how wise you are!

ARM. I will tell thee wonders.

JAQ. With that face[b]?

ARM. I love thee.

JAQ. So I heard you say.

ARM. And so farewell.

JAQ. Fair weather after you!

DULL. Come, Jaquenetta, away. [*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQ.

ARM. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

COST. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

ARM. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

COST. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARM. Take away this villain; shut him up.

MOTH. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

COST. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

MOTH. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

COST. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

MOTH. What shall some see?

COST. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent[c] in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

ARM. I do affect[d] the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's buttshaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause[e] will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some

[a] *Hereby*—a provincial expression for *as it may happen*. Armado takes it as *hard by*.

[b] The folio has "With *what* face?" The phrase of the quarto, "with *that* face," was a vulgar idiomatic expression in the time of Fielding, who says he took it, "verbatim, from very polite conversation."

[c] *Silent*. So the folio. The quarto has *too silent*. The antithesis of Costard's nonsense is somewhat spoiled by the *too*.

[d] *To affect* is to incline towards, and thence, metaphorically, to love.

[e] *First and second cause*. See Illustrations to 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act II., Scene 4.

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extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet[a]. Devise, wit; write, pen; for, I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

Sonnet. All the old copies have *sonnet.* Hanmer "emended" it into *sonneteer*, which is the received reading. To "turn sonneteer" is not in keeping with Armado's style—as "adieu, valour—rust, rapier;"—and afterwards "devise, wit—write, pen." He says, in the same phraseology, he will "turn sonnet;" as at the present day we say, "he can *turn a tune.*" Ben Jonson, it will be remembered, speaks of Shakspere's "well-torned and true-filed lines."



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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

BOYET. Now, madam, summon up your dearest[a] spirits;
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre: the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

[a] *Dearest*—best.

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PRIN. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd[a] by base sale of chapmen's[b] tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

BOYET. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

PRIN. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 LORD. Longaville is one.

PRIN. Know you the man?

MAR. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemniz'd
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts[c], glorious in arms;
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

[a] To *utter* is to put forth—as we say, "to utter base coin."

[b] *Chapman* was formerly a seller—a *cheapman*, from *cheap*, a market; and it is still used in this sense legally, as when we say, "dealer and chapman." But it was also used indifferently for seller and buyer: the bargainer on either side was a *cheapman*, *chapman*, or *copeman*.

[c] *The arts.* So the second folio. The earlier copies want the article.

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PRIN. Some merry mocking lord, belike: is 't so?
MAR. They say so most, that most his humours know.
PRIN. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
KATH. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report[a], to his great worthiness.
ROS. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: As[b] I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
PRIN. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
MAR. Here comes Boyet

Re-enter BOYET.

PRIN. Now, what admittance, lord?
BOYET. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask.*

[a] Compared *to* his great worthiness.
[b] *As*, in the folio; the quarto, *if*. *As* appears more natural—*as*, in truth, I have heard.

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Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* Attendants.

KING. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRIN. Fair I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

KING. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

PRIN. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

KING. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

PRIN. Our lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.

KING. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

PRIN. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

KING. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

PRIN. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it:
But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper*

KING. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

PRIN. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

BIRON. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROS. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BIRON. I know you did.

ROS. How needless was it then to ask the question!

BIRON. You must not be so quick.

ROS. 'T is long[a] of you that spur me with such questions.

BIRON. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.

ROS. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BIRON. What time o' day?

ROS. The hour that fools should ask.

BIRON. Now fair befall your mask[b]!

ROS. Fair fall the face it covers!

BIRON. And send you many lovers!

ROS. Amen, so you be none.

BIRON. Nay, then will I be gone.

KING. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

[a] *Long of you*—along of you—through you.

[b] The ladies were masked, and, perhaps, were dressed alike. Biron, subsequently, after an exchange of wit with Rosaline, inquires who Katharine is; and Dumain, in the same manner, asks Boyet as to Rosaline.

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Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain[a];
Which we much rather had depart[b] withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

PRIN. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

KING. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

PRIN. We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

KING. Satisfy me so.

BOYET. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will[c] yield unto.

[a] He requires the repayment of a hundred thousand crowns—but does not propose to pay us the other hundred thousand crowns, by which payment he would redeem the mortgage. The original copies read *one* instead of *on;* but the words were frequently confounded.

[b] *Depart* and *part* were used as synonymes.

[c] *I will.* The folio, *would I.*

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Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied farther[a] harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

PRIN. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

KING. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exeunt* KING *and his train.*

BIRON. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

ROS. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

BIRON. I would you heard it groan.

ROS. Is the fool sick?

BIRON. Sick at the heart.

ROS. Alack, let it blood.

BIRON. Would that do it good?

ROS. My physic says, ay.

BIRON. Will you prick 't with your eye?

ROS. No *poynt*[b], with my knife.

BIRON. Now, God save thy life!

ROS. And yours from long living!

BIRON. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

DUM. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that same?

BOYET. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

DUM. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

LONG. I beseech you a word: What is she in the white?

BOYET. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

LONG. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

BOYET. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

LONG. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

BOYET. Her mother's, I have heard.

LONG. God's blessing on your beard!

BOYET. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

LONG. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

BOYET. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit* LONG.

BIRON. What 's her name, in the cap?

BOYET. Katharine, by good hap.

[a] *Farther*, in the folio. The ordinary reading is *fair*—a weak epithet. The Princess is to be lodged, according to her rank, without the gates,—although denied a farther advance, lodgment, in the king's house.

[b] *No poynt*—the double negative of the French—*non point*.

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BIRON. Is she wedded, or no?
BOYET. To her will, sir, or so.
BIRON. You are welcome, sir; adieu!
BOYET. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit* BIRON.—*Ladies unmask.*
MAR. That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.
BOYET. And every jest but a word.
PRIN. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
BOYET. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
MAR. Two hot sheeps, marry!
BOYET. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
MAR. You sheep, and I pasture: Shall that finish the jest?
BOYET. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*
MAR. Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several they be[5].
BOYET. Belonging to whom?
MAR. To my fortunes and me.
PRIN. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is abus'd.
BOYET. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
PRIN. With what?
BOYET. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.
PRIN. Your reason?
BOYET. Why, all his behaviours do[a] make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from whence they were glass'd,
Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

[a] *Do* in the folio. The subsequent change of the tense does not necessarily require this to be altered. Boyet gives a general answer to "your reason," in two lines; and then proceeds to particulars.

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I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRIN. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

BOYET. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

ROS. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

MAR. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

ROS. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

BOYET. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

MAR. No.

BOYET. What, then, do you see?

ROS. Ay, our way to be gone.

BOYET. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

ARM. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

MOTH. *Concolinel* [6]—— [*Singing.*

ARM. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years! take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

MOTH. [a] Will you win your love with a French brawl [7]?

ARM. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

MOTH. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary [8] to it with your [b] feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids [c]; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes [9]; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit;

[a] *Master*, in the quarto, is not given in the folio.
[b] *Your*. The folio *the*.
[c] Thus the quarto of 1599. The folio *eye*.

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or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements[a], these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

ARM. How hast thou purchased this experience?

MOTH. By my penny of observation.

ARM. But O,—but O—

MOTH. —the hobby-horse is forgot[10].

ARM. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

MOTH. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

ARM. Almost I had.

MOTH. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

ARM. By heart, and in heart, boy.

MOTH. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

ARM. What wilt thou prove?

MOTH. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

ARM. I am all these three.

MOTH. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

ARM. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

MOTH. A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

ARM. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

MOTH. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

ARM. The way is but short; away.

MOTH. As swift as lead, sir.

ARM. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

MOTH. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

ARM. I say, lead is slow.

MOTH. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

ARM. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

MOTH. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

ARM. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

[a] See Note to Act I., Scene 1.

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Re-enter MOTH *and* COSTARD.

MOTH. A wonder, master; here 's a Costard broken in a shin[a].

ARM. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy;*—begin.

COST. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy;* no salve in them all[b], sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain[c]!

ARM. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

MOTH. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve[d]?

ARM. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble bee[e],
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

MOTH. I will add the *l'envoy;* say the moral again.

ARM. The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

MOTH. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

ARM. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four[e].

MOTH. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

COST. The boy hath sold him a bargain[11], a goose, that 's flat:—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy;* ay, that 's a fat goose.

ARM. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

[a] *Costard broken in a shin.* Costard is the *head.*

[b] *No salve in them all.* The common reading is "no salve in the mail," which is that of the old copies. We adopt Tyrwhitt's suggestion.

[c] When Moth quibbles about Costard and his shin, Armado supposes there is a riddle—and he calls for the *l'envoy*—the address of the old French poets, which conveyed their moral or explanation. Costard says he wants no such things—there is no salve in them all; he wants a plantain for his wound. (See Illustration to 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act I.)

[d] But the arch page makes a joke out of Costard's blunder, and asks is not *l'envoy* a *salve?* He has read of the *Salve!* of the Romans, and has a pun for the eye ready. Dr. Farmer believes that Shakspere had here forgot his small Latin, and thought that the words had the same pronunciation. Poor Shakspere! what a dull dog he must have been at this Latin, according to the no-learning critics!

[e] So the quarto of 1599. But the folio makes Armado merely give the moral, and Moth the *l'envoy*, without these repetitions. The sport which so delights Costard is lost by the omission. (See Illustration 11.)

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MOTH. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

COST. True, and I for the plantain: Thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought.
And he ended the market.

ARM. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

MOTH. I will tell you sensibly.

COST. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*.
I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

ARM. We will talk no more of this matter.

COST. Till there be more matter in the shin.

ARM. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

COST. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this

ARM. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

COST. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

ARM. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration [*giving him money*]; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

MOTH. Like the sequel, I.—Signor Costard, adieu.

COST. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony[a] Jew! [*Exit* MOTH.
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I 'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

BIRON. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

COST. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

BIRON. What is a remuneration?

COST. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

BIRON. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

COST. I thank your worship: God be with you!

BIRON. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat

[a] *Incony Jew.—Incony* is thought to be the same as the Scotch *canny*—which is our *knowing—cunning*. Taking the word in this sense, *Jew* is, perhaps, Costard's superlative notion of a clever fellow. But Mr. Dyce, following Warburton, explains *incony* as *fine, delicate;* and *Jew*, according to Johnson, was a term of endearment.

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COST. When would you have it done, sir?
BIRON. O, this afternoon.
COST. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.
BIRON. O, thou knowest not what it is.
COST. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
BIRON. Why, villain, thou must know first.
COST. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
BIRON. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon; go. [*Gives him money.*
COST. Gardon,—O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration [12]. [*Exit.*
BIRON. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled[a], whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior[b], giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors[c]. O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field[d],
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop[13]!
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife[e]!

[a] *Wimpled*—veiled.

[b] The original reading is, "*This signior Iunios.*" Theobald gave us the reading of *senior-junior*, as applied to the god "five thousand years a boy."

[c] *Trotting paritors.* The paritor, apparitor, is the officer of the ecclesiastical court who carries out citations—often, in old times, against offenders who were prompted by the "Liege of all loiterers."

[d] *A corporal of the field* was an officer in some degree resembling our *aid-de-camp*, according to a passage in 'Lord Strafford's Letters.' But according to Styward's 'Pathway of Martial Discipline,' 1581, of four corporals of the field two had charge of the shot, and two of the pikes and bills.

[e] We give this line as in the original copies. The modern reading is—
"What? *I!* I love! I sue! I seek a wife!"
Another modern emendation is "What? *What?*" These correctors cannot conceive of a pause in dramatic metre—the retardation of a verse.

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A woman, that is like a German clock [14],
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard!
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan[a];
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

[a] *And groan* is the reading of the second folio; *and* is only wanting to satisfy an ear that considers syllabic regularity the sole principle of metre.



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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, *and a* Forester.

PRIN. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
BOYET. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
PRIN. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in[15]?
FOR. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
PRIN. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.
FOR. Pardon, me, madam, for I meant not so.
PRIN. What, what! first praise me, and then[a] again say no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

[a] *Then*, which is in the folio, is usually omitted.

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FOR. Yes, madam, fair.
PRIN. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass[a], take this for telling true; [*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
FOR. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
PRIN. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
BOYET. Do not curst[b] wives hold that self-sovereignty[c]
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
PRIN. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

BOYET. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.
COST. God dig-you-den[d] all! Pray you, which is the head lady?
PRIN. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
COST. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
PRIN. The thickest, and the tallest.
COST. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
PRIN. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?
COST. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

[a] *Good my glass.* The Forester is the metaphorical glass of the Princess.
[b] *Curst*—shrewish.
[c] *Self-sovereignty*—used in the same way as self-sufficiency;—not a sovereignty *over* themselves, but *in* themselves.
[d] *Dig-you-den.* The popular corruption of *give you good e'en.*

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PRIN. O, thy letter, thy letter; he 's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.
BOYET. I am bound to serve,—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
PRIN. We will read it, I swear:
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
BOYET. [*Reads.*]

"By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon;* and he it was that might rightly say *veni, vidi, vici;* which to annotanize[a], in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? The king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will: What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes: For tittles, titles: For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."[b]

PRIN. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?
BOYET. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.
PRIN. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
BOYET. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho[16], and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.
PRIN. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

[a] *Annotanize.* So the quarto and folio. The modern reading is *anatomize.* The original, *annothanize*, is evidently a pedantic form of *annotate;* and we willingly restore the coined word.

[b] Mr. Collier holds that these lines are not the comment of Boyet upon Armado's letter, but a conclusion of that letter. We adopt the suggestion.

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COST. I told you; my lord.
PRIN. To whom shouldst thou give it?
COST. From my lord to my lady.
PRIN. From which lord, to which lady?
COST. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.
PRIN. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away,
Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day.
[*Exeunt* PRINCESS *and train.*
BOYET. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor[a]?
ROS. Shall I teach you to know?
BOYET. Ay, my continent of beauty.
ROS. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
BOYET. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
ROS. Well, then, I am the shooter.
BOYET. And who is your deer?
ROS. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!—
MAR. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.
BOYET. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?
ROS. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?
BOYET. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.
ROS. [*Singing.*] Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
BOYET. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* KATH.
COST. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!
MAR. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.
BOYET. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in 't to mete at, if it may be.
MAR. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith your hand is out.
COST. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he' ll ne'er hit the clout.
BOYET. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.
COST. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin[b].

[a] *Suitor.* The old copies read "who is the *shooter*." But the commentators say that Boyet asks, "who is the suitor,"—and Rosaline gives him a quibbling answer—"she that bears the bow." *Suitor* and *shooter* were pronounced alike in Shakspere's day; and thus the Scotch and Irish pronunciation of this word, which we laugh at now, is nearer the old English than our own pronunciation.

[b] *The pin.* So the second folio. The quarto and the first folio, by mistake, repeat the *is in* of the preceding line.

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MAR. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.
COST. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.
BOYET. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.
[*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

COST. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shouting within. Exit* COSTARD, *running.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES[a], *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

NATH. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.
HOL. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood[b]; ripe as a pomewater[c], who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.
NATH. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.
HOL. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*
DULL. 'T was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket[17].
HOL. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.
DULL. I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket.
HOL. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!* — O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!
NATH. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

[a] In the old editions Holofernes is distinguished as "The Pedant."
[b] All the old copies have this reading. Steevens would read "in *sanguis*—blood."
[c] *Pomewater*—a species of apple.

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And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we of[a] taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

DULL. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet?

HOL. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

DULL. What is Dictynna?

NATH. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOL. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught[b] not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

HOL. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL. And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say, beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have[c] called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

NATH. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

HOL. I will something affect the letter[d]; for it argues facility.

The preyful[e] princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores[f]; O sore L!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

NATH. A rare talent!

DULL. If a talent be a claw[g], look how he claws him with a talent.

HOL. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*[h], and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

[a] *Of* is wanting in the originals.
[b] *Raught*—reached.
[c] *I have* is wanting in the early copies. The correction was made by Rowe.
[d] *Affect the letter*—affect alliteration.
[e] *Preyful* is the reading of the early copies; *praiseful* that of the second folio.
[f] The pedant brings in the Roman numeral, L, as the sign of fifty.
[g] Talon was formerly written *talent*.
[h] *Pia mater*. The quarto and folio have *prima mater*. The words are correctly given in the

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NATH. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

HOL. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

JAQ. God give you good morrow, master person[18].

HOL. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

COST. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

HOL. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

JAQ. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho; I beseech you, read it.

HOL. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan[19]! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia[20].

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not[a].—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*[b].—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? Or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

NATH. Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOL. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

NATH.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, oh, pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue[c]!

original folio edition of 'Twelfth Night,' Act I., Scene 5:—"One of thy kin has a most weak *pia-mater*."

[a] *Loves thee not* is wanting in the folio.

[b] The pedant is in his altitudes. He has quoted Latin and Italian; and in his self-satisfaction he *sol-fas*, to recreate himself, and to show his musical skill.

[c] This sonnet was printed, with some variations, in 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' 1599. See 'Poems.'

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HOL. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet[a]. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired[b] horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

JAQ. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords[c].

HOL. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing[d] to the person written unto:

"Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu!

JAQ. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

COST. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

NATH. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

HOL. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

NATH. Marvellous well for the pen.

HOL. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before[e] repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

NATH. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

HOL. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.

Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.*

Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation[f].

[*Exeunt.*

[a] In the early editions *Sir Nathaniel* continues the speech. It clearly belongs to *Holofernes.*

[b] *Tired*—caparisoned; adorned with trappings.

[c] Biron was one of the *king's* lords; but it was the vocation of Jaquenetta to blunder.

[d] *Writing.* The original copies have *written*—an obvious error.

[e] *Before* is the reading of the quarto; the folio has *being.*

[f] We print these lines, which Holofernes addresses to Dull, as they stand in the original. They are undoubtedly meant for verses; and yet they do not rhyme. What form of pedantry is this? If we open Sydney's 'Arcadia,' and other books of that age, we shall know what Shakspere was laughing at. The lines are *hexameters*, and all the better for being very bad. They are as good as those of Sydney, we think:—

"Fair rocks, goodly rivers, sweet woods, when shall I see peace? Peace.
Peace? what bars me my tongue? who is it that comes so nigh? I."

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SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BIRON *with a paper.*

BIRON. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan. [*Gets up into a tree*[a].

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

KING. Ah me!

BIRON. [*Aside.*] Shot by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—In faith, secrets.—

KING. [*Reads.*]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot[b]
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe:
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I 'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here? [*Steps aside.*

[a] This is a modern direction. The original has, "*He stands aside.*"
[b] *Smot*—the old preterite of *smote*.

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Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

BIRON. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear! [*Aside.*

LONG. Ah me! I am forsworn.

BIRON. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers[a]. [*Aside.*

KING. In love, I hope: Sweet fellowship in shame! [*Aside.*

BIRON. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aside.*

LONG. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

BIRON. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

LONG. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear and write in prose.

BIRON. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards[b] on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop[c].

LONG. This same shall go.— [*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine,
If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise[d]?

BIRON. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

[a] The *perjure*—the perjurer—when exposed on the pillory wore "papers of perjury." We have the phrase in 'Leicester's Commonwealth.'

[b] *Guards*—the hems or boundaries of a garment—generally ornamented.

[c] *Slop.* The original, *shop.* Tieck prefers *shop;* but *slop* was a part of Cupid's dress: "A German from the waist downward, all *slops*," says Don Pedro, in 'Much Ado about Nothing.' A clothesman is still a *slop*-seller. Theobald made the change. Mr. Collier reads *shape*, upon the authority of "the MS. corrector of Lord F. Egerton's copy of the folio of 1628."

[d] See 'The Passionate Pilgrim' for this sonnet.

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Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

LONG. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Stepping aside.*
BIRON. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transformed: four woodcocks in a dish!
DUM. O most divine Kate!
BIRON. O most profane coxcomb! [*Aside.*
DUM. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
BIRON. By earth, she is not; corporal[a], there you lie. [*Aside.*
DUM. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted[b].
BIRON. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*
DUM. As upright as the cedar.
BIRON. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*
DUM. As fair as day.
BIRON. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*
DUM. O that I had my wish!
LONG. And I had mine! [*Aside.*
KING. And I mine too, good lord! [*Aside.*
BIRON. Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*
DUM. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
BIRON. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: Sweet misprision! [*Aside.*
DUM. Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.
BIRON. Once more I 'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*
DUM.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!

[a] *She is not; corporal.* The received reading is "She is but corporal." Ours is the ancient reading; and Douce repudiates the modern change. Biron calls Dumain corporal, as he had formerly named himself (Act III.) "corporal of his field,"—of Cupid's field.
[b] *Coted*—quoted.

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But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom[a] Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love[a].

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

LONG. Dumain [*advancing*], thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

KING. Come, sir [*advancing*], you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To* LONG.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. [*To* DUMAIN.
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

[a] Pope introduced *ev'n*—other editors *even*—neither of which is the reading of the originals, or required by the rhythm. Malone, in a note on the same line in 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' says, "*swear* is here used as a dissyllable!" This exquisite canzonet is also given, with variations, in 'The Passionate Pilgrim.'

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BIRON. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me: [*Descends from the tree.*
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You 'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote[a] did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

KING. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

BIRON. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men[b], of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan[c]? or spend a minute's time

[a] *Mote.* The quarto and folio have each the synonymous word *moth.*

[b] *Men like men.* So the old copies. The modern reading is *moon-like men*;—Warburton would read *vane-like men.* Biron appears to us to say—I keep company with men alike in inconstancy—men like men—men having the general inconstancy of humanity. The epithet *strange* was added in the second folio. The first folio has—

"With men, like men of inconstancy."

Tieck suggests *such* instead of strange.

[c] As if to prevent any doubt of this being the correct word, the folio has

"Or grone for *Ioane.*"

Not *Ione*, as in other passages. Biron has made the rhyme before—(end of Act III.). Mr. Collier gives the text, "groan for *love.*" One quarto copy, he says, has *Ione*; another, (of the same date,) *Love*, and he adds "the correction must have been made while the sheet was passing through the press." But who can tell which reading was the "*correction*" and which the "misprint," asks Mr. Barron Field.

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In pruning[a] me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

KING. Soft; Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

BIRON. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

JAQ. God bless the king!

KING. What present hast thou there?

COST. Some certain treason.

KING. What makes treason here?

COST. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

KING. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

JAQ. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

KING. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*
Where hadst thou it?

JAQ. Of Costard.

KING. Where hadst thou it?

COST. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

KING. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

BIRON. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

LONG. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.

DUM. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [*Picks up the pieces.*

BIRON. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead [*to* COSTARD], you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

KING. What?

BIRON. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess;
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I[b],
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

DUM. Now the number is even.

BIRON. True, true; we are four:—
Will these turtles be gone?

[a] *Pruning*—preening;—trimming himself up as a bird trims his feathers.

[b] The quarto reads,
"He, he, and you, my liege, and I."
The folio has the line as we print it. The variorum editors follow the quarto, not seeing the adroitness of the change in the folio. Biron, by this reading, couples two delinquents with the king; and again couples the king with himself.

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KING. Hence, sirs; away.
COST. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.
BIRON. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven[a] show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we are born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.
KING. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
BIRON. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde[22],
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
KING. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.
BIRON. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise: then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 't is the sun, that maketh all things shine!
KING. By heaven thy love is black as ebony.
BIRON. Is ebony like her? O wood[b] divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.

[a] The folio has "heaven *will*."
[b] The old copies, *word*.

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KING. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl[a] of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
BIRON. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black to imitate her brow.
DUM. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.
LONG. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.
KING. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
DUM. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
BIRON. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
KING. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
BIRON. I 'll prove her fair, or talk to doomsday here.
KING. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
DUM. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
LONG. Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see. [*Shewing his shoe.*
BIRON. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
DUM. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.
KING. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
BIRON. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
KING. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
DUM. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.
LONG. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets[b], how to cheat the devil.

[a] The original copies have *school of night*. This reading is supported by Tieck, upon the construction that "black" is "the hue of dungeons and *of* the school of night"—*school* giving the notion of something dark, wearisome, and comfortless. *Scowl*—which is Theobald's correction—is not happy; but we have little doubt that the original reading is corrupt; and we do not approve of Tieck's construction. We have "the *badge* of hell,"—"the *hue* of dungeons,"—and we want some corresponding association with "night." Theobald guessed *stole* (robe)—which we believe is the right word. Mr. Dyce inclines to *soil*, giving a passage from Chapman:—

"*the soil of night*
Sticks still upon the bosom of the air."

[b] *Quillet* and *quodlibet* each signify a fallacious subtilty—what you please—an argument without foundation. Milton says "let not human *quillets* keep back divine authority."

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DUM. Some salve for perjury.
BIRON. O, 't is more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman:—
Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book:
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons[a] up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves,—
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you[23],
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,

[a] *Prisons.* The original copies have *poisons.*

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Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphynx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony[a].
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

KING. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

BIRON. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

LONG. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by;
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

[a] This fine passage has been mightily obscured by the commentators. The meaning appears to us so clear amidst the blaze of poetical beauty, that an explanation is scarcely wanted:—When love speaks, the responsive harmony of the voice of all the gods makes heaven drowsy.

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KING. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.
BIRON. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
KING. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
BIRON. *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*





ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

HOL. *Satis quod sufficit.*

NATH. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection[a], audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

HOL. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed[b], his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general

[a] *Affection*—affectation.

[b] *Filed*—polished. Old Skelton gives us the word in the precise meaning in which Shakspere

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behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical[a]. He is too picked[b], too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

NATH. A most singular and choice epithet. [*Takes out his table-book.*

HOL. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise[c] companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt;—d, e, b, t; not d, e, t:—he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie[d]; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

NATH. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

HOL. *Bone?*——*bone*, for *benè*: Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

NATH. *Videsne quis venit?*

HOL. *Video et gaudeo.*

ARM. Chirra! [*To* MOTH.

HOL. *Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?

ARM. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

HOL. Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*To* COSTARD *aside.*

COST. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*[24]: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

MOTH. Peace! the peal begins.

ARM. Monsieur [*to* HOL.], are you not letter'd?

MOTH. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book;—

What is a, b, spelt backward, with a horn on his head?

HOL. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

here uses it:—

"But they their tongues *file*,
And make a pleasaunte style."

[a] *Thrasonical*—from Thraso, the boasting soldier of Terence. Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' speaks of one as "a thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock valour." Farmer asserts that the word was introduced in our language before Shakspere's time, but he furnishes no proof of this.

[b] *Picked*—trimmed. Falconbridge describes "My *picked* man of countries." See note on 'King John,' Act I.

[c] *Point-devise*—nice to excess, and sometimes, adverbially, for exactly, with the utmost nicety. Gifford thinks this must have been a mathematical phrase. Other examples of its use are found in Shakspere—and in Holinshed, Drayton, and Ben Jonson. The phrase, Douce says, "has been supplied from the labours of the needle. *Poinct* in the French language denotes a stitch; *devisé*, anything invented, disposed, or arranged. *Point-devisé* was therefore a particular sort of patterned lace worked with the needle; and the term *point*-lace is still familiar to every female." It is incorrect to write *point-de-vice*, as is usually done.

[d] The early copies have *infamie*; for which Theobald gave us *insanie*.

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MOTH. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

HOL. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

MOTH. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I[25].

HOL. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

MOTH. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

ARM. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit[26]: snip, snap, quick, and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

MOTH. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

HOL. What is the figure? what is the figure?

MOTH. Horns.

HOL. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

MOTH. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*: A gig of a cuckold's horn!

COST. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

HOL. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

ARM. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

HOL. Or, *mons*, the hill.

ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOL. I do, sans question.

ARM. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

HOL. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

ARM. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy[a]:—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—And among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but,

[a] *Remember thy courtesy.* Theobald is of opinion that the passage should read—remember *not* thy courtesy,—that is, do not take thy hat off. Jackson thinks it should be, remember *my* courtesy. It appears to us that the text is right; and that its construction is—for what is confidential between us, let it pass—notice it not—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy—remember thy obligation to silence as a gentleman. Holofernes then bows: upon which Armado says, I beseech thee, apparel thy head; and then goes on with his confidential communications, which he finishes by saying—Sweet heart, I do implore secrecy.

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sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

HOL. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

NATH. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

HOL. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

ARM. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

HOL. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

MOTH. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake! that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

ARM. For the rest of the worthies?—

HOL. I will play three myself.

MOTH. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

ARM. Shall I tell you a thing?

HOL. We attend.

ARM. We will have, if this fadge[a] not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

HOL. *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

DULL. Nor understood none neither, sir.

HOL. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

DULL. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

HOL. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Fadge.* This word is from the Anglo-Saxon *feg-an*—to join together, and thence, to fit, to agree. Somner gives this derivation, and explains that things will not *fadge* when they cannot be brought together, so as to serve to that end whereto they are designed. In Warner's 'Albion's England' we have this passage, which is quoted in Mr. Richardson's valuable Dictionary:—

"It hath been when as hearty love
Did treat and tie the knot,
Though now, if gold but lack in grains,
The wedding fadgeth not."

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SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the* Princess's *Pavilion.*

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, *and* Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the loving king.
Ros. Madame, came nothing else along with that?
Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides of the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax[a];
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him; he[b] kill'd your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse[c], of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You 'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I 'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do; you do it still i' the dark.
Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that 's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for, Past care is still past cure.
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit[d] well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

[a] *To wax*—to grow; as we say, the moon waxeth. The *seal* and the *wax* form a pun too good to be called pardonable.
[b] *He.* The folio has the more comic *a.*
[c] *Mouse.* So 'Hamlet,' Act III., Scene 4, "call you his *mouse.*"
[d] *Set of wit.* Set is a term used at tennis.

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I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

PRIN. Anything like?

ROS. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

PRIN. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

KATH. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

ROS. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter[a]:
O that your face were not so full of O's[b]!

PRIN. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!
But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

KATH. Madam, this glove.

PRIN. Did he not send you twain?

KATH. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

MAR. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

PRIN. I think no less: Dost thou not[c] wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

MAR. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

PRIN. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

ROS. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service wholly to my behests[d];
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like[e] would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

PRIN. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

[a] Rosaline, it appears, was a brunette; Katharine fair, perhaps red-haired, marked with small-pox. Tieck says that, in the early alphabets for children, A was printed in red, B, as well as the remainder of the alphabet, in black; and thus the ladies jest upon their complexions.

[b] Rosaline twits Katharine that her face is marked with the small-pox; *not so* is omitted in the folio. The answer, which we now give to Katharine, is spoken by the Princess, in the original.

[c] *Not*, which is wanting in the first folio, is inserted in the second.

[d] *Behests*. The quarto and first folio read *devise*. The correction, which is necessary for the rhyme, was made in the second folio.

[e] *Portent-like*. The old copies read "pertaunt-like." Have we got the right word? Warburton explains *portent-like* by a paraphrase—"I would be his fate, or destiny, and, like a portent, hang over and influence his fortunes."

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Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness[a].
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where 's her grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you 'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil."
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:

[a] This was a correction by the editor of the second folio, instead of *wanton's be.*

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Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, "Via! we will do 't, come what will come:"
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

PRIN. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

BOYET. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians[27], as I guess.
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they 'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

PRIN. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

ROS. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

KATH. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

PRIN. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

ROS. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?

PRIN. No; to the death we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.

BOYET. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart[a],
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

[a] The folio has "*keeper's* heart"—a typographical error, produced probably by an accidental transposition of the letters. The expression "*kill* the speaker's heart" reminds us of the homely pathos of Dame Quickly, with reference to Falstaff, "The king has killed his heart." ('Henry V.,' Act II., Scene 1.)

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PRIN. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame. [*Trumpets sound within.*
BOYET. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The ladies mask.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked;* MOTH, Musicians, *and* Attendants.

MOTH. "All hail the richest beauties on the earth!"
BIRON[a]. Beauties no richer than rich taffata. [*Aside.*
MOTH. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames, [*The ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their"—backs—"to mortal views!"
BIRON. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes!"
MOTH. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!
Out"—
BOYET. True; *out*, indeed.
MOTH. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold"—
BIRON. "Once to behold," rogue.
MOTH. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,"—
"With your sun-beamed eyes"—
BOYET. They will not answer to that epithet,
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.
MOTH. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
BIRON. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue!
ROS. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.
BOYET. What would you with the princess?
BIRON. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
ROS. What would they, say they?
BOYET. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
ROS. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
BOYET. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
KING. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure[28] with her[b] on the grass.

[a] This line belongs to *Biron* in the originals, but is usually given to *Boyet*. We agree with Tieck that it ought to be restored to *Biron*. He is vexed at finding the ladies masked, and sees nothing "richer than rich taffata." Mr. Dyce thinks it belongs to Boyet, who wishes to confuse Moth, while Biron is full of anxiety that the address should be correctly spoken.

[b] *Her*, in the quarto; the folio, *you*.

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BOYET. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
ROS. It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
BOYET. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.
BIRON. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
BOYET. She hears herself.
ROS. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
BIRON. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
ROS. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
KING. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
ROS. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
KING. Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one change:
Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
ROS. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.
KING. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
ROS. You took the moon at full; but now she 's changed.
KING. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
ROS. Our ears vouchsafe it.
KING. But your legs should do it.
ROS. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
KING. Why take we[a] hands, then?
ROS. Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.
KING. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
ROS. We can afford no more at such a price.
KING. Prize you yourselves: What buys your company?
ROS. Your absence only.

[a] *We* is the more correct reading, but the folio has *you*; the ladies *give* their hands.

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KING. That can never be.
ROS. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
KING. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
ROS. In private then.
KING. I am best pleas'd with that. [*They converse apart.*
BIRON. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
PRIN. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
BIRON. Nay, then, two treys (an if you grow so nice),
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!
There 's half a dozen sweets.
PRIN. Seventh sweet, adieu!
Since you can cog[a], I 'll play no more with you.
BIRON. One word in secret.
PRIN. Let it not be sweet.
BIRON. Thou griev'st my gall.
PRIN. Gall? bitter.
BIRON. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
DUM. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
MAR. Name it.
DUM. Fair lady,—
MAR. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take you that for your fair lady.
DUM. Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu. [*They converse apart.*
KATH. What, was your visor made without a tongue?
LONG. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
KATH. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
LONG. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.
KATH. Veal, quoth the Dutchman:—Is not veal a calf?
LONG. A calf, fair lady?
KATH. No, a fair lord calf.
LONG. Let 's part the word.
KATH. No, I 'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
LONG. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
KATH. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
LONG. One word in private with you, ere I die.
KATH. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*

[a] Biron says "Well run, dice." The Princess says he can *cog*.—To cog the dice is to load them,—and thence, generally, to defraud.

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BOYET. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
ROS. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
BIRON. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
KING. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
[*Exeunt* KING, Lords, MOTH, *Music, and* Attendants.
PRIN. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
BOYET. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
ROS. Well-liking wits[a] they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
PRIN. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
ROS. O[b]! they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
PRIN. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
MAR. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No *point*[c], quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
KATH. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
PRIN. Qualm, perhaps.
KATH. Yes, in good faith.
PRIN. Go, sickness as thou art!
ROS. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps[29].
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
PRIN. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
KATH. And Longaville was for my service born.
MAR. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
BOYET. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.
PRIN. Will they return?
BOYET. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

[a] *Well-liking* is used in the same sense in which the young of the wild goats in Job are said to be in *good-liking*.
[b] *O!* was added in the second folio.
[c] See note on Act II., Scene 1.

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Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

PRIN. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

BOYET. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds[a], or roses blown.

PRIN. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

ROS. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advis'd,
Let 's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

BOYET. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

PRIN. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS., KATH., *and* MARIA.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

KING. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

BOYET. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither[b]?

KING. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

BOYET. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

BIRON. This fellow pecks[c] up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please:
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve,
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

[a] To vail—to avale—to cause to fall down; the clouds open as the angels descend.
[b] *Thither*, which is the reading of the quarto, is omitted in the folio.
[c] *Pecks.* So the quarto; the folio, *picks.* We adopt the reading which more distinctly expresses the action of a bird with its *beak.*

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In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean[a] most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales'[b] bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

KING. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and* Attendants.

BIRON. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this[c] man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

KING. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

PRIN. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

KING. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

PRIN. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

KING. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

PRIN. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

KING. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

PRIN. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

KING. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

PRIN. Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

KING. How, madam? Russians?

[a] *A mean most meanly.* The mean, in vocal music, is an intermediate part; a part—whether tenor, or second soprano, or contra-tenor—between the two extremes of highest and lowest.

[b] *Whales' bone.* The tooth of the walrus. *Whales'* is read as a disyllable.

[c] The early copies read "*mad* man." We agree with the removal of the epithet in the modern copies. It probably arose in a printer's error, *man* being repeated (the commonest of a compositor's faults), and then corrected by the printer's reader to *mad*.

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PRIN. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.
ROS. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit; here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
BIRON. This jest is dry to me. Gentle-sweet[a],
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
ROS. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
BIRON. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
ROS. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
BIRON. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.
ROS. All the fool mine?
BIRON. I cannot give you less.
ROS. Which of the visors was it that you wore?
BIRON. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?
ROS. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
KING. We are descried: they 'll mock us now downright.
DUM. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
PRIN. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
ROS. Help, hold his brows! he 'll swoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
BIRON. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

[a] *Gentle-sweet.* The second folio has "*fair* gentle sweet." Gentle-sweet is an example of Shakspere's use of compound epithets, which beauty would be spoiled by another adjective. Biron, we apprehend, says *aside* "this jest is dry to me;" and then, after a pause, addresses Rosaline.

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O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation[a],
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. *Sans* SANS, I pray you.

BIRON. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—.
Write "Lord have mercy on us,"[b] on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

PRIN. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

BIRON. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

BIRON. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

BIRON. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

KING. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

PRIN. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

KING. Madam, I was.

PRIN. And were you well advis'd?

KING. I was, fair madam.

PRIN. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

KING. That more than all the world I did respect her.

[a] *Affection* is the old reading; modern editors read *affectation*; but affection is used in the same sense in the beginning of this act. On the other hand, we have *affectation* in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' Without *affectation* the line has imperfect rhythm, and there is no rhyme to ostentation.

[b] *Lord have mercy on us*—the fearful inscription on houses visited with the plague.

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PRIN. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
KING. Upon mine honour, no.
PRIN. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not[a] to forswear.
KING. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
PRIN. I will: and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
ROS. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight: and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
PRIN. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
KING. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
ROS. By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
KING. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
PRIN. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
BIRON. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't:—Here was a consent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in years[b]; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she 's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn: in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—And might not you, [*To* BOYET.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

[a] *Force not*—hesitate not.
[b] *In years.* Malone reads *in jeers.* We have, in 'Twelfth Night,' "He doth smile his cheek into more lines than are in the new map." The character which Biron gives of Boyet is not that of a jeerer; he is a carry-tale—a please-man. The *in years* is supposed by Warburton to mean into wrinkles. Tieck ingeniously gives an explanation to the supposed wrinkles: Boyet is neither young nor old; but he has smiled so continually that his cheek, which, in respect of his years, would have been smooth, has become wrinkled through too much smiling.

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Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire [a],
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd [b];
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

BOYET. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

BIRON. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

COST. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

BIRON. What, are there but three?

COST. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

BIRON. And three times thrice is nine.

COST. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:
You cannot beg us [30], sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know;
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

BIRON. Is not nine.

COST. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

BIRON. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

COST. O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

BIRON. How much is it?

COST. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man, in one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

BIRON. Art thou one of the worthies?

COST. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

BIRON. Go, bid them prepare.

COST. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit* COSTARD.

KING. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

BIRON. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

KING. I say, they shall not come.

PRIN. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:

[a] *The squire—esquierre*, a rule, or square.

[b] *Allow'd*—you are an allowed fool. As in 'Twelfth Night'—
"There is no slander in an allow'd fool."

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Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal, of that which it presents
The form confounded makes most form in mirth [a];
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

BIRON. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

ARM. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO *converses with the* KING, *and delivers him a paper.*

PRIN. Doth this man serve God?

BIRON. Why ask you?

PRIN. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

ARM. That 's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain; But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit* ARMADO.

KING. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.
And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

BIRON. There is five in the first show.

KING. You are deceiv'd, 't is not so.

BIRON. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate a throw at novum [b]; and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

KING. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain

[*Seats brought for the* KING, PRINCESS, *&c.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies [31].

Enter COSTARD, *armed, for* Pompey.

COST. "I Pompey am,"—

BOYET. You lie, you are not he.

COST. "I Pompey am,"—

BOYET. With libbard's [c] head on knee.

[a] The ordinary reading of these lines is thus:—
"Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of *them* which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth."
With an alteration of punctuation we print these lines as in the original; altering *their* of the third line to *the*. We do not alter *that* to *them*, as is usually done. We understand the reading thus:—Where zeal strives to give content, and the contents (things contained) die in the zeal, the form of that which zeal presents, being confounded, makes most form in mirth.

[b] *Abate a throw. Novum*, or *quinquenove*, was a game at dice, of which nine and five were the principal throws. Biron therefore says, Abate a throw—that is, leave out the nine—and the world cannot prick out *five* such.

[c] *Libbard*—leopard.

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BIRON. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.
COST. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,"—
DUM. The great.
COST. It is great, sir;—"Pompey surnam'd the great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.
PRIN. Great thanks, great Pompey.
COST. 'T is not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect:
I made a little fault in "great."
BIRON. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL, *armed, for* Alexander.

NATH. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander."
BOYET. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.
BIRON. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.
PRIN. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.
NATH. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"—
BOYET. Most true, 't is right; you were so, Alisander.
BIRON. Pompey the great,—
COST. Your servant, and Costard.
BIRON. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.
COST. O, sir, [*to* NATH.], you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy[a]. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler[32]: but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted[b]:—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.
PRIN. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *for* Judas, *and* MOTH *for* Hercules.

HOL. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canus;*
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus:*

[a] Alexander had his arms in the old heraldry—a lion in a chair, with a battle-axe.
[b] *O'erparted*—overparted, not quite equal to his part.

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Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology."—
Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. [*Exit* MOTH.
"Judas, I am,"—

DUM. A Judas!

HOL. Not, Iscariot, sir,—
"Judas, I am, ycleped Machabæus."

DUM. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

BIRON. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

HOL. "Judas, I am,"—

DUM. The more shame for you, Judas.

HOL. What mean you, sir?

BOYET. To make Judas hang himself.

HOL. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

BIRON. Well followed: Judas was hang'd on an elder [a].

HOL. I will not be put out of countenance.

BIRON. Because thou hast no face.

HOL. What is this?

BOYET. A cittern-head [b].

DUM. The head of a bodkin.

BIRON. A death's face in a ring.

LONG. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

BOYET. The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.

DUM. The carv'd-bone face on a flask [c].

BIRON. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

DUM. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

BIRON. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

HOL. You have put me out of countenance.

BIRON. False: we have given thee faces.

HOL. But you have out-fac'd them all.

BIRON. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

BOYET. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

DUM. For the latter end of his name.

BIRON. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:— Jud-as, away!

HOL. This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.

BOYET. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

PRIN. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

[a] The common tradition was that Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree. Thus in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour,' "He shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree to hang on."

[b] *A cittern-head.* It appears, from several passages in the old dramas, that the head of a cittern, gittern, or guitar, was terminated with a face.

[c] *Flask.* A soldier's powder-horn, which was often elaborately carved.

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Enter ARMADO, *armed, for* Hector.

BIRON. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.
DUM. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
KING. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
BOYET. But is this Hector?
DUM. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.
LONG. His leg is too big for Hector.
DUM. More calf, certain.
BOYET. No; he is best indued in the small.
BIRON. This cannot be Hector.
DUM. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
ARM. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,"—
DUM. A gilt nutmeg[a].
BIRON. A lemon.
LONG. Stuck with cloves.
DUM. No, cloven.
ARM. Peace[b]!
"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion:
A man so breath'd that certain he would fight, yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,"—
DUM. That mint.
LONG. That columbine.
ARM. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
LONG. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
DUM. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
ARM. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man[c]—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty [*to the* PRINCESS], bestow on me the sense of hearing. [BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.
PRIN. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
ARM. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.
BOYET. Loves her by the foot.
DUM. He may not by the yard.
ARM. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

[a] *Gilt* is the reading of the folio; *gift* of the quarto. Mr. Dyce quotes some lines from Barnfield's 'Affectionate Shepherd,' 1594, showing that a gilt nutmeg was a common gift: "I will give thee," says the shepherd,
"A *gilded nutmeg* and a race of ginger."
[b] *Peace!* This interjection, which is found in the quarto, is omitted in the folio.
[c] *When he breath'd, he was a man*, is not found in the first or second folios. It is the reading of the quarto.

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COST. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

ARM. What meanest thou?

COST. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 't is yours.

ARM. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

COST. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

DUM. Most rare Pompey!

BOYET. Renowned Pompey!

BIRON. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

DUM. Hector trembles.

BIRON. Pompey is moved:—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

DUM. Hector will challenge him.

BIRON. Ay, if he have no more than man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

ARM. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

COST. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man[33]; I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

DUM. Room for the incensed worthies.

COST. I 'll do it in my shirt.

DUM. Most resolute Pompey!

MOTH. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

ARM. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

DUM. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

ARM. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

BIRON. What reason have you for 't?

ARM. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance[a].

BOYET. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I 'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

MER. God save you, madam!

PRIN. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MER. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king, your father—

PRIN. Dead, for my life.

MER. Even so; my tale is told.

[a] *Woolward*, wanting the shirt, so as to leave the woollen cloth of the outer coat next the skin. In an old collection of satires we have—

"And when his shirt 's a washing, then he must
Go woolward for the time."

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BIRON. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.
ARM. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt* Worthies.

KING. How fares your majesty?
PRIN. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
KING. Madam, not so; I do beseech you stay.
PRIN. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.
KING. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decide
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
PRIN. I understand you not; my griefs are double.
BIRON. Honest plain words best pierce the ears of grief;—
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time;
Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of stray[a] shapes, of habits, and of forms,

[a] *Full of stray shapes.* The old copies read *straying;* the modern *strange.* Coleridge suggested *stray.* Mr. Dyce would retain *strange,* contending that our early printers often blundered in the substitution of another word for *strange.*

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Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

PRIN. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast[a], and as lining to the time;
But more devout than this, in our respects[b],
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

DUM. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

LONG. So did our looks.

ROS. We did not quote them so.

KING. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

PRIN. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

[a] *Bombast*, from bombagia, cotton wool used as stuffing.

[b] The folio reads "than *these are* our respects;"—the quarto, "than *this* our respects." Hanmer suggested that *is* was omitted.

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But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

KING. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.

BIRON. And what to me, my love? and what to me[a]?

DUM. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

KATH. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

DUM. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

KATH. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.

DUM. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

KATH. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

LONG. What says Maria?

MAR. At the twelvemonth's end,
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

LONG. I 'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

MAR. The liker you; few taller are so young.

BIRON. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

[a] The following lines here occur in all the old editions, and are repeated by the modern editors:—

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

There can be no doubt, we think, that Rosaline's speech should be omitted, and Biron left without an answer to his question. This is Coleridge's opinion. Rosaline's answer is so beautifully expanded in her subsequent speech, that these five lines seem a bald and unpoetical announcement of what is to follow. The lines most likely occurred in the original play; and were not struck out of the MS. when the copy was "augmented and amended." The theory stands upon a different ground from Biron's oratorical repetitions in the fourth act.

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Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

BIRON. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that 's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

BIRON. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I 'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

PRIN. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. [*To the* KING.

KING. No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

BIRON. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

KING. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.

BIRON. That 's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

ARM. Sweet majesty vouchsafe me,—

PRIN. Was not that Hector?

DUM. The worthy knight of Troy.

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ARM. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

KING. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

ARM. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others*.

This side is Hiems, winter: This Ver, the spring: the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG[24].

I.

SPRING. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer-smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel[a] the pot.

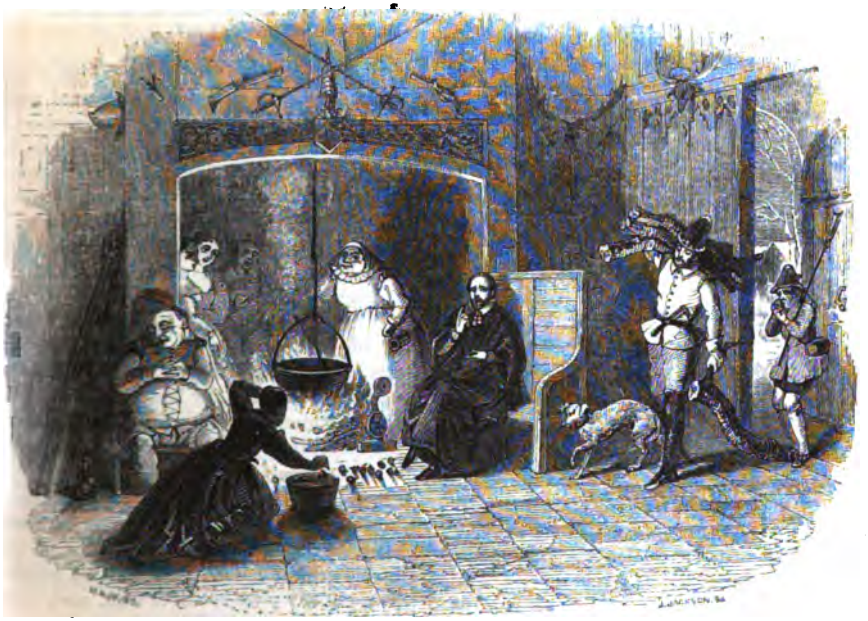
[a] *Keel*—skim.

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IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And *Marian's* nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

ARM. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt.*



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ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.

"In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate."

IN the variorum editions of Shakspere there is a long dissertation by Warburton, to show that the romances of chivalry were of Spanish origin; and an equally long refutation of this opinion by Tyrwhitt. Tyrwhitt is, undoubtedly, more correct than Warburton; for, although the romances of chivalry took root in Spain, very few were of Spanish growth. Shakspere could have known nothing of these romances through the source by which they have become familiar to England,—for 'Don Quixote' was not published till 1605; but 'Amadis of Gaul' (asserted by Sismondi to be of Portuguese origin) was translated in 1592; and 'Palmerin of England'—which Southey mentions to be Portuguese—was translated in 1580. It is probable that many of the Spanish romances of the sixteenth century were wholly or partially known in England when Shakspere wrote 'Love's Labour's Lost;' and formed, at least, a subject of conversation amongst the courtiers and men of letters. He, therefore, makes it one of the qualities of Armado to recount, "in high-born words," the exploits of the knights of "tawny Spain"—exploits which once received their due meed of admiration—but which "the world's debate"—the contentions of wars and political changes—have obscured. The extravagances of these romances, as told by Armado, are pointed at by the King—"I love to hear him lie."

[2] SCENE I.—*"Curious-knotted garden."*

We have given at the head of Act I. a representation of a "curious-knotted garden," which will inform our readers better than any description. The beds, or plots, disposed in mathematical symmetry, were the knots. The gardener, in 'Richard II.,' comparing England to a neglected garden, says,—

> "Her fruit trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
> Her *knots* disorder'd."

Milton has exhibited the characteristics of this formal symmetry by a beautiful contrast:—

> "Flowers, worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
> In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon
> Pour'd forth."

[3] SCENE II.—*"The dancing horse will tell you."*

Our ancestors were fond of learned quadrupeds. "Holden's camel" was distinguished for "ingenuous study," as mentioned by John Taylor, the water-poet; there was a superlatively wise elephant, noticed by Donne and Jonson;—but the "dancing horse"—"Banks's horse"—was the great wonder of Elizabeth's time. He and his master have even found a niche in Raleigh's 'History of the World:'—"If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did." This famous animal was a bay gelding, and he was named Morocco. Hall, in his 'Satires,' notices

> "Strange Morocco's dumb arithmetic."

Sir Kenelm Digby informs us that "Banks's horse would restore a glove to the due owner after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; and would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master." The Sieur de Melleray, in the notes to his translation of the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius, tells us that he saw this wonderful horse in the Rue St. Jacques at Paris; and he is astonished that the animal could tell how many francs there were in a crown; but his astonishment was measureless that, the crown being then of a depreciated currency, the horse should be able to tell the exact amount of the depreciation, in that same month of March, 1608. Banks had fallen among a people who did not quite understand how far the animal

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and his keeper might employ the language of signs; and he got into trouble accordingly. The better instructed English multitude had been familiar with "Holden's camel," famed for "ingennous studies;" and they had seen Morocco himself go up to the top of St. Paul's. Though they lived in an age of belief in wizards, they had no desire to burn Banks as a professor of the black art. But he had a narrow escape in France; and his contrivance for the justification of his horse's character and his own shows him to have been as familiar with the human as with the brute nature. The story is told by Bishop Morton:—"Which bringeth into my remembrance a story which Banks told me at Frankfort, from his own experience in France among the Capuchins, by whom he was brought into suspicion of magic, because of the strange feats which his horse Morocco played (as I take it) at Orleans, where he, to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing less than a devil. To this end he commanded his horse to seek out one in the press of the people who had a crucifix on his hat; which done, he bade him kneel down unto it; and not this only, but also to rise up again and to kiss it. 'And now, gentlemen (quoth he), I think my horse hath acquitted both me and himself;' and so his adversaries rested satisfied; conceiving (as it might seem) that the devil had no power to come near the cross." The people of Orleans were imperfectly civilised; but Banks and Morocco were destined to fall into barbarous hands. We have no precise record of his fate; but some humorous lines of Jonson have been accepted as containing a tragical truth:—

"But 'mongst these Tiberts, who do you think there was?
Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which,
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."



[*From a print of* 1595.]

'SCENE II.—"*Day-woman.*"

Most probably means dairy-woman. In parts of Scotland the term *dey* has been appropriated to dairy-maids; but in England, *deyes* were, perhaps, the lowest class of husbandry servants, generally. In a statute of Richard II., regulating wages, we have "a swineherd, a female labourer, and deye," put down at six shillings yearly. Chaucer describes the diet of his "poore widow" as that of a dey (Nonnes Preestes Tale):—

"Milk and brown bread, in which she fond no lack,
Seinde bacon, and sometime an ey or twey;
For she was, as it were, a maner *dey*."

We have no Saxon word, except *dairy*, that confirms the opinion that dey was the dairy-maid; but Douce says that, in Swedish, *dia* signifies to milk.

ACT II.

'SCENE I.—"*Common—several.*"

SHAKSPERE here uses his favourite law-phrases,—which practice has given rise to the belief that he was bred in an attorney's office. But there is here, apparently, some confusion in the use,—occasioned by the word *though*. A "*common*," as we all know, is unapportioned land;—a "*several*," land that is private property. Shakspere uses the word according to this sense in the Sonnets:—

"Why should my heart think that a *several* plot,
Which my heart knows the world's wide *common* place?"

But Dr. James has attempted to show that *several*, or *severell*, in Warwickshire, meant the *common field*;—common to a few proprietors, but not common to all. In this way, the word

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"though" is not contradictory. Maria's lips are "no common, though several"—

"Belonging to whom?
To my fortunes and me."—

I and my fortunes are the co-proprietors of the common field,—but we will not "grant pasture" to others.

ACT III.

[6] SCENE I.—"*Concolinel.*"

THIS was doubtless the burthen of some tender air, that would "make passionate the sense of hearing." Steevens has shown that, when songs were introduced in the old comedies, the author was, in many cases, content to leave the selection of the song to the player or to the musicians, indicating the place of its introduction by a stage direction.

[7] SCENE I.—"*A French brawl.*"
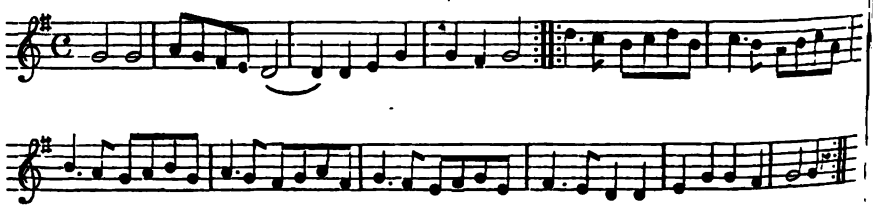
The Elizabethan gallants must have required very serious exercises in the academy of dancing to win their loves. The very names of the dances are enough to astound those for whom the mysteries of the quadrille are sufficiently difficult: "Coratitoes, lavoltos, jigs, measures, pavins, brawls, galliards, canaries." (Brome's 'City Wit.') The name of the brawl is derived from the French *branle*, a shaking or swinging motion; and with this dance, which was performed by persons uniting hands in a circle, balls were usually opened. The opening was calculated to put the parties considerably at their ease, if the *branle* be correctly described in a little book of dialogues printed at Antwerp, 1579:—"Un des gentilhommes et une des dames, estans les premiers en la danse, laissent les autres (qui cependant continuent la danse), et se mettans dedans la dicte compagnie, vont baisans par ordre toutes les personnes qui y sont: à sçavoir le gentilhomme les dames, et la dame les gentilshommes. Puis, ayant achevé leurs baisemens, au lieu qu'ils estoyent les premiers en la danse, se mettent les derniers. Et ceste façon de faire se continue par le gentilhomme et la dame qui sont les plus prochains, jusques à ce qu'on vienne aux derniers." We are obliged to Douce for this information; but we have often looked upon the remains of the fine old seat of the Hatton family at Stoke (now, alas, swept away entirely), the scene of Gray's "long story," and longed for the restoration of its

"Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing,"

without being aware that the "grave Lord Keeper" had such arduous duties to perform:—

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danc'd before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

With regard to the musical character of the *brawl* or *branle* (anciently *bransle*), it is described by De Castilhon as a gay, round dance, the air short, and *en rondeau*, i. e., ending at each repetition with the first part. Mersenne ('Harmonie Universelle,' 1636) enumerates and describes several kinds of *branle*, and gives examples, in notes, of each. In the 'Orchesographie' of Thoinot Arbeau (1588) is the annexed specimen of this dance:—
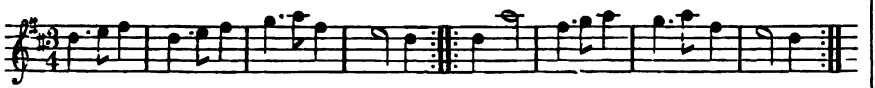


[8] SCENE I.—"*Canary to it.*"
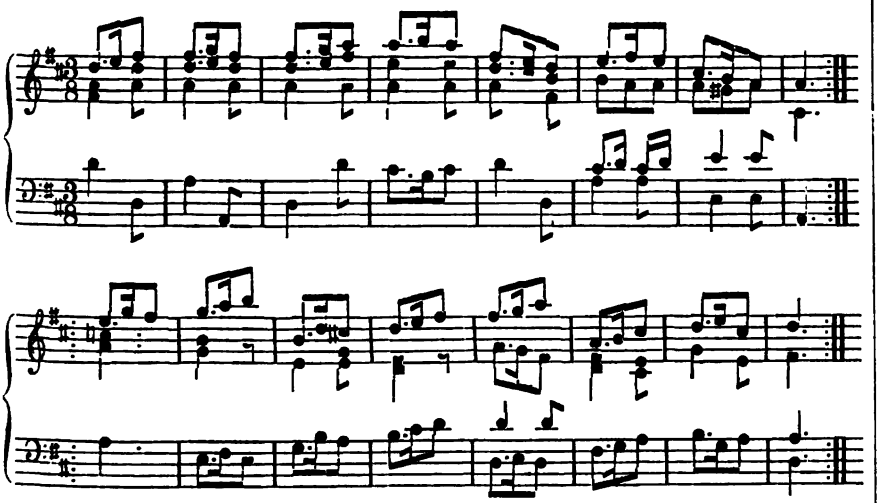
Canary, or *canaries*, an old lively dance. Sir John Hawkins is quite mistaken in supposing this to be of English invention; it most probably originated in Spain, though, from the name, many have attributed its origin to the Canary Islands, instead of concluding, what is

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most likely, that it was there imported from the civilized mother-country. Thoinot Arbeau and Mersenne both give the tune, but in different forms. That of the latter is thus noted:—



Purcell, in his opera 'Diocleaian' (1691), introduces a *canaries*, which, as well as the above from Mersenne, seems modelled after that published by Arbeau. Purcell's is set for four bowed instruments, accompanied, most probably, by hautboys; and as the work in which it appears is very rare, and the tune but little if at all known, we here insert an adaptation of it, which retains all the notes in the original:



[9] SCENE I.—*"With your hat penthouse-like."*

In the extremely clever engraved title-page to Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' the inamorato, who wears "his hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of his eyes," is represented as an example of love melancholy. The figure may be taken as an impersonation of Moth's description. (See end of Act III.)

[10] SCENE I.—*"The hobby-horse is forgot."*

The hobby-horses which people ride in the present day are generally very quiet animals, which give little offence to public opinion. But the hobby-horse to which Shakspere here alludes, and to which he has alluded also in 'Hamlet,' was an animal considered by the Puritans so dangerous that they exerted all their power to banish him from the May-games. The people, however, clung to him with wonderful pertinacity; and it is most probably for this reason that, when an individual cherishes a small piece of folly which he is unwilling to give up, it is called his hobby-horse. The hobby-horse was turned out of the May-games with Friar Tuck and Maid Marian, as savouring something of popery; and some wag wrote his epitaph as described by Hamlet,—

"For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

The hobby-horse of the May-games required a person of considerable skill to manage him, although his body was only of wicker work, and his head and neck of pasteboard. Sogliardo, in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour,' describes how he danced in him:—

"*Sogliardo.* Nay, look you, sir, there's ne'er a gentleman in the country has the like humors for the hobby-horse as I have; I have the method for the threading of the needle and all, the——

"*Carlo.* How, the method?

"*Sog.* Ay, the leigerity for that, and the whighhie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger, and all the humors incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlour. I'll keep it for a monument as long as I live, sure."

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Strutt, in his antiquarian romance of 'Queen-hoo Hall,' has given at length the gambols of the hobby-horse and the dragon and Friar Tuck.



[11] SCENE I.—"*The boy hath sold him a bargain.*"

This comedy is running over with allusions to country sports—one of the many proofs that in its original shape it may be assigned to the author's greenest years. The sport which so delights Costard about the fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, has been explained by Capell, whose lumbering and obscure comments upon Shakspere have been pillaged and sneered at by the other commentators. In this instance they take no notice of him. It seems, according to Capell, that "selling a bargain" consisted in drawing a person in by some stratagem to proclaim himself fool by his own lips; and thus, when Moth makes his master repeat the *l'envoy* ending in the goose, he proclaims himself a goose, according to the rustic wit, which Costard calls "selling a bargain well." "Fast and loose," to which he alludes, was another holiday sport; and the goose that ended the market alludes to the proverb "three women and a goose make a market."

[12] SCENE I.—"*Gardon—remuneration.*"

In a tract published in 1578, "A Health to the gentlemanly profession of Serving Men," there is a story of a servant who got a *remuneration* of three farthings from one of his master's guests, and a *guerdon* of a shilling from another guest. Perhaps the story had passed into the gossip of the people, and Costard's jocularity was understood by "the gentlemanly profession," who stood on the *ground* of the Blackfriars theatre or the Globe.

[13] SCENE I.—"*Like a German clock.*"

The Germans were the great clock-makers of the sixteenth century. The clock at Hampton Court, which, according to the inscription, was set up in 1540, is said to be the first ever made in England. Sir Samuel Meyrick possessed a table-clock of German manufacture, the representations of costume on which show it to be of the time of Elizabeth. It is most probable that the German clock,

> "Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
> And never going aright,"

was of the common kind which we now call Dutch clocks.

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"SCENE I. — *"And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop."*

The tumbler was a great itinerant performer in the days of Shakspere, as he is still. His hoop, which was a necessary accompaniment of his feats, was adorned with ribands. Strutt, in his 'Sports,' has given us some representations of the antics which these ancient promoters of mirth exhibited; and they differ very slightly from those which still delight the multitude at country fairs.



In a poem written in "verse burlesque" by Sir William D'Avenant, entitled 'The Long Vacation in London,' there is a very satisfactory enumeration of the principal sights which were presented to the admiring wayfarers of our city at the period when the Restoration had given back to the people some of their ancient amusements, and the councils of the primitive church were no longer raked up, as they were by old Prynne, to denounce bear-leaders and puppet-showmen as the agents of the evil one,—excommunicated persons who were to be dealt with by the strong arm of the law, civil and ecclesiastical. The passage in D'Avenant's poem is as follows:—

"Now vaulter good, and dancing lass
On rope, and man that cries Hey, pass!
And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
Lay head to heel to creep through hoop;
And man in chimney hid to dress
Puppet that acts our old Queen Bess,
And man that whilst the puppets play,
Through nose expoundeth what they say;
And white oat-eater that does dwell
In stable small at sign of Bell,
That lift up hoof to show the pranks
Taught by magician, styled Banks;
And ape, led captive still in chain
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain:
All these on hoof now trudge from town
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown."

What a congregation of wonders is here! Hogarth could not have painted his glorious 'Southwark Fair' without actual observation; but here is an assemblage from which a companion picture might be made, offering us the varieties of costume and character which distinguish the age of Charles II. from that of George II. But such sights can only be grouped together now in London upon remarkable occasions. The London of our own day, including its gigantic suburbs, is not the place to find even in separate localities the vaulter, the

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dancing lass, the conjuror, the tumbler, the puppet-show, the raree-show, the learned horse, or the loyal ape. Fleet Street, for example, is much too busy a place for the wonder-mongers to congregate in. A merchant in Ben Jonson's 'Fox' says—

"'T were a rare *motion* to be seen in Fleet Street."

A motion is another name for a puppet-show. His companion answers,

"Ay, *in the Term.*'

Fifty years afterwards D'Avenant tells us of his vagabonds, that in the Long Vacation

"All these on hoof now trudge from town
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown."

The sight-shewers, we thus see, were in high activity in the Term, because Fleet Street was then full. When is it now empty? There is no room for their trades. They are elbowed out. We have seen, however, in some half-quiet thoroughfare of Lambeth, or of Clerkenwell, a dingy cloth spread upon the road, and a ring of children called together at the sound of horn, to behold a dancing lass in all the finery of calico trowsers and spangles, and a tumbler with his hoop: and on one occasion sixpence was extracted from our pockets, because the said tumbler had his hoop splendid with ribbons, which showed him to have a reverence for the poetry and antiquity of his calling. He knew the line,—

"And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop."

ACT IV.

[15] SCENE I. "*Where is the bush*
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?"

ROYAL and noble ladies, in the days of Elizabeth, delighted in the somewhat unrefined sport of shooting deer with a cross-bow. In the "alleys green" of Windsor or of Greenwich Parks, the queen would take her stand on an elevated platform, and, as the pricket or the buck was driven past her, would aim the death-shaft, amidst the acclamations of her admiring courtiers. The ladies, it appears, were skilful enough at this sylvan butchering. Sir Francis Leake writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury, "Your lordship has sent me a very great and fat stag, the welcomer being stricken by your right honourable lady's hand." The practice was as old as the romances of the middle ages: but in those days the ladies were sometimes not so expert as the Countess of Shrewsbury; for, in the history of Prince Arthur, a fair huntress wounds Sir Launcelot of the Lake, instead of the stag at which she aims.

[16] SCENE I.—"*A Monarcho.*"

This allusion is to a mad Italian, commonly called the *monarch*, whose epitaph, or description, was written by Churchyard, in 1580. His notion was, that he was sovereign of the world; and one of his conceits, recorded by Scot in his 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' 1584, was that all the ships that came into the port of London belonged to him.

[17] SCENE I.—"*Pricket.*"

Dull contradicts Sir Nathaniel as to the age of the buck. The parson asserts that it was "a buck of the first head"—the constable says it was "a pricket." The buck acquires a new name every year as he approaches to maturity. The first year he is a fawn;—the second, a pricket;—the third, a sorrell;—the fourth, a soare;—the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth, a complete buck.

[18] SCENE I.—"*Master person.*"

The derivation of *parson* was, perhaps, commonly understood in Shakspere's time, and *parson* and *person* were used indifferently. Blackstone has explained the word: "A parson, *persona ecclesiæ*, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called *parson*, *persona*, because by his *person*, the church, which is an invisible body, is represented."—*Commentaries*, b. i.

[19] SCENE I.—"*Good old Mantuan.*"

The good old Mantuan was Joh. Baptist. Mantuanus, a Carmelite, whose Eclogues were translated into English by George Turbervile, in 1567. His first Eclogue commences with *Fauste, precor*

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gelidâ; and Farnaby, in his preface to Martial, says that *pedants* thought more highly of the *Fauste, precor gelidâ*, than of the *Arma virumque cano*. Here, again, the unlearned Shakspere hits the mark when he meddles with learned matters.

[20] SCENE I.—"*Venetia.*"

A proverbial expression applied to Venice, which we find thus in Howell's Letters:—

"Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,
Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto le dispregia."

[21] SCENE III.—"*On a day,*" &c.

This ode, as Shakspere terms it, was set to music upwards of seventy years ago, by Jackson, of Exeter, for three men's voices; and a more beautiful, finished, and masterly composition, of the kind, the English school of music cannot produce:—for that we have a school, and one of which we need not be ashamed, will soon cease to be denied.

[22] SCENE III.—"*That, like a rude and savage man of Inde.*"

Shakspere might have found an account of the Ghebers, or fire-worshippers of the East, in some of the travellers whose works had preceded Hakluyt's collection. Nothing can be finer or more accurate than this description. The Ghebers, as the elegant poet of 'Lalla Rookh' tells us, were not blind Idolators; they worshipped the Creator in the most splendid of his works:—

"Yes,—I am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven!"

[23] SCENE III.—"*For when would you, my liege, or you, or you.*"

It will be observed that this line is almost a repetition of a previous one—

"For when would you, my lord, or you, or you;"

and in the same manner throughout this speech the most emphatic parts of the reasoning are repeated with variations. Upon this, conjecture goes to work; and it is pronounced that the lines are unnecessarily repeated. Some of the commentators understood little of rhythm, and they were not very accurate judges of rhetoric. One of the greatest evidences of skill in an orator is the enforcement of an idea by repetition, without repeating the precise form of its original announcement. The speech of Ulysses, in the third act of 'Troilus and Cressida,'

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back,"

is a wonderful example of this art.

ACT V.

[24] SCENE I.—"*Honorificabilitudinitatibus.*"

TAYLOR, the water-poet, has given us a syllable more of this delight of schoolboys—*honorificabilitudinitatibus*. But he has not equalled Rabelais, who has thus furnished the title of a book that might puzzle Paternoster Row:—*Astipericatametaparhengedamphicribrationes*.

[25] SCENE I.—"*The fifth, if I.*"

The pedant asks who is the silly sheep—quis, quis? "The third of the five vowels if you repeat them," says Moth; and the pedant does repeat them—a, e, I; the other two clinches it, says Moth, o, u (O you). This may appear a poor conundrum, and a low conceit, as Theobald has it, but the satire is in opposing the pedantry of the boy to the pedantry of the man, and making the pedant have the worst of it in what he calls "a quick venew of wit."

[26] SCENE I.—"*Venew of wit.*"

Steevens and Malone fiercely contradict each other as to the meaning of the word *venew*. "The cut-and-thrust notes on this occasion exhibit a complete match between the two great Shaksperian masters of defence," says Douce. This industrious commentator gives us five pages to determine the controversy; the argument of which amounts to this, that *venew* and *bout* equally denote a *hit* in fencing.

[27] SCENE II. "*And are apparell'd thus,—Like Muscovites or Russians.*"

For the Russian or Muscovite habits assumed by the king and nobles of Navarre, we are in-

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debted to Vecellio. At page 303 of the edition of 1598, we find a noble Muscovite whose attire sufficiently corresponds with that described by Hall in his account of a Russian masque at Westminster, in the reign of Henry VIII., quoted by Ritson in illustration of this play.

"In the first year of King Henry VIII.," says the chronicler, "at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the Parliament-chamber at Westminster, came the Lord Henry Earl of Wiltshire, and the Lord Fitzwalter, in two long gowns of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimson satin, after the fashion of Russia or Russland, with furred hats of gray on their heads, either of them having an hatchet in their hands, and boots with pikes turned up." The boots in Vecellio's print have no "pikes turned up," but we perceive the "long gown" of figured satin or damask, and the "furred hat." At page 283 of the same work we are presented also with the habit of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, a rich and imposing costume, which might be worn by his majesty of Navarre himself.



[28] SCENE II.—"*To tread a measure with her on the grass.*"

The "measure" was the courtly dance of the days of Elizabeth; not so solemn as the pavan—the "doleful pavan," as D'Avenant calls it, in which princes in their mantles, and lawyers in their long robes, and courtly dames with enormous trains, swept the rushes like the tails of peacocks. From this circumstance came its name, the pavan—the dance of the peacock. The "measure" may be best described in Shakspere's own words, in the mouth of the lively Beatrice, in 'Much Ado about Nothing:'—"The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, *a measure*, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical: the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave."

[29] SCENE II.—"*Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*"

By an act of parliament of 1571, it was provided that all above the age of six years, except the nobility and other persons of degree, should, on sabbath-days and holidays, wear caps of wool, manufactured in England. This was one of the laws for the encouragement of trade, which so occupied the legislatorial wisdom of our ancestors, and which the people, as constantly as they were enacted, evaded, or openly violated. This very law was repealed in 1597.

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Those to whom the law applied, and who wore the statute-caps, were citizens, and artificers, and labourers; and thus, as the nobility continued to wear their bonnets and feathers, Rosaline says, "*better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*"



[30] SCENE II.—"*You cannot beg us.*"

Costard means to say we are not idiots. One of the most abominable corruptions of the feudal system of government was for the sovereign, who was the legal guardian of idiots, to grant the wardship of such an unhappy person to some favourite, granting with the idiot the right of using his property. Ritson, and Douce more correctly, give a curious anecdote illustrative of this custom, and of its abuse:—

"The Lord North begg'd old Bladwell for a foole (though he could never prove him so), and having him in his custodie as a lunaticke, he carried him to a gentleman's house, one day, that was his neighbour. The L. North and the gentleman retir'd awhile to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining-roome, which was hung with a faire hanging; Bladwell walking up and downe, and viewing the imagerie, spyed a foole at last in the hanging, and without delay drawes his knife, flyes at the foole, cutts him cleane out, and layes him on the floore; my Lord and the gentleman coming in againe, and finding the tapestrie thus defac'd, he ask'd Bladwell what he meant by such a rude uncivill act; he answered, Sir, be content, I have rather done you a courtesie than a wrong, for, if ever my L. N. had seene the foole there, he would have begg'd him, and so you might have lost your whole suite." (Harl. MS. 6395.)

[31] SCENE II.—"*Pageant of the nine worthies.*"

The genuine worthies of the old pageant were Joshua, David, Judas Maccabeus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bulloigne. Sometimes Guy of Warwick was substituted for Godfrey of Bulloigne. These redoubted personages, according to a manuscript in the British Museum (Harl. 2057), were clad in complete armour, with crowns of gold on their heads, every one having his esquire to bear before him his shield and pennon at arms. According to this manuscript, these "Lords" were dressed as three Hebrews, three Infidels, and three Christians. Shakspere overthrew the just proportion of age and country, for he gives us four infidels, Hector, Pompey, Alexander, and Hercules, out of the five of the schoolmaster's pageant. In this manuscript of the Harleian Collection, which is a Chester pageant, with illuminations, the *Four Seasons* conclude the representation of the Nine Worthies. Shakspere must have seen such an exhibition, and have thence derived the songs of *Ver* and *Hiems*.

[32] SCENE II.—"*A very good bowler.*"

The following engraving of the bowls of the sixteenth century is designed from Strutt's 'Sports and Pastimes.' The sport, according to Strutt, appears to have prevailed in the fourteenth century, for he has given us figures of three persons engaged in bowling, from a manuscript of that date. [See next page.]

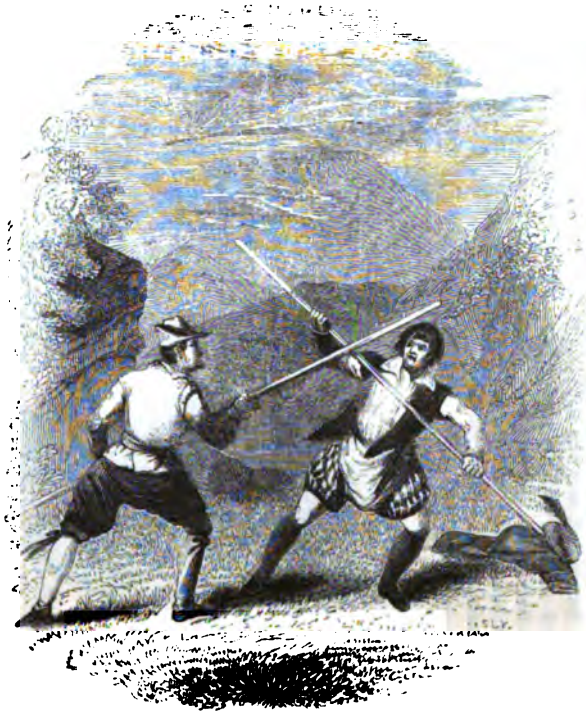
[33] SCENE II.—"*I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man.*"

The old quarter-staff play of England was most practised in the north. Strutt, in his 'Sports,' and Ritson, in his 'Robin Hood Poems,' have given us representations of these loving contests, from which the following engraving is designed. [See next page.]

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[*Illustration 32.*]



[*Illustration 33.*]

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[36] SCENE II.—*"When daisies pied."*

The first two stanzas of this song are set to music by Dr. Arne, with all that justness of conception and simple elegance of which he was so great a master, and which are conspicuous in nearly all of his compositions that are in union with Shakspere's words.

This song having been "married" to music, it would not be well to disturb the received reading. Yet the deviations in all the original copies must be noted. There is a transposition in the first four lines, to meet the alternate rhymes in the subsequent verses. In the originals we find,

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

In the third and fourth verses,

"*To-who*"

is a modern introduction, to correspond with "Cuckoo." But "*To-who*" alone is not the song of the owl—it is "*Tu-whit, to-who.*" The original line stand thus:—

"Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who,
A merry note."

Did not the original music vary with the varying form of the metre?

COSTUME.

CESARE Vecellio, at the end of his third book (edit. 1598), presents us with the general costume of Navarre at this period. The women appear to have worn a sort of clog or patten, something like the Venetian chioppine; and we are told in the text that some dressed in imitation of the French, some in the style of the Spaniards, while others blended the fashions of both those nations. The well-known costume of Henri Quatre and Philip II. may furnish authority for the dress of the king and nobles of Navarre, and of the lords attending on the Princess of France, who may herself be attired after the fashion of Marguerite de Valois, the sister of Henry III. of France, and first wife of his successor the King of Navarre. (Vide Montfaucon, 'Monarchie Française.') We subjoin the Spanish gentleman, and the French lady, of 1589, from Vecellio. For the costume of the Muscovites in the mask (Act V.), see Illustrations, p. 230.



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NOTICE.

It may be convenient to the Subscribers to 'The National Shakspere' to be apprised of the order in which the several Parts will be published. Without too long postponing the completion of any Volume, the Editor is desirous to meet the wishes of the Public to have some variety in the Parts composing the Monthly Issue, so that the *Comedies* may not have entire priority of the more popular Histories and Tragedies. The following arrangement will therefore be adhered to:—

1850.

October . . { Two Gentlemen of Verona. / Comedy of Errors.

November { Love's Labour 's Lost. / King John.

December. { All 's Well that ends Well. / Richard II.

1851.

January . { Taming of the Shrew. / Henry IV., Part I.

February. { Midsummer Night's Dream. / Henry IV., Part II.

March . . { Merchant of Venice. / [Vol. I. *Comedies.*] / Henry V.

April . . . { Romeo and Juliet. / Henry VI., Part I. / [Vol. I. *Histories.*]

May . . . { Hamlet. / Much Ado about Nothing.

June . . . { Othello. / Merry Wives of Windsor.

July . . . { Timon of Athens. / As You Like It.

August . . { King Lear. / Twelfth Night.

1851.

September { Macbeth. / [Vol. I. *Tragedies.*] / Measure for Measure.

October . . { Cymbeline. / Winter's Tale.

November { Troilus and Cressida. / Tempest. / [Vol. II. *Comedies.*]

December. { Coriolanus. / Henry VI., Part II.

1852.

January . { Julius Cæsar. / Henry VI., Part III.

February. { Antony and Cleopatra. / Richard III.

March . . { Titus Andronicus. / Henry VIII.

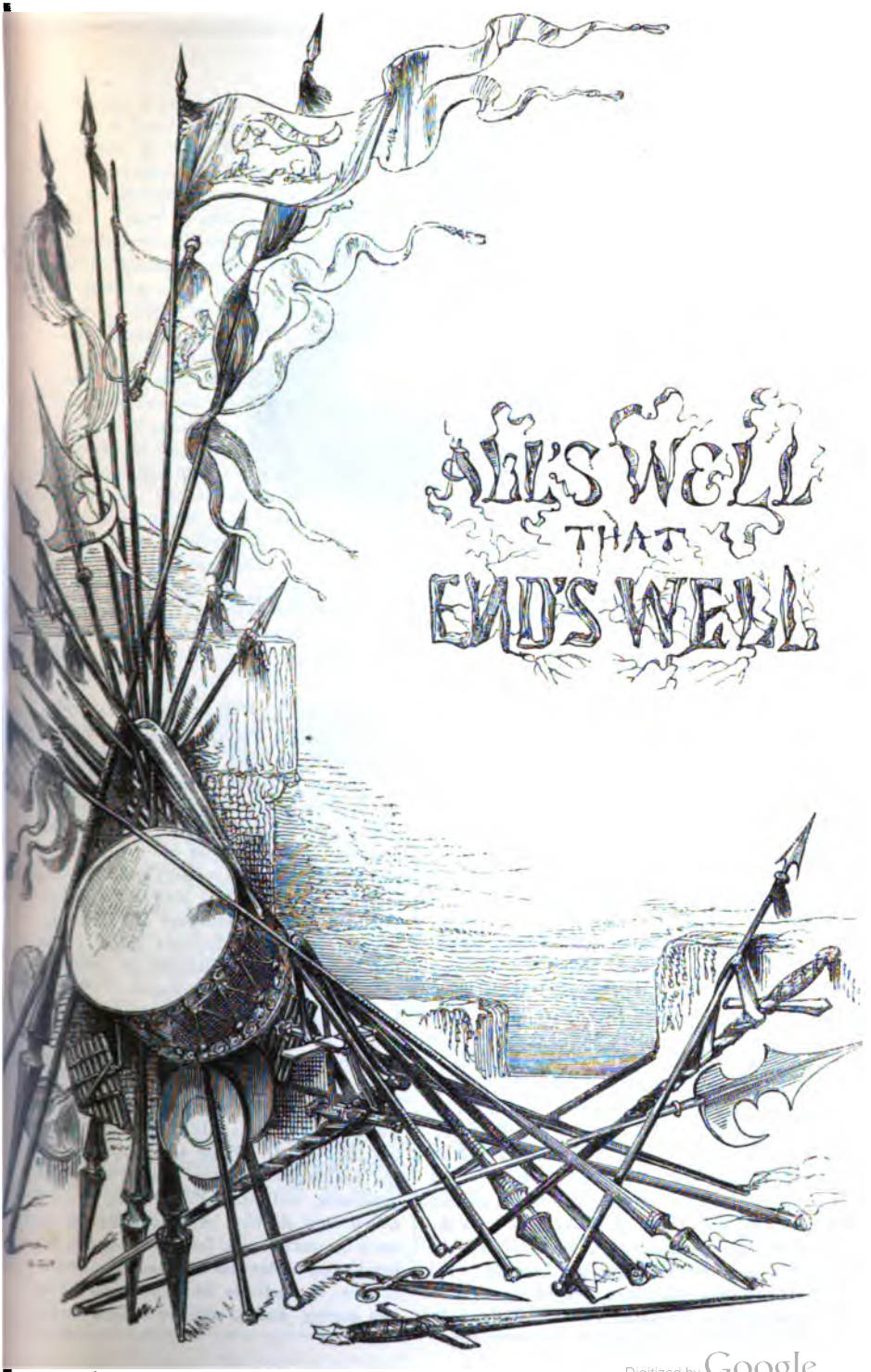
April . . . { Pericles. / [Vol. II. *Tragedies.*] / Poems, Part I.

May . . . { Poems, Part II. / Index.

Completion of the Work.

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[*Boccaccio.*]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. In the original copy the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes. There are several examples of corruption in the text; but, upon the whole, it is very accurately printed, both with regard to the metrical arrangement and to punctuation.

In Dr. Farmer's 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' we find this passage:—"The story of 'All 's Well that Ends Well,' or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, 'Love's Labour Wonne'" (and here Farmer inserts a reference to Meres' 'Wits' Treasury,' where 'Love's Labour Wonne' is mentioned amongst plays by Shakspere,) "is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's 'Giletta of Narbon.'" Mr. Hunter, in his 'Disquisition on the Tempest,' repudiates the notion that 'Love's Labour Won' and 'All 's Well that Ends Well' are identical. Mr. Hunter states that a passing remark of Dr. Farmer, in the 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' first pointed out this supposed identity; and he adds, "the remark has since been caught up and repeated by a thousand voices." Malone, in the *first* edition of his 'Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays,' assigns the date of this comedy to 1598, upon the authority of the passage in Meres. He says, "No other of our author's plays could have borne that title ('Love's Labour Won') with so much propriety as that before us." This is the real argument in the matter; and Coleridge, therefore, describes this play as "originally intended as the *counterpart* of 'Love's Labour 's Lost.'" Shakspere's titles, in the judgment of that philosophical critic, always exhibit "great significancy." The Labour of Love which is *Lost* is not a very earnest labour. The King and his courtiers are fantastical lovers. They would win their mistresses by "bootless rhymes" and "speeches penn'd," and their most sincere declarations are thus only received as "mocking merriment." What would naturally be the counterpart of such a story? One of passionate, enduring, all-pervading love,—of a love that shrinks from no difficulty, resents no unkindness, fears no disgrace, but perseveres, under the most adverse circumstances, to vindicate its own claims by its own energy, and to achieve success by the

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strength of its own will. This is the Labour of Love which is Won. Is not this the story of 'All 's Well that Ends Well'?

Of the characters we may say a few words.

Mrs. Jameson quotes a passage from Foster's 'Essays' to explain the general idea of the character of Helena: "To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet be able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immoveable heart amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity." This "constitution of mind" has been created by Shakspere in his Helena, and who can doubt the truth and nature of the conception?

Bertram, like all mixed characters, whether in the drama or in real life, is a great puzzle to those who look without tolerance on human motives and actions. In a one-sided view he has no redeeming qualities. Johnson says, "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." We have no desire to reconcile our hearts to Bertram; all that we demand is, that he should not move our indignation beyond the point in which his qualities shall consist with our sympathy for Helena in her love for him. And in this view the poet, as it appears to us, has drawn Bertram's character most skilfully. Without his defects the dramatic action could not have proceeded; without his merits the dramatic sentiment could not have been maintained.

"In this piece," says Schlegel, "*age* is exhibited to singular advantage: the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's love of her son, seem all, as it were, to vie with each other in endeavours to conquer the arrogance of the young Count." The general benevolence of these characters, and their particular kindness towards Helena, are the counterpoises to Bertram's pride of birth, and his disdain of virtue unaccompanied by adventitious distinctions. The love of the Countess towards Helena is habit, that of the King is gratitude: in Lafeu the admiration which he perseveringly holds towards her is the result of his honest sagacity. He admires what is direct and unpretending, and he therefore loves Helena: he hates what is evasive and boastful, and he therefore despises Parolles.

"Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff." We think that this opinion of Johnson exhibits a singular want of discrimination in one who relished Falstaff so highly. Parolles is literally what he is described by Helena:—

> "I know him a notorious liar,
> Think him a great way fool, solely a coward."

Is this crawling, empty, vapouring, cowardly representative of the off-scourings of social life, to be compared for a moment with the inimitable Falstaff? The comparison will not bear examining with patience, and much less with painstaking. But Parolles in his own way is infinitely comic. "The scene of the drum," according to a French critic, "is worthy of Molière." This is the highest praise which a French writer could bestow; and here it is just. The character belongs to the school of which Molière is the head, rather than to the school of Shakspere. And what shall we say of the Clown? He is the "artificial fool;" and we do not like him, therefore, quite so much as dear Launce and dearer Touchstone. To the Fool in 'Lear' he can no more be compared than Parolles to Falstaff; but he is, nevertheless, great—something that no other artist but Shakspere could have produced. Our poet has used him as a vehicle for some biting satire. There can be no doubt that he is "a witty fool," "a shrewd knave, and an unhappy."

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING OF FRANCE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PAROLLES, *a follower of* Bertram.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Several young French Lords *that serve with* Bertram *in the Florentine war.*

Appear, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Steward, *servant to the* Countess of Rousillon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4.

Clown, *servant to the* Countess of Rousillon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

Astringer.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

A Page.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to* Bertram.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

HELENA, *a gentlewoman, protected by the* Countess.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

An old Widow of Florence.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

DIANA, *daughter to the* Widow.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

VIOLENTA, *neighbour and friend to the* Widow.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5.

MARIANA, *neighbour and friend to the* Widow.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5.

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE,—IN FRANCE AND IN TUSCANY.

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[*Interior of Palace in Rousillon.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

COUNT. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

BER. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward[1], evermore in subjection.

LAF. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it[a] where there is such abundance.

COUNT. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

LAF. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

[a] *Lack it.* This is the reading of the old copies; but Theobald, Hanmer, and others, have *slack it.* What *lack* applies to is the kindness of the king.

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COUNT. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage[a] 't is!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it streched so far, would[b] have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

LAF. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

COUNT. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

LAF. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

BER. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

LAF. A fistula, my lord.

BER. I heard not of it before.

LAF. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

COUNT. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness[2].

LAF. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

COUNT. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in[3]. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have[c].

HEL. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

LAF. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

HEL. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal[d].

[a] *Passage.* This use of the word is now little known; but it is highly expressive. Modern writers have substituted *event* and *circumstance*—words that do not convey the meaning of *passage*—what passes.

[b] *Would*—it would.

[c] Malone here points out an inaccuracy of construction, and says the meaning is—lest *you* be rather thought *to* affect a sorrow than to have. This construction can scarcely be called inaccurate. It belongs not only to Shakspere's phraseology, but to the freer system upon which the English language was written by the most correct writers in his time. We have lost something in the attainment of our present precision.

[d] Tieck assigns this speech, and we think correctly, to Helena, in the belief that she means it as a half-obscure expression, which has reference to her love for Bertram. Such are her first words—"I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too." In the original copies, and in all the modern editions, the passage before us is given to the Countess. In her mouth it is not very intelligible; in Helena's, though purposely obscure, it is easily comprehensible. The living enemy to grief for the dead is Bertram; and the grief of her unrequited love for him destroys the other grief—makes it mortal. To this mysterious expression of Helena, Lafeu addresses himself when he says, "How understand we that?"

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BER. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

LAF. How understand we that?

COUNT. Be thou bless'd, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

LAF. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

COUNT. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

BER. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts [*to* HELENA] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

LAF. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.
[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU.

HEL. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him[a]. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table[b]; heart too capable
Of every line and trick[c] of his sweet favour[d]:

[a] The "great tears" which the departure of Bertram causes her to shed, being imputed to her grief for her father, grace his remembrance more than those which she really shed for him.

[b] *Table*—the tabular surface, tablet, upon which a picture is painted, and thence used for the picture itself.

[c] *Trick*—peculiarity. See Note on 'King John,' Act I., Scene 1. [d] *Favour*—countenance.

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But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward:
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly

PAR. Save you, fair queen.

HEL. And you, monarch[a]

PAR. No.

HEL. And no.

PAR. Are you meditating on virginity?

HEL. Ay. You have some stain[b] of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

PAR. Keep him out.

HEL. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

PAR. There is none · man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

HEL. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

PAR. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't.

HEL. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

PAR. There 's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which

[a] *Monarch.* When Parolles calls Helena "queen," she answers by a sarcastic allusion to the *Monarcho*—an Italian who figured in London about 1580, possessed with the notion that he was sovereign of the world. (See 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act IV., Scene 1.)

[b] *Stain*—tincture;—you have some slight mark of the soldier about you.

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is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: Out with 't: within ten year it will make itself two[a], which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with 't.

HEL. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

PAR. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now: Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear: Will you anything with it[b]?

HEL. Not my virginity yet.

There, shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court 's a learning-place;—and he is one—

PAR. What one, i' faith?

HEL. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

PAR. What 's pity?

HEL. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

PAGE. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

[a] We print the text as in the folio. It is not worth discussing whether the word *two* of the original should not be *ten*, as it is commonly read.

[b] Hanmer makes Helena say, "You 're for the court," before she goes on, "There, shall your master," &c. It is scarcely necessary that her slight answer to the random talk of Parolles should have any connection with her subsequent speech. She has been abstracted during this dialogue, and now her thoughts are clothed in words.

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PAR. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

HEL. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

PAR. Under Mars, I.

HEL. I especially think, under Mars.

PAR. Why under Mars?

HEL. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

PAR. When he was predominant.

HEL. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

PAR. Why think you so?

HEL. You go so much backward when you fight.

PAR. That 's for advantage.

HEL. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

PAR. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

HEL. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

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SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, *with letters;* Lords *and others attending.*

KING. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
1 LORD. So 't is reported, sir.
KING. Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1 LORD. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
KING. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
2 LORD. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
KING. What 's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 LORD. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
KING. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
BER. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
KING. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself, in friendship,
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth

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He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand[a]: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled[b]: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

BER. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

KING. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now: his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear[4],)—"Let me not live,"——
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:"——This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 LORD. You are lov'd, sir:
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

KING. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

[a] The metaphor of a "clock" is continued; his tongue, in speaking what "exception" bade him, obeyed the hand of honour's clock—*his* hand being put for *its* hand.

[b] Malone deems the construction to be, "in their poor praise he *being* humbled."

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BER. Some six months since, my lord.
KING. If he were living I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.
BER. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, *and* Clown.

COUNT. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?
STEW. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.
COUNT. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 't is my slowness that I do not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours[5].
CLO. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.
COUNT. Well, sir.
CLO. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world[a], Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.
COUNT. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?
CLO. I do beg your good-will in this case.
COUNT. In what case?
CLO. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue o' my body; for, they say, barnes are blessings.
COUNT. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.
CLO. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.
COUNT. Is this all your worship's reason?
CLO. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.
COUNT. May the world know them?

[a] In 'Much Ado about Nothing' (Act II., Scene 1), Beatrice says, "Thus goes every one to the world but I." The commentators explain the phrase of Beatrice by the Clown's speech in the text, and say that "to go to the world" is *to be married*. It appears to us that the Clown asks his freedom when he begs her ladyship's "good-will to go to the world." The domestic fool was ordinarily in the condition of a slave, and was sold or given away. The Clown here adds, "Service is no heritage." And yet, "to go to the world" may also mean to marry—as we still say, to settle in the world. A son or daughter, having the paternal leave to marry, goes to the world, in the sense of encountering its responsibilities.

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CLO. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

COUNT. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

CLO. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

COUNT. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

CLO. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends[a]; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop: If I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

COUNT. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

CLO. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way[b]:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

COUNT. Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

STEW. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

COUNT. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

CLO. [*Singing.*

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy[c]?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

COUNT. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

CLO. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'd find no fault with the tithe

[a] *In great friends.* So the original. The modern reading is *e'en* great friends. Surely no alteration is necessary; the meaning clearly being—You are shallow in the matter of great friends.

[b] *The next way*—the nearest way.

[c] The mention of Helen is associated in the mind of the Clown with some popular ballad on the war of Troy.

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woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an[a] we might have a good woman born but for[b] every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere a pluck one.

COUNT. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

CLO. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart[c].—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

COUNT. Well, now.

STEW. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

COUNT. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

STEW. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterwards[c]: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

COUNT. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit* Steward.

Enter HELENA.

COUNT. Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever[d] we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;

[a] *And*, of the original, we think should be *an*; and have altered it accordingly.

[b] *For*. The original reads *ore*. Steevens omits the word altogether. The slight correction of *for* appears to us to give a sense. Malone reads *or*, in the sense of before. We are happy in this emendation to have the approval of Mr. Dyce.

[c] The passage in the original stands thus:—"Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised without rescue," &c. The introduction of "*Diana no*" was made by Theobald. He also added "*to be*" before "surprised." Mr. Dyce gives a passage from Drayton, to show that this insertion is unnecessary, according to the construction of our early writers:

"And suffer not their mouths shut up, O Lord."

[d] *Ever*. This word was omitted by Pope, and has been constantly omitted in modern editions.

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It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.

HEL. What is your pleasure, madam?

COUNT. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

HEL. Mine honourable mistress.

COUNT. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What 's in mother
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'T is often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say, I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

HEL. That I am not.

COUNT. I say, I am your mother.

HEL. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honoured name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is: and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

COUNT. Nor I your mother?

HEL. You are my mother, madam. ('Would you were
So that my lord, your son, were not my brother.)
Indeed, my mother!—(Or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister[a].) Can 't be other
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

COUNT. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?

[a] We venture to point this very difficult passage differently from the received mode. It appears to us that the passages which we give between parentheses are spoken half aside. Farmer explains that "I care no more for" means "I care as much for."

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My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness[a], and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 't is so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

HEL. Good madam, pardon me.

COUNT. Do you love my son?

HEL. Your pardon, noble mistress!

COUNT. Love you my son?

HEL. Do not you love him, madam?

COUNT. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

HEL. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible[b] sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

[a] *Loneliness.* In the original, *loueliness.* There can be no doubt that *loneliness*, and not *loveliness*, is intended.

[b] *Captious and intenible*—capable of receiving (taking), but not of retaining.

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Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

COUNT. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

HEL. Madam, I had.

COUNT. Wherefore? tell true.

HEL. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

COUNT. This was your motive for Paris, was it? speak.

HEL. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

COUNT. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

HEL. There 's something hints[a],
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest

[a] *Hints.* The original has *in 't*. The emendation is Hanmer's. Mr. Collier retains *in 't*, upon the authority of a passage in 'Twelfth Night.' That passage is

"There 's something in 't
That is deceivable."

No one can doubt the clearness of this affirmation. The cases do not appear to us to be parallel.

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Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I 'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

COUNT. Dost thou believe 't?

HEL. Ay, madam, knowingly.

COUNT. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I 'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*



[*Gate of Perpignan.*]

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[*Interior of the Louvre.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, *with young* Lords *taking leave for the* Florentine *war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and* Attendants.

KING. Farewell, young lords[a], these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 LORD. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

KING. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady

[a] *Young lord.* Here, and in the passage of the following line which we print "my *lord*," the original reads *lords*. The subsequent passage,—

"Share the advice *betwixt you*; if *both* gain all,"—

shows that the correction of the plural to the singular, made by Tyrwhitt, was called for. The adoption of the original plural infers that the King is addressing two separate bodies of lords, instead of two individuals.

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That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy[a]) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 LORD. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

KING. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

BOTH. Our hearts receive your warnings.

KING. Farewell.—Come hither to me. [*The* KING *retires to a couch.*

1 LORD. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

PAR. 'T is not his fault; the spark—

2 LORD. O, 't is brave wars!

PAR. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

BER. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
"Too young," and "the next year," and "'t is too early."

PAR. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

BER. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with[b]! By heaven, I 'll steal away.

1 LORD. There 's honour in the theft.

PAR. Commit it, count.

2 LORD. I am your accessary; and so farewell.

BER. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 LORD. Farewell, captain.

2 LORD. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

PAR. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it

[a] Johnson explains the epithet *higher* to have reference to geographical situation—*upper* Italy, where the French lords were about to carry their service. *Those 'bated*, &c., he interprets as, those abated or depressed by the wars, who have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy. The construction of the whole sentence in the original (in which the parenthetical punctuation is found) inclines us to think that the King applies the epithet *higher* to the general dignity of Italy, as the nation descended from ancient Rome—the last monarchy. Be you the sons of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy (the Italian nation or people) see that you come to wed honour; but I except those, as unfit judges of honour, who inherit, not the Roman virtues, but the humiliation of the Roman decay and fall.

[b] The sword of fashion—the *dress-sword* as we still call it. The rapier was worn in halls of peace as well as in fields of war; in the inaction of which Bertram complains his sword was only "one to dance with."

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was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 LORD. We shall, noble captain.

PAR. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords.] What will you do?

BER. Stay; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*

PAR. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

BER. And I will do so.

PAR. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordsmen.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

LAF. Pardon, my lord [*kneeling*], for me and for my tidings.

KING. I 'll see[a] thee to stand up.

LAF. Then here 's a man stands that has brought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up[7].

KING. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

LAF. Good faith, across: But, my good lord, 't is thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

KING. No.

LAF. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That 's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give Great Charlemain a pen in 's hand
And write to her a love-line.

KING. What her is this?

LAF. Why, doctor she; My lord, there 's one arriv'd,
If you will see her:—Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession[b],

[a] *See.* So the original. In modern editions, *fee.* "I 'll see thee to stand up" is, I 'll notice you when you stand up.

[b] *Profession*—declaration of purpose.

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Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

KING. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

LAF. Nay, I 'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*

KING. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

LAF. Nay, come your ways.

KING. This haste hath wings indeed.

LAF. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears; I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well. [*Exit.*

KING. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

HEL. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess well found.

KING. I knew him.

HEL. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On his* bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

KING. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and

* *On his.* The original has *on's*. Such elisions are not systematically made in the folio edition; and therefore we do not follow them when they occasionally occur. Shakspere himself has laughed at the practice of eliding verse, which he would imply is scarcely necessary, except for very unrhythmical ears: "You find not the *apostrophes*, and so miss the accent," says Holofernes, after Sir Nathaniel has read Biron's canzonet.

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The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

HEL. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

KING. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

HEL. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifts[a].

KING. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

HEL. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows:

[a] *Shifts.* We print these three lines as in the original copy, and the subsequent ancient copies. Pope changed *shifts* to *sits*; and, as a rhyme *seemed* wanting, the correction has always been acquiesced in. Before we change a word we should ask if there is any necessity for change. Should we change *shifts* to *sits*, if the surrounding passages were in blank verse? We think not. The apparent necessity for rhyme has alone demanded the change. Expectation, says Helena, oft hits—is rewarded,—where hope is coldest, and where despair most *shifts*—resorts to expedients, depends upon chances, catches at straws. When Falstaff is "almost out at heels," he says, "I must *shift*." The *shifts* of despair often realize the promises of expectation. Why, then, should not the word stand? A rhyme, it is said, is required to *hits*. Is it so? Have we a rhyme to this line—

"Oft expectation fails, and most oft *there?*"

The couplets are dropped; and we have three lines of blank verse. As well that as *one* line without a corresponding line.

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But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent:
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

KING. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

HEL. The greatest Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass[a]
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

KING. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

HEL. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; nor[b] worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

KING. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all[c]
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

HEL. If I break time, or flinch in property

[a] The pilot's glass must be a two-hour glass.

[b] *Nor.* In the original *ne*, the old word for *nor*.

[c] The line is usually printed—

"Youth, beauty wisdom, courage, *virtue*, all."

Virtue was added by Warburton, "to supply a defect in the measure." This mode of emendation is most unsatisfactory. The King enumerates all the qualities which are apparent in Helena—which she has displayed in her interview with him.

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Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

KING. Make thy demand.

HEL. But will you make it even?

KING. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven[a].

HEL. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

KING. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, hoa!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Clown.

COUNT. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

CLO. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

COUNT. To the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt—But to the court?

CLO. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

COUNT. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

CLO. It is like a barber's chair[8], that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

COUNT. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

[a] *Heaven.* In the original, *help.* The rhyme requires the correction.

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CLO. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day[9], as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

COUNT. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

CLO. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

COUNT. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

CLO. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't: ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

COUNT. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

CLO. O Lord, sir,——There 's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

COUNT. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

CLO. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

COUNT. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

CLO. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

COUNT. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

CLO. O Lord, sir,—spare not me.

COUNT. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and "spare not me?" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't[10].

CLO. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my—"O Lord, sir:" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

COUNT. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a fool[a].

CLO. O Lord, sir,—Why, there 't serves well again.

COUNT. An end, sir: To your business[b]: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

CLO. Not much commendation to them.

COUNT. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

CLO. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

COUNT. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

[a] These lines are ordinarily printed as prose, as they stand in the original. But we have no doubt that they were written as verse, to mark the change in the tone of the Countess.

[b] This is generally printed, "An end, sir, to your business." The Countess means,—an end to this trifling; now to your business.

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SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

LAF. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless[a]. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

PAR. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

BER. And so 't is.

LAF. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

PAR. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

LAF. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

PAR. Right, so I say.

LAF. That gave him out incurable,—

PAR. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

LAF. Not to be helped,—

PAR. Right: as 't were a man assured of a—

LAF. Uncertain life, and sure death.

PAR. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

LAF. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

PAR. It is indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there[b]?

LAF. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

PAR. That 's it: I would have said the very same.

LAF. Why, your dolphin is not lustier[c]: 'fore me I speak in respect—

PAR. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

LAF. Very hand of Heaven.

PAR. Ay, so I say.

LAF. In a most weak—

PAR. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should,

[a] Coleridge has the following note on this passage ('Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 121): "Shakspere, inspired, as it might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word 'causeless' in its strict philosophical sense; cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural." The sentence must be read with a pause after "familiar." The satire is directed against that scepticism which would render things beyond our reason common and familiar, and explain away mysteries by "seeming knowledge."

[b] *What do you call there?*—equivalent to "What d' ye call it."

[c] Steevens and Malone have a controversy on this passage. Steevens maintains that *your dolphin* means the dauphin—the heir-apparent of France. Malone, more rationally, contends that the allusion is to the gambols of the dolphin, and quotes the well-known passage from 'Antony and Cleopatra'—"His delights were *dolphin*-like."

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indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

LAF. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, *and* Attendants.

PAR. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

LAF. Lustick, as the Dutchman says[a]: I 'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.

PAR. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

LAF. 'Fore God, I think so.

KING. Go, call before me all the lords in court.— [*Exit an* Attendant.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

HEL. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please—marry to each—but one[b].

LAF. I 'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

KING. Peruse them well;
Not one of those but had a noble father.

HEL. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

ALL. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

HEL. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—

[a] *Lustick.* Capell has a valuable note on this passage, which is not found in any of the variorum editions: "An old play that has a great deal of merit, called 'The Weakest Goeth to the Wall' (printed in 1600, but how much earlier written, or by whom written, we are nowhere informed), has in it a Dutchman, called Jacob van Smelt, who speaks a jargon of Dutch and our language, and upon several occasions uses this very word, which in English is—lusty." *Lustick* is, more properly, gamesome. Lafeu uses it to express the King's renewed vigour.

[b] *But one*—except one. She wishes each of the lords one fair and virtuous mistress, except one lord. She excepts Bertram, "whose mistress" (says M. Mason) "she hoped she herself should be; and she makes the exception out of modesty, for otherwise the description of a fair and virtuous mistress would have extended to herself."

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Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
"We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death* sit on thy cheek for ever;
We 'll ne'er come there again."

KING. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

HEL. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 LORD. And grant it.

HEL. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

LAF. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

HEL. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 LORD. No better, if you please.

HEL. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

LAF. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I 'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

HEL. Be not afraid [*to a* Lord] that I your hand should take;
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

LAF. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none have her: sure they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

HEL. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 LORD. Fair one, I think not so.

LAF. There 's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

HEL. I dare not say I take you [*to* BERTRAM]; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

KING. Why, then, young Bertram, take her, she 's thy wife.

BER. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

KING. Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for me?

BER. Yes, my good lord; but never hope to know why I should marry her.

KING. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

* *The white death*—the paleness of death.

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BER. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!
KING. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when[a] virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word 's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.
BER. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.
KING. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.
HEL. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I 'm glad;
Let the rest go.
KING. My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,

[a] *When.* The original has *whence.*

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Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers[a], and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak! thine answer!

BER. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

KING. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

BER. I take her hand.

KING. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love 's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, *and* Attendants[b].

LAF. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

PAR. Your pleasure, sir?

LAF. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

PAR. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

LAF. Ay: Is it not a language I speak?

PAR. A most harsh one: and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

LAF. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

[a] *The staggers.* Johnson supposes the allusion is to the disease so called in horses. Surely it is a metaphorical expression for uncertainty, insecurity. In 'Cymbeline,' Posthumus says,

"Whence come these staggers on me?"

[b] In the original, the following curious stage direction here occurs:—"Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding."

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PAR. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

LAF. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

PAR. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

LAF. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

PAR. What I dare too well do I dare not do.

LAF. I did think thee, for two ordinaries[a], to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen[11]. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

PAR. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

LAF. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

PAR. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

LAF. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

PAR. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

LAF. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

PAR. Well, I shall be wiser.

LAF. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

PAR. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

LAF. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*

PAR. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

LAF. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married; there 's news for you; you have a new mistress.

PAR. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

LAF. Who? God?

PAR. Ay, sir.

LAF. The devil it is that 's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou

[a] *For two ordinaries*—during two ordinaries at the same table.

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wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I 'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

PAR. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

LAF. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry[a]. You are not worth another word, else I 'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

PAR. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

BER. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

PAR. What 's the matter, sweet heart?

BER. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

PAR. What? what, sweet heart?

BER. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

PAR. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

BER. There 's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

PAR. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kickie-wickie here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

BER. It shall be so: I 'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife[b].

[a] So the original. The passage is ordinarily printed thus: "than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission."

[b] Bertram would say—the strife of war is nothing, *compared* to that of the dark house, &c. We have the same idiom in 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act II., Scene 4, "There is no woe to his correction." By the "dark house" we understand the house which is the seat of gloom and discontent.

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PAR. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?
BER. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.
PAR. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it. 'T is hard:
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 't is so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter HELENA *and* Clown.

HEL. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?
CLO. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.
HEL. If she be very well, what does she ail that she 's not very well?
CLO. Truly, she 's very well, indeed, but for two things.
HEL. What two things?
CLO. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. Bless you, my fortunate lady!
HEL. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes[a].
PAR. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?
CLO. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.
PAR. Why, I say nothing.
CLO. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.
PAR. Away, thou 'rt a knave.
CLO. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that 's before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.
PAR. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.
CLO. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

[a] *Fortunes.* The original, *fortune.* The use of *them* afterwards, by Parolles, renders the change necessary.

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PAR. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night:
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.
HEL. What 's his will else?
PAR. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.
HEL. What more commands he?
PAR. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.
HEL. In everything I wait upon his will.
PAR. I shall report it so.
HEL. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

LAF. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.
BER. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
LAF. You have it from his own deliverance.
BER. And by other warranted testimony.
LAF. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting[a].
BER. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.
LAF. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. These things shall be done, sir. [*To* BERTRAM.
LAF. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

[a] Lafeu says that he has done injustice to Parolles if Bertram's commendation be right. By "warranted testimony" he must acknowledge him to be "a lark," but he took him "for a bunting." The lark and the common bunting greatly resemble each other, but the bunting has no song.

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PAR. Sir?

LAF. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

BER. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to* PAROLLES.

PAR. She is.

BER. Will she away to-night?

PAR. As you 'll have her.

BER. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End, ere I do begin[a].

LAF. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

BER. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

PAR. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

LAF. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard[12]; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

BER. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

LAF. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand[b]; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

PAR. An idle lord, I swear.

BER. I think so.

PAR. Why, do you not know him?

BER. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

HEL. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

[a] The reading of the original is,

"*And*, ere I do begin."

This valuable correction is derived from a manuscript alteration of a copy of the first folio, first published by Mr. Collier.

[b] There is a considerable latitude of construction here. The meaning must be—than you have deserved, or are willing to deserve.

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BER. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother: [*Giving a letter.*
'T will be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.
HEL. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
BER. Come, come, no more of that.
HEL. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
BER. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.
HEL. Pray, sir, your pardon.
BER. Well, what would you say?
HEL. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 't is mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
BER. What would you have?
HEL. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
BER. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
HEL. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell[a]. [*Exit* HELENA.

[a] This line has been always given to Bertram, contrary to the original. Theobald, who made the change, says, "What other men is Helen here inquiring after?" The men who are to accompany her "in haste to horse." The punctuation has been altered to meet this change; the line reading thus:—

"*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell."

The civility of "Farewell" to Helena is scarcely compatible with Bertram's cold rudeness. It is Helena who bids "farewell" to her old acquaintance Parolles; and in so doing shows her self-command.

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BER. Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

PAR. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*



[*General View of Paris.*]

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[*Court of the Duke's Palace, Florence.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, *attended; two* Frenchmen, *and* Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

1 Fr. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,

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That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

DUKE. Be it his pleasure.

2 FR. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

DUKE. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Clown.

COUNT. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

CLO. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

COUNT. By what observance, I pray you?

CLO. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff[a], and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song[b].

COUNT. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.
[*Opening a letter.*

CLO. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid 's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

COUNT. What have we here?

CLO. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

[a] The top of the loose boot, which turned over, was called the *ruff*, or *ruffle*. Ben Jonson has the latter word: "Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." ('Every Man out of his Humour,' Act IV., Scene 6.)

[b] The reading of the original, and of the second folio, is "*hold* a goodly manor," &c. In the third folio it was changed to *sold*, which has been the received reading in all modern editions. That a melancholy man should *sell* a manor for a song is no illustration of the Clown's argument that singing is a symptom of melancholy; but, as manors were *held* under every sort of service, it is not improbable (though we find no example in 'Blount's Tenures') that one originally granted to a minstrel for his song may have been held by a melancholy successor, and that he, by the musical effects of his melancholy, may have been as competent to discharge the service to the letter as his ancestor of the gay science.

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COUNT. [*Reads.*]

"I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,

"BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

CLO. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

COUNT. What is the matter?

CLO. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

COUNT. Why should he be killed?

CLO. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter HELENA *and two* French Gentlemen.

1 GENT. Save you, good madam.

HEL. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 GENT. Do not say so.

COUNT. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't:—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 GENT. Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for[a], thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

HEL. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my passport. [*Reads.*

"When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

COUNT. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 GENT. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

[a] *For.* So the original. It has been corrupted into *from thence.*

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COUNT. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?
2 GENT. Ay, madam.
COUNT. And to be a soldier?
2 GENT. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
COUNT. Return you thither?
1 GENT. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
HEL. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
'T is bitter.
COUNT. Find you that there?
HEL. Ay, madam.
1 GENT. 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.
COUNT. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she: and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?
1 GENT. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.
COUNT. Parolles, was 't not?
1 GENT. Ay, my good lady, he.
COUNT. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
1 GENT. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.
COUNT. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I 'll entreat you,
Written, to bear along.
2 GENT. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs[a].
COUNT. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt* COUNTESS *and* Gentlemen.
HEL. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

[a] The preceding ten lines are printed as prose in the original—erroneously, no doubt.

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Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets[13]? O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering[a] air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 't were,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flourish. *Enter the* DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

DUKE. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
BER. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

[a] *Still-peering.* This is the reading of the original. It is usually printed *still-piercing*, which has no meaning. Malone adopts *still-piecing*—the air that closes immediately. The sense of the original reading—*still-peering*—appearing still—seems quite as good.

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DUKE. Then, go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

BER. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Steward.

COUNT. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

STEW. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify;
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

COUNT. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

STEW. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

COUNT. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:

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Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of* Florence.

A tucket[a] *afar off. Enter an old* Widow *of* Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other* Citizens.

WID. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

DIA. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

WID. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour: they have gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

MAR. Come, let 's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

WID. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

MAR. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions[b] for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but, I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

DIA. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a pilgrim.*

WID. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I 'll question her.
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

[a] *Tucket*—a sound of trumpet.
[b] *Suggestions*—temptations.

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HEL. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
WID. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.
HEL. Is this the way?
WID. Ay, marry is 't.—Hark you, they come this way:— [*A march afar off.*
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.
HEL. Is it yourself?
WID. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
HEL. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
WID. You came, I think, from France?
HEL. I did so.
WID. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.
HEL. His name, I pray you.
DIA. The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?
HEL. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.
DIA. Whatsoe'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 't is reported, for[a] the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?
HEL. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.
DIA. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
HEL. What 's his name?
DIA. Monsieur Parolles.
HEL. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
DIA. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
WID. Ay, right[b]; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

[a] *For*—because.
[b] *Ay, right.* The original reads, *I write;* which Malone adopts. But *ay* is so invariably printed *I*, that we doubt the propriety of retaining this forced expression, when the simple assent of the Widow to Diana's reflection is so obvious.

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HEL. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
WID. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine *army*, BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

MAR. The gods forbid else!
WID. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
HEL. Which is the Frenchman?
DIA. He;
That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier:—Is 't not a handsome gentleman?
HEL. I like him well.
DIA. 'T is pity he is not honest: Yond 's that same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
HEL. Which is he?
DIA. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?
HEL. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.
PAR. Lose our drum! well.
MAR. He 's shrewdly vexed at something: Look, he has spied us.
WID. Marry, hang you!
MAR. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers, and Soldiers.*
WID. The troop is pass'd: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
HEL. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.
BOTH. We 'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI.—*Camp before* Florence.

Enter BERTRAM *and the two* French Lords.

1 LORD. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2 LORD. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 LORD. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

BER. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 LORD. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 LORD. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

BER. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 LORD. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 LORD. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 LORD. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore[a] will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment[14], your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 LORD. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour[b] of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

BER. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 LORD. A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

PAR. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2 LORD. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

[a] *Ore.* The original has ours. The emendation is by Theobald.

[b] *Humour.* In the original, *honour.*

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BER. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

PAR. It might have been recovered.

BER. It might, but it is not now.

PAR. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*

BER. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

PAR. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

BER. But you must not now slumber in it.

PAR. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

BER. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

PAR. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

BER. I know thou 'rt valiant;
And to the possibility of thy soldiership
Will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

PAR. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 LORD. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

2 LORD. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

BER. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 LORD. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed[a] him; you shall see his fall to-night: for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 LORD. We 'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 LORD. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

BER. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 LORD. As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

BER. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

[a] *Embossed.* The word is probably here used in the sense of *exhausted.* In the Induction to 'The Taming of the Shrew,' "the poor cur is *emboss'd*"—swollen with hard running. In the old field language, the *weary* stag was *embossed.*

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The lass I spoke of.
2 LORD. But, you say she 's honest.
BER. That 's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She 's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?
2 LORD. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter HELENA *and* Widow.

HEL. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
WID. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
HEL. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
WID. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.
HEL. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we 'll direct her how 't is best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

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WID. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.
HEL. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this[a],
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.
WID. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.
HEL. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *This*, which is wanting in the first folio, was added in the second.



[*Without the Walls of Florence.*]

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[*Florence.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter First Lord, *with five or six* Soldiers *in ambush.*

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's

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language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, hoa! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 LORD. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

PAR. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what 's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule[a], if you prattle me into these perils.

1 LORD. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

PAR. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 LORD. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

PAR. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 LORD. 'T would not do. [*Aside.*

PAR. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 LORD. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

PAR. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 LORD. How deep? [*Aside.*

PAR. Thirty fathom.

1 LORD. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

PAR. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I had recovered it.

1 LORD. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

PAR. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

1 LORD. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

ALL. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

PAR. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 SOLD. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

PAR. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:

[a] *Mule.* So the original. It was proposed by Warburton, with great plausibility, to read "Bajazet's *mute.*"

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If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 SOLD. *Boskos vauvado:*—
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

PAR. Oh!

1 SOLD. O, pray, pray, pray.—
Manka revania dulchs.

1 LORD. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 SOLD. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

PAR. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 SOLD. But wilt thou faithfully?

PAR. If I do not, damn me.

1 SOLD. *Acordo linta.*—
Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*

1 LORD. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2 SOLD. Captain, I will.

1 LORD. He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform on that[a].

2 SOLD. So I will, sir.

1 LORD. Till then, I 'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

BER. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

DIA. No, my good lord, Diana.

BER. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

[a] *On.* So the original. The common reading is "*inform 'em that.*" But the change is scarcely wanted. "Inform *on* that" is, give information on that point.

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In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

DIA. She then was honest.

BER. So should you be.

DIA. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

BER. No more of that!
I prithee do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

DIA. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

BER. How have I sworn!

DIA. 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

BER. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

DIA. I see that men make ropes, in such a scarre,
That we 'll forsake, ourselves[a]. Give me that ring.

[a] The reading which we here give, that of the original, is startling and difficult. The common reading, that of Rowe, is,

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BER. I 'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
DIA. Will you not, my lord?
BER. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
DIA. Mine honour 's such a ring:
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
BER. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.
DIA. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I 'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
BER. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*
DIA. For which live long to thank both Heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,

"I see that men make *hopes*, in such *affairs*."

Malone reads,

"I see that men make *hopes*, in such *a scene*."

Tieck justly observes that to "make hopes" is a very weak expression, and, "in such affairs," equally trivial. "In such a scene" is little better. Looking at the tendency of Shakspere to the use of strong metaphorical expressions, the original reading, however obscure, ought not to be lightly rejected; for unquestionably such a word as *scarre* was not likely to be substituted by the printer for a more common word, such as *scene* or *affairs*. A *scarre* is a rock—a precipitous cliff—and thus, figuratively, a difficulty to be surmounted. Men, says Diana, pretend to show how we can overpass the obstacle. Such terms as "love is holy"—"my love shall persever"—are the ropes by the aid of which the steep rock is to be climbed. The ropes "that we 'll forsake, ourselves," are the supports of which we ourselves lose our hold, after we have unwisely trusted to them. If *hopes* is substituted for *ropes*, and *scarre* retained, the sense then may be, that men hope in such a position of difficulty, that we 'll forsake ourselves—cease to rely upon ourselves.

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As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife 's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid[a],
Marry that will, I live and die a maid[b]:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, *and two or three* Soldiers.

1 LORD. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 LORD. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 LORD. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 LORD. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 LORD. When you have spoken it 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 LORD. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 LORD. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 LORD. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 LORD. Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night.

2 LORD. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 LORD. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company[c] anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 LORD. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

[a] *Braid*—crafty, according to Steevens. Horne Tooke has a curious notion that the word here means *brayed*—as a fool is said to be in a mortar. Mr. Richardson, in his 'Dictionary,' says, "The word appears to refer to the *suddenness* and *violence* with which Bertram had wooed her." Mr. Dyce thinks that *braid* is here equivalent to "violent in desire."

[b] *I live.* So the first and second folios. *I 'll live* is the modern reading.

[c] *Company*—companion.

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1 LORD. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 LORD. I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 LORD. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 LORD. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 LORD. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 LORD. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 LORD. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 LORD. How is this justified?

1 LORD. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 LORD. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 LORD. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 LORD. I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

1 LORD. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 LORD. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 LORD. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now, where 's your master?

SERV. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 LORD. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 LORD. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?

BER. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife; mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels

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of despatch, effected many nicer needs[a]; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 LORD. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

BER. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 LORD. Bring him forth [*Exeunt* Soldiers]: he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

BER. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 LORD. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood,—he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

BER. Nothing of me, has he?

2 LORD. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, *with* PAROLLES.

BER. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 LORD. Hoodman comes[b]! *Porto tartarossa.*

1 SOLD. He calls for the tortures: What will you say without 'em?

PAR. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty I can say no more.

1 SOLD. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 LORD. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 SOLD. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

PAR. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 SOLD. "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

PAR. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 SOLD. Shall I set down your answer so?

PAR. Do; I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

BER. All 's one to him[c]. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 LORD. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant

[a] *Needs.* So the original. The common reading is *deeds*, which change is certainly not an improvement.

[b] An allusion to the game of blindman's buff, formerly called *hoodman blind.*

[c] These words are given to Parolles in the original.

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militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 LORD. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 SOLD. Well, that 's set down.

PAR. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I 'll speak truth.

1 LORD. He 's very near the truth in this.

BER. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

PAR. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 SOLD. Well, that 's set down.

PAR. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 SOLD. "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

PAR. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

BER. What shall be done to him?

1 LORD. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 SOLD. Well, that 's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

PAR. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 SOLD. Do you know this captain Dumain?

PAR. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child: a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

[*The* First Lord—DUMAIN—*lifts up his hand in anger.*

BER. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 SOLD. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp.

PAR. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 LORD. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 SOLD. What is his reputation with the duke?

PAR. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

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1 SOLD. Marry, we 'll search.

PAR. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 SOLD. Here 't is; here 's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

PAR. I do not know if it be it, or no.

BER. Our interpreter does it well.

1 LORD. Excellently.

1 SOLD.

" Dian. The count 's a fool, and full of gold,"—

PAR. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 SOLD. Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favour.

PAR. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

BER. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 SOLD.

" When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this—the count 's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
" PAROLLES."

BER. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 LORD. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

BER. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

1 SOLD. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

PAR. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 SOLD. We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

PAR. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes

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about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 LORD. I begin to love him for this.

BER. For this description of thine honesty! A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat.

1 SOLD. What say you to his expertness in war?

PAR. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end[a], to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 LORD. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

BER. A pox on him! he 's a cat still.

1 SOLD. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

PAR. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*[b] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 SOLD. What 's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 LORD. Why does he ask him of me?

1 SOLD. What 's he?

PAR. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 SOLD. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

PAR. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 SOLD. I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

PAR. I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

1 SOLD. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

PAR. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 SOLD. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.

[*Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you: Know you any here?

[a] See 'Henry IV., Part II.' Illustrations of Act III.

[b] *Quart d'ecu*—sometimes written *cardecue*—a French piece of money, being the fourth part of the gold crown.

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BER. Good morrow, noble captain.
2 LORD. God bless you, captain Parolles.
1 LORD. God save you, noble captain.
2 LORD. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.
1 LORD. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I 'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Lords, &c.
1 SOLD. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on 't yet.
PAR. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?
1 SOLD. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France, too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*
PAR. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great
'T would burst at this: Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There 's place and means for every man alive.
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

HEL. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles[a]; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home: where, Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.
WID. Gentle madam,

[a] *Marseilles* is here pronounced as a trisyllable, as in 'The Taming of the Shrew:'
" That now is lying in *Marseilles'* road."

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You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

HEL. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

DIA. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

HEL. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepared[15], and time revives us:
All 's well that ends well: still the fine 's the crown[a];
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

LAF. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

COUNT. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

LAF. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

CLO. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

LAF. They are not sallet-herbs[b], you knave, they are nose-herbs.

[a] From the Latin, *finis coronat opus.*
[b] *Sallet-herbs.* The original, *herbs.*

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CLO. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass[a].

LAF. Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool?

CLO. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

LAF. Your distinction?

CLO. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

LAF. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

CLO. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

LAF. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

CLO. At your service.

LAF. No, no, no.

CLO. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

LAF. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

CLO. Faith, sir, a has an English name[b]; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

LAF. What prince is that?

CLO. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

LAF. Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

CLO. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

LAF. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

CLO. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

LAF. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy[c].

COUNT. So he is. My lord, that 's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

LAF. I like him well; 't is not amiss: And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

[a] *Grass.* In the original, *grace*—an evident misprint.

[b] *Name.* The original has *maine*, which one of the commentators proposes to retain—*mane*, or head of hair—as agreeing better with the context. Rowe's alteration to *name* scarcely needs explanation. It is clear that "the black prince" is the "English name."

[c] *Unhappy*—unlucky—mischievous.

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COUNT. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

LAF. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

COUNT. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

LAF. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

COUNT. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

LAF. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

CLO. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

LAF. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

CLO. But it is your carbonadoed face.

LAF. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

CLO. 'Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*



["So, look about you: know you any here?"]

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[*Marseilles.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two* Attendants.

HEL. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer[16].

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.
AST. And you.
HEL. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
AST. I have been sometimes there.
HEL. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen

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From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Ast. What 's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Ast. The king 's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Ast. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All 's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Ast. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Ast. This I 'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* Parolles.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood[a], and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee allow the wind.

[a] *Mood*—caprice. Warburton changed the word to *moat*, which is a common reading.

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PAR. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

CLO. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee get thee further.

PAR. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

CLO. Foh, prithee stand away: A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

PAR. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

LAF. And what would you have me to do? 't is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her[a]? There 's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

PAR. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

LAF. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha 't; save your word.

PAR. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

LAF. You beg more than a word[b] then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

PAR. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

LAF. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

PAR. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

LAF. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

PAR. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, *&c.*

KING. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

[a] *Her*, in the second folio, is wanting in the first.
[b] *A word.* The article is omitted in the original. A later edition has *one* word.

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COUNT. 'T is past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze[a] of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
KING. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
LAF. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.
KING. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it; let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.
GENT. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*
KING. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?
LAF. All that he is hath reference to your highness.
KING. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

LAF. He looks well on 't.
KING. I am not a day of season[b],
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.
BER. My high-repented blames,

[a] *Blaze.* The original has *blade.* Theobald made the emendation.
[b] *A day of season*—a seasonable day. Sunshine and hail mark a day out of season.

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Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

KING. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

BER. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself
Since I have lost have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

KING. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt: But love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That 's good that 's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

COUNT. Which better than the first, O dear Heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet in me, O nature cesse[a].

LAF. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,

[a] *Cesse.* So the original. The modern editors have substituted *cease.* The word is used by Chaucer in 'Troilus and Cressida,' book ii.:—

"But *cesse* cause, and ale cessith maladie."

These lines in the original are spoken by the King; but Theobald properly assigned them to Bertram's mother.

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To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her leave at court[a],
I saw upon her finger.

BER. Hers it was not.

KING. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

BER. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

COUNT. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

LAF. I am sure I saw her wear it.

BER. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd[b]: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

KING. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,

[a] This line is probably corrupt, though the meaning is obvious.

[b] *Ingag'd.* Malone thinks this is used in the sense of *unengaged*, as "inhabitable" is used for uninhabitable. We think that the lady is represented by Bertram to have considered him "ingag'd"—*pledged*—to herself.

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(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

BER. She never saw it.

KING. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.— [Guards *seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We 'll sift this matter further.

BER. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

Enter the Astringer.

KING. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

AST. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here 's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes[a], come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

KING. [*Reads.*]

"Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

"DIANA CAPULET."

LAF. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this:

[a] *Removes*—stages.

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I 'll none of him[a].

KING. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt the* Astringer *and some* Attendants.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

COUNT. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

KING. I wonder, sir, for[b] wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman 's that?

Re-enter the Astringer, *with* Widow, *and* DIANA.

DIA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

WID. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

KING. Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

BER. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

DIA. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

BER. She 's none of mine, my lord.

DIA. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

LAF. Your reputation [*to* BERTRAM] comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

BER. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom some time I have laugh'd with: let your highness

[a] This is usually printed, "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll *him*; for, this, I 'll none of him." We follow the original, which has an equally clear meaning. (See Illustration 17.)

[b] The original has *sir, sir*. In Lord Ellesmere's copy, *sir* has been corrected to *for*, as Mr. Collier informs us.

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Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

KING. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

DIA. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

KING. What say'st thou to her?

BER. She 's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

DIA. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity[a],
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

COUNT. He blushes, and 't is his[b]:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring 's a thousand proofs.

KING. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

DIA. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name 's Parolles.

LAF. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

KING. Find him, and bring him hither.

BER. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he 'll utter,
That will speak anything?

KING. She hath that ring of yours.

BER. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded[c] her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course

[a] *Validity*—value.
[b] *His.* The original has *hit.* We adopt Mr. Collier's reading, instead of the usual *it.*
[c] *Boarded*—accosted.

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Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

DIA. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

BER. I have it not.

KING. What ring was yours, I pray you?

DIA. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

KING. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

DIA. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

KING. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

DIA. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

BER. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

KING. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

DIA. Ay, my lord.

KING. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I 'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

PAR. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have.

KING. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

PAR. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?

KING. How, I pray you?

PAR. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

KING. How is that?

PAR. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

KING. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this!

PAR. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

LAF. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

DIA. Do you know he promised me marriage?

PAR. 'Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.

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KING. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

PAR. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

KING. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine[a] in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

DIA. Ay, my good lord.

KING. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

DIA. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

KING. Who lent it you?

DIA. It was not lent me neither.

KING. Where did you find it then?

DIA. I found it not.

KING. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

DIA. I never gave it him.

LAF. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

KING. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

DIA. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

KING. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

DIA. I 'll never tell you.

KING. Take her away.

DIA. I 'll put in bail, my liege.

KING. I think thee now some common customer.

DIA. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

KING. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

DIA. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't:
I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife. [*Pointing to* LAFEU.

KING. She doth abuse our ears; to prison with her.

DIA. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; [*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,

[a] *Too fine*—too full of finesse. So in Bacon's 'Apophthegms,' where the word is used in a complementary sense: "Your majesty was *too fine* for my Lord Burghley."

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Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there 's my riddle,—One that 's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

KING. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?
HEL. No, my good lord;
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
BER. Both, both; O, pardon!
HEL. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here 's your letter: This it says,
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child," &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
BER. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
HEL. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?
LAF. Mines eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum [*to* PAROLLES], lend me a handkerchief: So,
I thank thee; wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee:
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
KING. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To* DIANA.
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*

(*Advancing.*)

The king 's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,

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That you express content ; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*



[*Court of Countess's Palace—Parolles and Clown.*]

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[*Henry II. of France.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—"*To whom I am now in ward.*"

"It is now almost forgotten in England," says Johnson, "that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France it is of no great use to inquire, for Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England." The particular expression here used by Shakspere does not necessarily imply that the feudal rights of the sovereign over tenants in chief, during their minority, were assumed to be exercised in the case of Bertram. Those rights, certainly, did not extend to all France, but were confined to Normandy. Our poet seems to have followed, without much regard to the general question of wards, the story of Boccaccio, in which the Bertram of the novel is represented as being left by his father under the guardianship of the king. But in Shakspere's day the rights of wardship were exercised by the crown very oppressively, and an English audience would quite understand how a sovereign could claim the privilege of disposing of his tenant in marriage. There is a very curious state paper addressed by Lord Cecil to Sir John Savile and others, in 1603, upon the accession of James, in which the king announces his desire to compromise his right of wardship for a pecuniary compensation. The Court of Wards was not abolished till 1656; but James, half a century before the nation got rid of this badge of feudality, thought that the existence of this species of tyranny afforded him a capital opportunity of making a merit of being gracious to his subjects, and of putting a round sum into his pocket at the same time. The scheme, however, failed, although very cleverly set forth. The letter of Cecil is long; but a sentence will show its objects and tone:—"His Majesty observing, among other things, what power he hath by the ancient laws of the realm to dispose of the marriages of all such subjects as hold their lands of him by tenures in capite, or knight's service, and shall be under ages at the time of their ancestors' death from whom their estates are derived; and conceiving well in his own great judgment what a comfort it would be to give them assurance that those might now be compounded for in the life of such ancestors, upon reasonable conditions, I thought it my duty, being privy to his Majesty's gracious purpose of affording his subjects at this time some such condition of favour, to consider of and

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propound some convenient courses to his Majesty," &c. (Lodge's 'Illustrations,' vol. iii., 4to., page 189.)

[2] SCENE I.—"*Her dispositions she inherits,*" *&c.*

To understand this passage we must define the meaning of "virtuous qualities." The Countess has distinguished between "dispositions" and "fair gifts." By the one is meant the natural temper and affections—by the other the results of education. In like manner "virtuous qualities" mean the same as "fair gifts"—they are the acquirements which might find a place in "an unclean mind," as well as in one of honest "dispositions." Then "they are virtues and traitors too"—they are good in themselves, but they betray to evil, by giving the "unclean mind" the power to deceive. The "virtuous qualities" in Helena are unmixed with any natural defect—"they are the better for their simpleness." The concluding expression, "she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness," is one of the many examples of Shakspere's beautiful discrimination as a moralist. How many that are honest by nature can scarcely be called good! "Goodness," in the high sense in which our poet uses it, can only be "achieved."

[3] SCENE I.—"*'T is the best brine,*" *&c.*

"To *season*," says Malone, "has here a culinary sense; to preserve by salting." Upon this, Pye, in his 'Comments upon the Commentators,' says, "Surely, this coarse and vulgar metaphor neither wanted nor merited a note." But why "coarse and vulgar?" The "culinary sense" of Malone may raise up associations of the kitchen, which are not perfectly genteel; but suppose he had said "*chemical* sense"—would the metaphor have been itself different? We would rather make our estimate of what is "coarse and vulgar" upon the authority of Shakspere himself than upon that of Mr. Pye. With our poet this was a favourite metaphor, repeated almost as often as "the canker" of the rose. In 'The Rape of Lucrece' we have,

"But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver *brine.*"

In 'Romeo and Juliet,'

"Jesu Maria! What a deal of *brine*
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheek for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To *season* love, that of it doth not taste!"

In 'Twelfth Night,'

"And water once a-day her chamber round
With eye-offending *brine:* all this to *season*
A brother's dead love, which she would keep *fresh*
And *lasting,* in her sad remembrance."

The metaphor which these critics call "coarse and vulgar" and "culinary" has the sanction of the very highest authority, in whose mouth the most familiar allusions are employed in connection with the most sacred things: "Ye are the salt of the earth."

[4] SCENE II. "*His plausive words*
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear."

Of course from the collect in the Liturgy:—"Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace *be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit* of good living," &c.

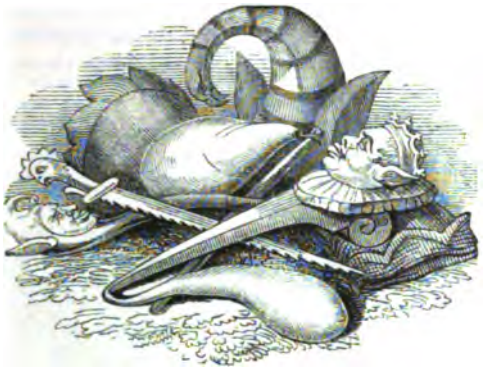
But it is noticeable that Shakspere's reverential mind very seldom adopted the phraseology of scripture or prayer for the mere sake of ornamenting his diction, as moderns perpetually do. The passage noted is an exception; but such are very rare. Doubts have been entertained as to Shakspere's religious belief, because few or no notices of it occur in his works. This ought to be attributed to a tender and delicate reserve about holy things, rather than to inattention or neglect. It is not he who talks most about scripture, or who most frequently adopts its phraseology, who most deeply feels it.

[5] SCENE III.—"*What does this knave here!*" *&c.*

Douce classes the Clown of this comedy amongst the domestic fools. Of this genus the same writer gives us three species:—The mere natural, or idiot; the silly by nature, yet cunning and sarcastical; the artificial. Of this latter species, to which it appears to us the Clown before us belongs, Puttenham, in his 'Art of English Poesie,' has defined the characteristics:—"A buffoon, or counterfeit fool, to hear him speak wisely, which is like himself, it is no sport at all. But for such a counterfeit to talk and look foolishly it maketh us laugh, because it is no part of his natural." Of the real domestic fools of the artificial class—that is, of the class of clever fellows who were content to be called fools for their hire, Gabriel Harvey has given us some minor distinctions:—Scoggin,

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the jovial fool; or Skelton, the melancholy fool; or Elderton, the bibbing fool; or Will Sommer, the choleric fool." (Pierce's 'Supererogation,' book ii.) Shakspere's fools each united in his own person all the peculiar qualities that must have made the real domestic fool valuable. He infused into them his wit and his philosophy, without taking them out of the condition of



realities. They are the interpreters, to the multitude, of many things that would otherwise "lie too deep" for words.

[6] SCENE III.

"Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart."

This passage refers to the sour objection of the puritans to the use of the surplice in divine service, for which they wished to substitute the black Genevan gown. At this time the controversy with the puritans raged violently. Hooker's fifth book of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' which, in the 29th chapter, discusses this matter at length, was published in 1597. But the question itself is much older—as old as the Reformation, when it was agitated between the British and continental reformers. During the reign of Mary it troubled Frankfort; and on the accession of Elizabeth it was brought back to England, under the patronage of Archbishop Grindal, whose residence in Germany, during his exile in Mary's reign, had disposed him to Genevan theology. The dispute about ecclesiastical vestments may seem a trifle, but it was at this period made the ground upon which to try the first principles of church authority: a point in itself unimportant becomes vital when so large a question is made to turn upon it. Hence its prominency in the controversial writings of Shakspere's time; and few among his audience would be likely to miss an allusion to a subject fiercely debated at Paul's Cross and elsewhere.

ACT II.

[7] SCENE I.—*"Then here's a man," &c.*

MR. Leigh Hunt, in the preface to his very beautiful drama of 'The Legend of Florence,' has the following observation on the rhythm of Shakspere:—"That dramatist, high above all dramatists, has almost sanctified a ten-syllable regularity of structure, scarcely ever varied by a syllable, though rich with every other diversity of modulation. But, noble as the music is which he has accordingly left us, massy, yet easy, and never failing him, any more than his superhuman abundance of thought and imagery—I dare venture to think, that, had he lived farther off from the times of the princely monotony of 'Marlowe's mighty line,' he would have carried still farther that rhythmical freedom, of which he was the first to set his own fashion, and have anticipated, and far surpassed, the sprightly licence of Beaumont and Fletcher."

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Without entering into the general theory here involved, we may express an opinion that, in many instances, the freedom of Shakspere's lighter dialogue has been impaired by his editors. We have an instance before us. The three lines spoken by Lafeu are printed by us as in the original copy. Nothing can be more buoyant than their metrical flow, and nothing, therefore, more characteristic of the speaker. To get rid of the short line spoken by the King, some of the "regulators" have transposed the lines after this fashion, and so they are always printed :—

"*Laf.* Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up."

In the same way the succeeding lines, which we also print as in the original, are changed by the syllable-counting process into the following :—

"*King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.
"*Laf.* Good faith, across:
But, my good lord, 't is thus; will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?
"*King.* No.
"*Laf.* O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine," &c.



[*Barber's Chair.*]

[9] Scene II.—"*It is like a barber's chair.*"

"As common as a barber's chair" was a proverbial expression, which we find used by Burton ('Anatomy of Melancholy,' edit. 1652, p. 665). In a collection of epigrams, entitled 'More Fooles yet,' 1610, we have these lines :—

"Moreover, satin suits he doth compare
Unto the service of a barber's chair;
As fit for every Jack and journeyman,
As for a knight or worthy gentleman."

The barber's shop, in Shakspere's time, was "a place where news of every kind circled and centered." So Scott has described it in 'The Fortunes of Nigel.' The "knight or worthy gentleman" was nothing loth to exchange gossip with the artist who presided over the chair; and while "the Jack or journeyman" took his turn, many a gay gallant has filled up the minutes by touching the ghittern to some favourite roundelay. Jost Amman, one of the most spirited of designers, has given us a representation of a German barber's shop, which may well enough pass for such an English "emporium of intelligence."

[9] Scene II.—"*A morris for May-day.*"

In 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (Illustrations of Act I.) will be found a general notice

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of the May-games. We take the opportunity of here introducing a copy of an ancient painted window at Betley, in Staffordshire, an engraving and description of which are generally given in the variorum editions of Shakspere, appended to 'Henry IV., Part I.' Douce believes that this window "exhibits, in all probability, the most curious as well as the oldest representation of an English May-game and morris-dance that is anywhere to be found." Mr. Tollet, the possessor of this window, supposed it to have been painted in the youthful days of Henry VIII.; but Douce is of opinion "that the dresses and costume of some of the figures are certainly of



[*Morris for May-day—Tollet's Window.*]

an older period, and may, without much hazard, be pronounced to belong to the reign of Edward IV."

Robin Hood and Little John were prominent characters in the May-games. We do not find them in the painted window, unless some of the undistinguished dancers may be taken to personate them. The lady with a crown on her head and a flower in her hand (2) is taken to be Maid Marian, the Queen of the May; and the friar (3) to be the no less famous Friar Tuck. (See 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Illus-

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trations of Act IV.) The rider of the hobby-horse (5) is deemed by Mr. Tollet to be the King of the May: at any rate, the hobby-horse was one of the greatest personages of the May-games. (See 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Illustrations of Act III.) The fool of the Morris (12) is plainly indicated by his cap and bauble; and the Piper, or Taborer (9), in the painted window, is pursuing his avocation with his wonted energy. Drayton has described this personage as Tom Piper,

> "Who so bestirs him in the morris-dance
> For penny wage."

Mr. Tollet thinks that the dancers in his window were representatives of the various ranks of life, and that the peasant, the franklin, and the nobleman are each to be found here. All the dancers, it will be observed, have bells attached to their ankles or knees; and Douce says "there is good reason for believing that the morris-bells were borrowed from the genuine *Moorish dance*." At any rate, the bells were indispensable even in Shakspere's time. Will Kemp, the celebrated comic actor, was a great morris-dancer, and in 1599 he undertook the extraordinary feat of dancing the morris from London to Norwich. This singular performance is recorded by himself in a rare tract, republished by the Camden Society, entitled 'Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder; performed in a Dance from London to Norwich.'

The opening passage of this curious pamphlet is descriptive of a state of society such as exists not amongst us now. Kemp was a person of high celebrity in his profession, and respectable in his private life. Imagine such an actor making a street exhibition at the present day, and taking sixpences and groats amidst hearty prayers and God-speeds. There is something more frank and cordial in this scene than would be compatible with our refinement.

"The first Monday in Lent, the close morning promising a clear day (attended on by Thomas Sly, my taborer, William Bee, my servant, and George Sprat, appointed for my overseer that I should take no other ease but my prescribed order), myself, that 's I, otherwise called Cavaliero Kemp, head master of morrice-dancers, high head-borough of heighs, and only tricker of your trill-lilles and best bell-shangler between Sion and Mount Surrey, began frolickly to foot it from the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor's of London towards the Right Worshipful (and truly bountiful) Master Mayor's of Norwich.

"My setting forward was somewhat before seven in the morning; my taborer struck up merrily; and as fast as kind people's thronging together would give me leave, through London I leapt. By the way many good old people, and divers others of younger years, of mere kindness gave me bowed sixpences and groats, blessing me with their hearty prayers and God-speeds.

"Being past White Chapel, and having left fair London with all that north-east suburb before named, multitudes of Londoners left not me; but, either to keep a custom which many hold, that Mile-end is no walk without a recreation at Stratford Bow with cream and cakes, or else for love they bear toward me, or perhaps to make themselves merry if I should chance (as many thought) to give over my morrice within a mile of Mile-end; however, many a thousand brought me to Bow, where I rested awhile from dancing, but had small rest with those that would have urg'd me to drinking. But, I warrant you, Will Kemp was wise enough: to their full cups kind thanks was my return, with gentlemanlike protestations, as 'Truly, Sir, I dare not.'"

The following extract is amusing in itself, and illustrates some of the peculiarities of the morris:—

"In this town of Sudbury there came a lusty, tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a morrice keep me company to Bury. I, being glad of his friendly offer, gave him thanks, and forward we did set; but, ere ever we had measured half a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field, protesting that, if he might get a 100 pound, he would not hold out with me; for indeed my pace in dancing is not ordinary.

"As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass, being among the people, called him faint-hearted lout, saying, 'If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile though it had cost my life.' At which words many laughed. 'Nay,' saith she, 'if the dancer will lend me a leash of his bells, I 'll venture to tread one mile with him myself.' I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat; I fitted her with bells, which she merrily taking, garnished her thick short legs, and with a smooth brow bade the tabrer begin. The drum struck; forward marched I with my merry Maid Marian, who shook her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long

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mile. There parting with her, I gave her (besides her skin full of drink) an English crown to buy more drink; for, good wench, she was in a piteous heat: my kindness she requited with dropping some dozen of short curtsies, and bidding God bless the dancer. I bade her adieu; and to give her her due, she had a good ear, danced truly, and we parted friendly."

[10] SCENE II.—"*Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir,' at your whipping?*" *&c.*

The now vulgar expression "O Lord, sir," was for a long time the fashionable phrase, and has been ridiculed by other writers. The whipping of a domestic fool was not an uncommon occurrence. Sir Dudley Carleton writes to Mr. Winwood, in 1604,—"There was great execution done lately upon Stone, the fool, who was well whipped in Bridewell for a blasphemous speech, that there went sixty fools into Spain besides my lord admiral and his two sons. But he is now at liberty again, and for that unexpected release gives his lordship the praise of a very pitiful lord."—('Memoirs of the Peers,' by Sir E. Brydges.)

[11] SCENE III.—"*The scarfs and the bannerets about thee,*" *&c.*

Parolles, from this, and several passages of a similar nature, appears to have been intended for a great coxcomb in dress; and Lafeu here compares his trappings to the gaudy decorations of a pleasure-vessel, not "of too great a burthen." Hall, in his 'Satires' (b. iv. s. 6), has described a soldier so scarfed:—

"The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
All *scarfed* with pied colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate;
And now he 'gins to loath his former state."

[12] SCENE V.—"*Like him that leaped into the custard.*"

Ben Jonson has a passage which well illustrates this:—

"He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
And take his Almain-leap into a custard,
Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."
Devil is an Ass, Act I., Scene 1.

The leaper into the custard was the city fool. Gifford has a note on the above passage of Jonson, which we copy:—"Our old dramatists abound with pleasant allusions to the enormous size of their 'quaking custards,' which were served up at the city feasts, and with which such gross fooleries were played. Thus Glapthorne:—

'I 'll write the city annals
In metre, which shall far surpass Sir Guy
Of Warwick's history, or John Stow's, upon
The custard, with the four-and-twenty nooks
At my lord mayor's feast.'—*Wit in a Constable.*

Indeed, no common supply was required; for, besides what the corporation (great devourers of custard) consumed on the spot, it appears that it was thought no breach of city manners to send or take some of it home with them for the use of their ladies. In the excellent old play quoted above, Clara twits her uncle with this practice:—

'Nor shall you, sir, as 't is a frequent custom,
'Cause you 're a worthy alderman of a ward,
Feed me with custard and perpetual white broth,
Sent from the lord mayor's feast, and kept ten days,
Till a new dinner from the common-hall
Supply the large defect.'"

ACT III.

[13] SCENE II.—"*Smoky muskets.*"

PORTABLE fire-arms, according to Sir Samuel Meyrick, were first used by the Lucquese in 1430. The *hand-cannon*, and the *hand-gun*, were little more than tubes of brass fitted on a piece of wood, and fired with a match held in the hand. In a French translation of Quintus Curtius, written in 1468, and preserved amongst the Burney MSS. in the British Museum, we find the earliest representations of hand fire-arms which are known. In the next page is a copy of part of an illumination in this volume.

The *arquebus* conveyed the match to the pan by a trigger. This was the first great improvement in portable fire-arms. The following description of the *musquet* is extracted from the 'Penny Cyclopædia' (Art. *Arms*):—

"The *musquet* was a Spanish invention. It is said to have first made its appearance at the battle of Pavia, and to have contributed in an especial manner to decide the fortune of the

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day. Its use, however, seems for a while to have been confined. It appears not to have been generally adopted till the Duke of Alba took upon himself the government of the Netherlands in 1567. M. de Strozzi, colonel-general of the French infantry under Charles IX., introduced it into France. The first Spanish musquets had straight stocks; the French curved ones. Their form was that of the haquebut, but so long and heavy that something of support was required; and hence orignated the *rest*, a staff the height of a man's shoulder, with a kind of fork of iron at the top to receive the musquet, and a ferule at bottom to steady it in the ground. On a march, when the piece was shouldered, the rest was at first carried in the right hand, and subsequently hung upon the wrist by means of a loop tied under its head. A similar rest had been first used by the mounted arquebusiers. In the time of Elizabeth, and long after, the English musqueteer was a most encumbered soldier. He had, besides the unwieldy weapon itself, his coarse powder for loading in a flask; his fine powder for priming in a touch-box; his bullets in a leathern bag, the strings of which he had to draw to get at



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them; while in his hand was his burning match and his musquet-rest; and, when he had discharged his piece, he had to draw his sword in order to defend himself. Hence it became a question for a long time, even among military men, whether the bow did not deserve a preference over the musquet."

[14] SCENE VI.—"*John Drum's entertainment.*"

There is an old interlude, printed in 1601, called 'Jack Drum's Entertainment;' and it appears that this species of hospitality to which Jack Drum, or John Drum, or Tom Drum (for he is called by each name), was subjected, consisted in abuse and beating. Holinshed, speaking of the hospitality of the Mayor of Dublin in 1551, says, "No guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family; so that his jester or any other officer durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house *Tom Drum his entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

ACT IV.

[15] SCENE IV.—"*Our waggon is prepar'd.*"

In 'Love's Labour's Lost,' unquestionably an early play, Shakspere has used the term *coach*:—

"No drop but as a coach doth carry thee."

In 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' Mrs. Quickly tells us that "there has been knights, and lords and gentlemen, with their coaches—coach after coach, I warrant you." The probability therefore is, that, in using the term *waggon* in the text, our poet meant a public vehicle. Certainly the early coaches were not much unlike waggons. Mr. Markland, in his interesting paper in the 'Archæologia,' 'On the early Use of Carriages in England' (vol. xx.), has given us a representation from an Ancient Flemish Chronicle of the fifteenth century, in the British Museum (Royal MSS. 16 F. III.), representing Emergard, the wife of Salvard, Lord of Rousillon, driven in a covered cart or waggon. She is attended by a female, and in the front of the cart is placed her fool. The carriages in which Queen Elizabeth and her suite travelled are exhibited in Hoefnagel's print of Nonsuch House (1582), from which we give the representation of the carriage of Elizabeth's attendants, the form of which is certainly more commodious than that of the Countess of Rousillon.





Stow, in his 'Annals,' speaks of *long waggons* for passengers and commodities in 1564; and these, he says, were similar to those which travelled in the beginning of the next century to London from Canterbury and other large towns. These, it seems then, in Shakpere's time were called *waggons*, though they afterwards were occasionally named *caravans*. As late, however, as 1660, we find from Sir William Dugdale's 'Diary' that his daughter "went towards London in Coventre waggon."

ACT V.

[16] SCENE I.—"*Enter a gentle* Astringer."

An *astringer* is a falconer. "They be called ostringers," says Markham, the great authority on hawking, "which are the keepers of goss-hawks or tercells." A "gentle astringer" pro-

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bably meant the head of the king's hawking establishment—not a menial, but an officer of rank in his household. The grand falconer of England is a noble.



[*Gentle Astringer.*]

[17] Scene III.—"*Toll for this.*"

The *tolling* in a fair was necessary to the validity of a bargain, and Lafeu will get rid of Bertram by toll and sale, according to one reading, or he will buy a son-in-law, and toll him, according to the other. The custom is described in 'Hudibras:'—

"How shall I answer hue and cry,
For a rōan gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd, and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?"

COSTUME.

The costume of this play, for anything that appears to the contrary, might be either of the age of Boccaccio or of Shakspere. The Florentines and the Siennois were continually at strife during the middle ages, and the mention of a "Duke of Austria" would, strictly, place its date anterior to 1457, Ladislaus, the last Duke of Austria, having died King of Hungary and Bohemia in that year; whilst the allusion to Austria, as a power *per se* would drive the period of action still farther back amongst the dukes and margraves of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is our opinion, however, that in all cases where there is no positive violence committed against history—where the foundation of the plot is either fanciful or legendary—the nearest possible period to that of the writing of the play should be fixed upon as that of its action, as by so doing the best illustration is obtained of the author's ideas and the manners of the age which he depicted. With this view we should place the date of 'All 's Well that Ends Well' just previous to 1557, in which year, on the 3rd of July, Sienna was given to Cosmo de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, by Philip of Spain, who had been invested with its sovereignty by his father Charles V. The last war between the Florentines and the Siennois, and in which the former were supported by the troops of the emperor,

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[*French Noblemen.*]

and the latter by those of France, broke out in 1552, and ended in 1555, the King of France at that period being Henry II., and the Duke of Florence Cosmo de Medicis aforesaid. Our Illustrations are taken from Montfaucon's 'Monarchie Française.'

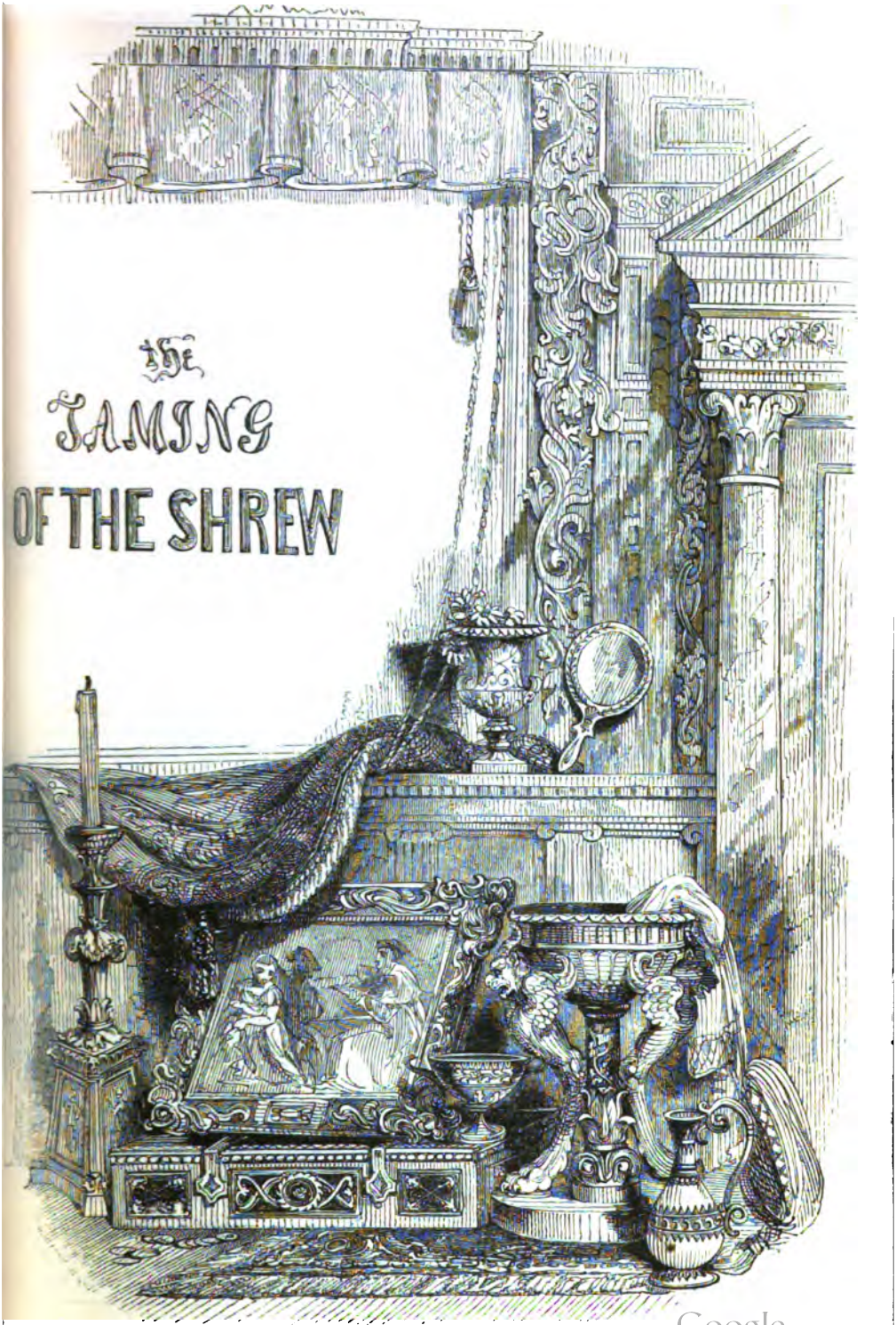
The hair was worn very short by gentlemen in France at this time, a fashion which arose from an accident that happened to Henry's father, Francis I., who, in a twelfth-night frolic, was hurt by the fall of a lighted firebrand on his head, and was compelled in consequence to have his hair shaved off.



[*French Noble Lady.*]

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspere's Plays in 1623. In 1594 'A plesant conceited Historie called the Taming of *a* Shrew' was printed. This play, it is thought, preceded Shakspere's 'Taming of *the* Shrew.' This comedy of some unknown author opens with an Induction, the characters of which are a Lord, Slie, a Tapster, Page, Players, and Huntsmen. The incidents are precisely the same as those of the play which we call Shakspere's. The scene of 'The Taming of a Shrew' is laid at Athens; that of Shakspere's at Padua. The Athens of the one and the Padua of the other are resorts of learning. Alfonso, a merchant of Athens (the Baptista of Shakspere), has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son of the Duke of Cestus (Sestos), is enamoured of one, Polidor of another, and Ferando (the Petrucio of Shakspere) of Kate, the Shrew. The merchant hath sworn, before he will allow his two younger daughters to be addressed by suitors, that

"His eldest daughter first shall be espous'd."

The wooing of Kate by Ferando is exactly in the same spirit as the wooing by Petrucio; so is the marriage; so the lenten entertainment of the bride in Ferando's country-house; so the scene with the Tailor and Haberdasher; so the prostrate obedience of the tamed Shrew. The under-plot, however, is different. But all parties are ultimately happy and pleased; and the comedy ends with a wager, as in Shakspere, about the obedience of the several wives. This undoubted resemblance involves some necessity for conjecture, with very little guide from evidence. The first and most obvious hypothesis is, that 'The Taming of *a* Shrew' was an older play than Shakspere's; and that he borrowed from that comedy. But we propose another theory. Was there not an older play than 'The Taming of *a* Shrew,' which furnished the main plot, some of the characters, and a small part of the dialogue, both to the author of 'The Taming of *a* Shrew' and the author of 'The Taming of *the* Shrew?' This play we may believe, without any violation of fact or probability, to have been used as the rude material for both authors to work upon. Whether the author or improver of the play printed in 1594 be Marlowe or Greene (to each of whom the comedy has been assigned), there can be little question as to the characteristic superiority of Shakspere's work.

But there is a third theory—that of Tieck—that 'The Taming of *a* Shrew' was a youthful work of Shakspere himself. To our minds that play is totally different from the imagery and the versification of Shakspere.

Shakspere's 'Taming of the Shrew' was produced in a "taming" age. Men tamed each other by the axe and the fagot; parents tamed their children by the rod and the ferule, as they stood or knelt in trembling silence before those who had given them life; and, although England was then called the "paradise of women," and, as opposed to the treatment of horses, they were treated "obsequiously," husbands thought that "taming," after the manner of Petrucio, by oaths and starvation, was a commendable fashion.

We are—the happier our fortune—living in an age when this practice of Petrucio is not universally considered orthodox; and we owe a great deal to him who has exhibited the secrets of the "taming school" with so much spirit in this comedy, for the better belief of our age, that violence is not to be subdued by violence. Pardon be for him, if, treading in the footsteps of some predecessor whose sympathies with the peaceful and the beautiful were immeasurably inferior to his own, and sacrificing something to the popular appetite, he should have made the husband of a froward woman "kill her in her own humour," and bring her upon her knees to the abject obedience of a revolted but penitent slave:—

"A foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord."

Pardon for *him?* If there be one reader of Shakspere, and especially if that reader be a

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female, who cherishes *unmixed* indignation when Petrucio, in his triumph, exclaims—

> "He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
> Now let him speak"—

we would say,—the indignation which you feel, and in which thousands sympathise, belongs to the age in which you live; but the principle of justice, and of justice to women above all, from which it springs, has been established, more than by any other lessons of human origin, by him who has now moved your anger. It is to him that woman owes, more than to any other human authority, the popular elevation of the feminine character, by the most matchless delineations of its purity, its faith, its disinterestedness, its tenderness, its heroism, its union of intellect and sensibility. It is he that, as long as the power of influencing mankind by high thoughts, clothed in the most exquisite language, shall endure, will preserve the ideal elevation of women pure and unassailable from the attacks of coarseness or libertinism,—ay, and even from the degradation of the example of the crafty and worldly-minded of their own sex:—for it is he that has delineated the ingenuous and trusting Imogen, the guileless Perdita, the impassioned Juliet, the heart-stricken but loving Desdemona, the generous and courageous Portia, the unconquerable Isabella, the playful Rosalind, the world-unknowing Miranda. Shakspere may have exhibited one froward woman wrongly tamed; but who can estimate the number of those from whom his all-penetrating influence has averted the curse of being froward?



[*Itinerant Players in a Country Hall.*]

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*
Appears, Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LUCENTIO, *son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PETRUCIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to* Katharina.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

GREMIO, *a suitor to* Bianca.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HORTENSIO, *a suitor to* Bianca.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

TRANIO, *servant to* Lucentio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

BIONDELLO, *servant to* Lucentio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

GRUMIO, *servant to* Petrucio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

CURTIS, *servant to* Petrucio.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Pedant, *an old fellow set up to personate* Vincentio.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

KATHARINA, *the shrew, daughter to* Baptista.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

BIANCA, *sister to* Katharina, *and daughter to* Baptista.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Widow.
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista *and* Petrucio.

SCENE,—SOMETIMES IN PADUA; AND SOMETIMES IN PETRUCIO'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

*** There is no List of Characters in the original edition.

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[*Barton-on-the-Heath.*]

INDUCTION.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants.

[1] SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess *and* Sly.

Sly. I 'll pheese[a] you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys[b] are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came

[a] ***Pheese.*** Johnson says, "To *pheese*, or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads." He derived this explanation of the word from Sir T. Smith, who, in his book 'De Sermone Anglico,' says, "To *feize* means *in illa deducere.*" Gifford affirms that it is a common word in the west of England, meaning to *beat*, to *chastise*, to *humble*. In the latter sense Shakspere uses it in 'Troilus and Cressida:' "An he be proud with me, I 'll *pheese* his pride." Shakspere found the word in the old 'Taming of a Shrew.'

[b] ***Slys.*** This is ordinarily printed *Slies;* but such a change of the plural of a proper name is clearly wrong.

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in with Richard Conqueror[a]. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*[b]; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

HOST. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst![c]

SLY. No, not a denier: Go by: S. Jeronimy!—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee[d].

HOST. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.[e] [*Exit.*

SLY. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law: I 'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind horns. Enter a LORD *from hunting, with his Train.*

LORD. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach[f] Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 HUN. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,

[a] The tinker was right in boasting of the antiquity of his family, though he has no precise recollection of the name of the Conqueror. *Sly* and *sleigh* are the same, corresponding with *sleight*. The *Slys* or *Sleighs* were skilful men—cunning of hand. We are informed that Sly was anciently a common name in Shakspere's own town.

[b] *Paucas pallabris—pocas pallabras—few words*, as they have it in Spain. *Sessa*, in the same way, is the *cessa* of the Spaniards—*be quiet*.

[c] *Burst*—broken. John of Gaunt "*burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men."

[d] This sentence is generally printed, "Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed," &c. Theobald pointed out that in the old play of 'The Spanish Tragedy,' in which occurs the character of *Hieronymo*, there is the expression "*Go by, go by;*" and that the speech of Sly was in ridicule of the passage. Mason, to confirm this, altered the "Go by S. Jeronimie" of the original copy to "Go by, *says* Jeronimy." Mr. Dyce says that the expression "Go by Jeronimo" had almost become proverbial. "To give the Go-by" is still a common expression. Sly tells the Hostess to "Go by." The term suggests the allusion to the play which it was the fashion of the old dramatists to laugh at; and he makes the matter more ridiculous by confounding Jeronimo with Saint Jerome.

[e] *Thirdborough*. In the original folio this is, by mistake, printed *headborough*, by which the humour of Sly's answer is lost. The *thirdborough* was a petty constable: and, from the following passage in the 'Constable's Guide,' 1771, the name appears, in recent times, to have been peculiar to Warwickshire: "There are in several counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables; as, in Warwickshire, a *thirdborough*."

[f] *Brach*. In one instance ('Lear,' Act III. Scene 5) Shakspere uses this word as indicating a dog of a particular species:—

"Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lym."

But he in other places employs it in the way indicated in an old book on sports,—'The Gentleman's Recreation.'—"A *brach* is a *mannerly-name* for all hound-bitches." We should have thought that the meaning of this passage could not have been mistaken. The lord is pointing out one of his pack—"Brach Merriman,"—adding, "the poor cur is *emboss'd*,"—that is, *swollen* by hard running. Ritson, however, would read—"*Bathe* Merriman,"—and Hanmer, "*Leech* Merriman."

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And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 HUN. I will, my lord.

LORD. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 HUN. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed [2],
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 HUN. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 HUN. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

LORD. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is —[a], say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

[a] *And, when he says he is* —. The dash is here clearly intended to indicate a *blank*. It is as if the lord had said, "And, when he says he is *So and So*," when he tells his name. Steevens would read, "And when he says he 's *poor*;" Johnson, "And when he says he 's *Sly*."

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This do, and do it kindly[a], gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 HUN. My lord, I warrant you, we 'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.
[*Some bear out* SLY. *A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds: [*Exit* Servant.
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

SERV. An 't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

LORD. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS. We thank your honour.

LORD. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 PLAY. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

LORD. With all my heart,—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 PLAY.[b] I think, 't was Soto that your honour means.

LORD. 'T is very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)

[a] *Kindly*, naturally.

[b] 1 *Play.* In the original this line is given to *Sincklo.* This was the name of a player of inferior parts in Shakspere's company. The same performer is also mentioned in the quarto edition of 'Henry IV., Part II.,' as also in 'Henry VI.' *Soto* is the name of a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Woman Pleased;' but it is very questionable whether Shakspere alluded to this play.

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You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 PLAY. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

LORD. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page, [*To a* Servant.
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit* Servant.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the* LORD'S *House.*

SLY *is discovered in a rich night-gown, with* Attendants; *some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* LORD, *dressed like a servant.*

SLY. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 SERV. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 SERV. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 SERV. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

SLY. I am Christophero Sly. Call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

LORD. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

SLY. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath[3]; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot[4], if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught[a]: Here 's——

1 SERV. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 SERV. O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

LORD. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

[a] *Bestraught*, synonymous with *distraught*, distracted.

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Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 SERV. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 SERV. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

LORD. We 'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 SERV. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

LORD. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 SERV. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

SLY. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And, once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 SERV. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[Servants *present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

SLY. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 SERV. O yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;

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And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts[a]:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 SERV. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

SLY. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

ALL. Amen.

SLY. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, *as a lady, with* Attendants.

PAGE. How fares my noble lord?

SLY. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

PAGE. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

SLY. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord; I am your goodman.

PAGE. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY. I know it well: What must I call her?

LORD. Madam.

SLY. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

LORD. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

SLY. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or[b] more.

PAGE. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

SLY. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

PAGE. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

[a] At the *leet*, or *court-leet*, of a manor, the jury presented those who used false weights and measures; and, amongst others, those who, like the "fat ale-wife of Wincot," used jugs of irregular capacity instead of the *sealed* or licensed *quart*.

[b] *Or*, in the original. In modern editions, *and*.

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SLY. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet:
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

SLY. Marry, I will let them play: Is it not a commonty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

PAGE. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

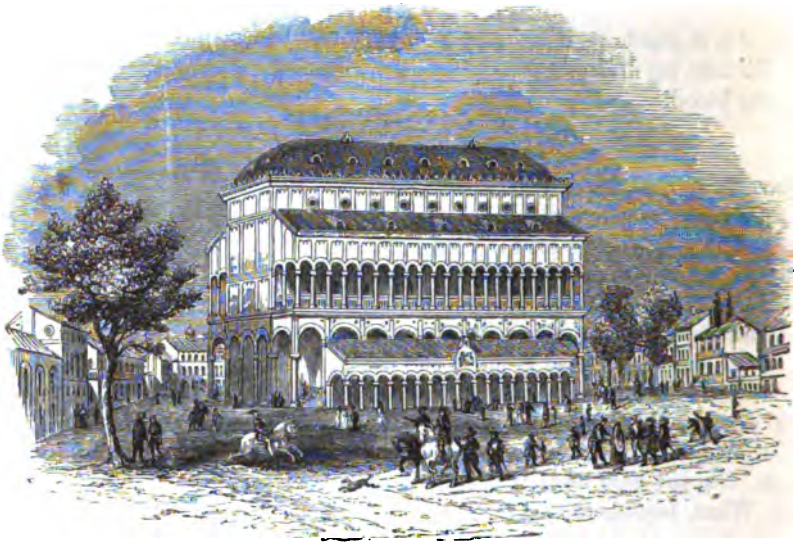
SLY. What, household stuff?

PAGE. It is a kind of history.

SLY. Well, we 'll see 't:
Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger[a]. [*They sit down.*

[a] We print these lines as in the original, where they stand as verse. Are they not a portion of an old song, and intended to be sung?

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[*Town-House, Padua.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

LUC. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts[5],
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy[6];
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My[a] trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply[b] institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,

[a] *My.* So the folio. The word has been changed by the modern editors to *most.*

[b] *Haply.* So the original. Usually printed *happily.* It seems to us that Lucentio uses the word in the sense of *probably.*

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To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds[a]:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

TRA. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks[b],
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk[c] logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

LUC. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

TRA. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

[a] This passage has been a source of perplexity to the commentators; but it appears to us sufficiently clear: Pisa gave me my being, and also first gave my father being—that father was Vincentio, &c. It shall become Vincentio's son, that he may fulfil the hopes conceived of him, to deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.

[b] *Checks.* Sir W. Blackstone proposes to read *ethicks*. In Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman' we have "Aristotle's *ethicks*." This emendation is ingenious; but it is scarcely necessary to disturb the text.

[c] *Balk.* This word of the original has been changed into *talk*, "corrected by Mr. Rowe." By this correction the meaning of the passage has been destroyed. Tranio draws a distinction between the dry and the agreeable of the liberal sciences. *Balk* logic—pass over logic—with your acquaintance, but practise rhetoric in your common *talk*;—*use* (in the legitimate sense of resorting to *frequently*) music and poetry to quicken you, but fall to mathematics and metaphysics as you find your inclination serves.

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Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

BAP. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GRE. To cart her rather: She 's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATH. I pray you, sir [*to* BAP.], is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates[a]?

HOR. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

KATH. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

HOR. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

GRE. And me too, good Lord!

TRA. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

LUC. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

TRA. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

BAP. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATH. A pretty peat[b]; 't is best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

BIAN. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

LUC. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*

[a] Douce says that this expression seems to have been suggested by the chess term of *stale-mate*. Surely the occurrence of *mates* and *stale* in the same line does not warrant this assertion. A *stale* is a thing *stalled*—exposed for common sale. Baptista, somewhat coarsely, has offered Katharina to Gremio and Hortensio, "either of you;" and she is justly indignant at being set up for the bidding of these companions.

[b] *Peat*—pet—spoiled child.

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HOR. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
GRE. Why, will you mew her,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
BAP. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning[a] men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*
KATH. Why, and I trust I may go too. May I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*
GRE. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here 's none will hold you. Their love[b] is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake 's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him[c] to her father.
HOR. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.
GRE. What 's that, I pray?
HOR. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

[a] *Cunning*—knowing—learned. *Cunning*, *conning*, was originally knowledge, skill; and is so used in our translation of the Bible. Shakspere, in general, uses *cunning* in the modern sense, as in 'Lear:'—

"Time shall unfold what plaited *cunning* hides."

But in this play the adjective is used in two other instances in the same way as in the passage before us (see Act II., Scene 1):—

"*Cunning* in music and the mathematics."
"*Cunning* in Greek, Latin, and other languages."

[b] *Their love.* Mason would read *our* love; Malone, *your* love. *Their* love, it appears to us, refers to the affection between Katharine and her father, who have been jarring throughout the scene. Baptista has resolved that Bianca shall not wed till he has found a husband for his elder daughter. Gremio and Hortensio, who aspire to Bianca, think that there is so little love between the Shrew and her father, that his resolve will change, while they blow their nails together—while they submit to some delay.

[c] *Wish him*—commend him.

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GRE. A husband! a devil.

HOR. I say, a husband.

GRE. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool as to be married to hell?

HOR. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

GRE. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

HOR. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh.—Sweet Bianca! —Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

GRE. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

TRA. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUC. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRA. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you[a], nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

LUC. Gramercies, lad; go forward, this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.

[a] *If love have touch'd you.* Monck Mason, one of the most prosaic of the commentators, very gravely refers the exquisite word *touch'd* to the shoulder-clap of the bailiff:—"It is a common expression at this day to say, when a bailiff has arrested a man, that he has *touched* him on the shoulder." One would think it impossible for a reader of Shakspere to forget how favourite a word this is with him, and how beautifully he uses it, as he does a thousand other words, to convey, by a syllable or two, an idea which feebler writers would have elaborated into many lines. Who can remember

"One *touch* of nature makes the whole world kin,"

and not smile at Monck Mason with his bailiff?

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TRA. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.
LUC. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand[7].
TRA. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
LUC. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.
TRA. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall[a] not be annoy'd with suitors.
LUC. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
TRA. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.
LUC. I have it, Tranio.
TRA. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
LUC. Tell me thine first.
TRA. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.
LUC. It is: May it be done?
TRA. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
LUC. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port[b], and servants, as I should:

[a] *Shall.* In the original, *will.* Rowe made the correction.
[b] *Port*—state, show. Thus, in 'The Merchant of Venice,' Act III., Scene 2:—
"And the magnificos of greatest *port*."

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I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak[a]:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

TRA. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although, I think, 't was in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUC. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

BION. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

LUC. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life;
You understand me?

BION. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

LUC. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

BION. The better for him. 'Would I were so too!

TRA. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

[a] *Colour'd hat and cloak.* Fashions have changed. Servants formerly wore clothes of sober hue—black or sad-colour; their masters bore about the hues of the rainbow in their doublets and mantles, and hats and feathers. Such gay vestments were called emphatically *coloured*.

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When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio [a].

LUC. Tranio, let 's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

(*The Presenters above speak* [a].)

1 SERV. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

SLY. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely. Comes there any more of it?

PAGE. My lord, 't is but begun.

SLY. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. 'Would 't were done!
[*They sit and mark.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* Hortensio's *House.*

Enter PETRUCIO [b] *and* GRUMIO.

PET. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRU. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

PET. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRU. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

PET. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.

GRU. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PET. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it;
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it. [*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

GRU. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

PET. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

[a] These lines of doggrel are printed as prose in the original. The same remark applies to other passages, which it will be unnecessary more particularly to notice. The doggrel is one of the marks of the early date of the play.

[b] *Petrucio.* We have thought it right to spell this name correctly, as Gascoigne did, in his 'Supposes.' Shakspere most probably wrote the word with the *h*, that the actors might not blunder in the pronunciation. In the same way Dekker wrote *Infeliche.* After two centuries of illumination, such a precaution as regards the theatre would not be wholly unnecessary; for when the proprietors of one of our great houses piratically seized upon Mr. Milman's beautiful tragedy of '*Fazio*,' the author was denied the poor privilege of having the name pronounced correctly.

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Enter HORTENSIO.

HOR. How now? what 's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petrucio!—How do you all at Verona?

PET. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

HOR. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petrucio.
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

GRU. Nay, 't is no matter, what he 'leges[a] in Latin[9].—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty,—a pip out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PET. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRU. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—"Sirrah, knock me here,
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?"
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

PET. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HOR. Petrucio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

PET. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HOR. Petrucio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

[a] *'Leges*—alleges.

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PET. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petrucio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love[10],
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas[11];
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRU. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby*; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

HOR. Petrucio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petrucio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PET. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

HOR. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PET. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRU. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why,

* *Aglet-baby.* *Aglet* is *aiguillette*—a point. The *baby* was a small carving on the point which carried the lace.

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that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks[a]. I 'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat[b]: you know him not, sir.

HOR. Tarry, Petrucio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

GRU. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

HOR. Now shall my friend Petrucio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music[c], to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

GRU. Here 's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

HOR. Peace, Grumio; it is the rival of my love:—
Petrucio, stand by a while.

GRU. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*

GRE. O, very well: I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;

[a] *Rope-tricks.* Sir T. Hanmer would read *rhetoric!* In 'Romeo and Juliet' we have *ropery.*

[b] Steevens cannot understand this: "This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight." Johnson thus assists him: "He shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the dark." Grumio was not a person to be very correct in his similes. If Shakspere had anywhere made a clown say, "as sick as a horse," we should have been informed that horses, being temperate animals, are not subject to sickness; and yet this simile is daily used by persons of Grumio's character.

[c] *Well seen in music*—well versed. Thus, in Spenser, ('Fairy Queen,' b. iv., c. 2,)—
"Well *seen* in every science that mote be."

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And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I 'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to[a]. What will you read to her?

LUC. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

GRE. O this learning! what a thing it is!

GRU. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

PET. Peace, sirrah.

HOR. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

GRE. And you 're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

HOR. 'T is well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

GRE. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

GRU. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

HOR. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love;
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GRE. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PET. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

[a] *To whom they go to.* We restore the second *to*. Gifford, in a note on a similar passage in Massinger, says—"The repetition so sedulously removed was as anxiously sought after by our old writers; and was, indeed, characteristic of their style and manner."

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GRE. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
PET. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
GRE. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But, will you woo this wild cat?
PET. Will I live?
GRU. Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her. [*Aside.*
PET. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to hear[a],
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs[b].
GRU. For he fears none. [*Aside.*
GRE. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.
HOR. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
GRE. And so we will, provided that he win her.
GRU. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled; and* BIONDELLO.

TRA. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?
BION. He that has the two fair daughters:—is 't he you mean[c]?
TRA. Even he, Biondello.

[a] *To hear.* So the folio. The ordinary reading (Hanmer's) is *to the ear.*

[b] *Fear boys with bugs*—frighten boys with hobgoblins. Douce has given us a curious passage from Mathews' Bible, Psalm xci. 5; "Thou shalt not nede to be afraied for any *bugs* by night." The English name of the *punaise* was not applied till late in the seventeenth century, and is evidently metaphorical.

[c] This line, upon a suggestion of Tyrwhitt, has been usually given to Grumio. It seems quite unnecessary to disturb the original copy.

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GRE. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to——
TRA. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?
PET. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
TRA. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let 's away.
LUC. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*
HOR. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
TRA. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
GRE. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
TRA. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
GRE. But so is not she.
TRA. For what reason, I beseech you?
GRE. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of signior Gremio.
HOR. That she 's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
TRA. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.
GRE. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
LUC. Sir, give him head; I know, he 'll prove a jade.
PET. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
HOR. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
TRA. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
PET. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.
GRE. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
PET. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
TRA. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;

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An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

HOR. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

TRA. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon[a],
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

GRU. BION. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's begone.

HOR. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petrucio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Contrive this afternoon*—wear away the afternoon. It is here used in the original Latin sense, as in Terence: "Totum hunc *contrivi* diem."



["The pleasant garden of great Italy."]

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[*Pisa.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* Baptista's *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

BIAN. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: But for these other gawds[a],
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATH. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee[b], tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

BIAN. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATH. Minion, thou liest: Is 't not Hortensio?

BIAN. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

[a] *Gawds.* The original reads *goods.* The correction was made by Theobald.
[b] The original omits *thee.*

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KATH. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
BIAN. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
KATH. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

BAP. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding[a], of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
KATH. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be reveng'd. [*Flies after* BIANCA.
BAP. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit* BIANCA.
KATH. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell[b].
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* KATHARINA.
BAP. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;* PETRUCIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

GRE. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
BAP. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!
PET. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
BAP. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.
GRE. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
PET. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

[a] *Hilding*—a mean-spirited person. See note on 'Henry IV., Part II.,' Act I., Scene 1. Capulet applies the term to Juliet. ('Romeo and Juliet,' Act III., Scene 5.)
[b] A proverbial expression, applied to the ill-used class of old maids.

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Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAP. You 're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PET. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

BAP. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

PET. Petrucio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAP. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

GRE. Saving your tale, Petrucio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare[a]! you are marvellous forward.

PET. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

GRE. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you[b] this young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray accept his service.

BAP. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir [*to* TRANIO], methinks, you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRA. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

[a] *Baccare*—a word once in common use, meaning *go back*. "*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow," was a proverbial expression before the time of Shakspere. It occurs in 'Ralph Roister Doister;' and John Heywood gives it in his 'Proverbes' (1546). *Back* is Anglo-Saxon, in the usual sense of the word; and *are*, *ar*, or *aer*, is an ancient word common to the Greek and Gothic language, meaning to *go*. See note on *aroint*, in 'King Lear,' Illustrations of Act III.

[b] The original omits *I* and *you*, without which it is difficult to make sense of the passage. The speech is printed as verse in the original; and it may be easily read as verse with tolerable syllabic regularity. But it is not Shakspere's verse; and it is better therefore to leave the passage as prose.

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In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books[12]:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAP. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

TRA. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAP. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [*to* HORTENSIO] the lute, and you [*to* LUCENTIO] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit* Servant, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PET. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo[a].
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAP. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PET. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood[b],—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAP. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

[a] The burthen of an old English ballad, called 'The Ingenious Braggadocio,' was
"And I cannot come every day to woo."

[b] *Her widowhood. Widowhood* must here mean, not the condition of a widow, but the property to which the widow would be entitled. Petrucio would assure Katharine of a widow's full provision in all his "lands and leases." He would not "bar dower,"—by fine and recovery.

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That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

PET. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

BAP. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

PET. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

BAP. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

HOR. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAP. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HOR. I think, she 'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAP. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HOR. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets[a],
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I 'll fume with them:"
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

PET. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAP. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petrucio, will you go with us:
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PET. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

[a] See 'Hamlet,' Act III., Scene 2.

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And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I 'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I 'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew[a];
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I 'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petrucio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate[13]; for that 's your name, I hear.

KATH. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

PET. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATH. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

PET. Why, what 's a moveable?

KATH. A joint stool.

PET. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATH. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATH. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PET. Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

KATH. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;

[a] Something like this beautiful image is found in 'The Taming of a Shrew:'—
"As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew."
Milton has transferred the idea of our poet to his 'L'Allegro:'—
"There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew."

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And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PET. Should be? should? buz[a]!

KATH. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PET. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

KATH. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

PET. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

KATH. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PET. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

KATH. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PET. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

KATH. In his tongue.

PET. Whose tongue?

KATH. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

PET. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

KATH. That I 'll try. [*Striking him.*

PET. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATH. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

PET. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

KATH. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PET. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATH. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven[b].

PET. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATH. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PET. Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

KATH. There is, there is.

PET. Then show it me.

KATH. Had I a glass, I would.

PET. What, you mean my face?

KATH. Well aim'd of such a young one.

PET. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

KATH. Yet you are wither'd.

PET. 'T is with cares.

KATH. I care not.

[a] This is ordinarily printed

"Should be? Should buz."

We follow the original, which is clearly right. *Buz* is an interjection of ridicule, as in 'Hamlet:'—

"*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.
Ham. Buz, buz."

[b] *Craven.* A *craven* cock, and a *craven* knight, were each contemptible. The knight who had *craven*, or craved, life from an antagonist, was branded with the name which he had uttered, in preferring safety to honour. The terms of chivalry and cock-fighting were synonymous in the feudal times, as those of the cock-pit and the boxing-ring are equivalent now. *To show a white feather* is now a term of pugilism, derived from the ruffled plumes of the frightened bird.

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PET. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
KATH. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
PET. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.
'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
KATH. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
PET. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
KATH. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
PET. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
KATH. A witty mother! witless else her son.
PET. Am I not wise?
KATH. Yes; keep you warm.
PET. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And, therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate[a] to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

[a] *Kate*, in the original folio; *Kat*, in the second folio; and so, by a natural process, to *cat* in the moderns.

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Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Petrucio: How speed you with my daughter?
ɜir? how but well?
I should speed amiss.
ghter Katharine? in your dumps?
ghter? now I promise you,
d a tender fatherly regard,
ıe wed to one half lunatic;
ıd-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 't is thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATH. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GRE. Hark, Petrucio! she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

TRA. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

PET. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day[14]:
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

BAP. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petrucio! 't is a match.

GRE. TRA. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

PET. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:

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We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday[a].

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO *and* KATHARINA *severally.*

GRE. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
BAP. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
TRA. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you;
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
BAP. The gain I seek is—quiet in[b] the match.
GRE. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
TRA. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
GRE. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.
TRA. Gray-beard! thy love doth freeze.
GRE. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 't is age that nourisheth.
TRA. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
BAP. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:
'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
GRE. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints[c],
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

[a] "*We will be married o' Sunday.*" A correspondent of the Shakespeare Society, considering that the expression is quoted from some old ballad of the time, communicates a ballad which had been printed at York. The first verse is as follows:

"As I walk'd forth one May morning,
I heard a fair maid sweetly sing,
As she sat under her cow milking,
We will be married o' Sunday."

[b] *In.* The original has *me.*

[c] *Counterpoints* and *counterpanes* are the same. These coverlets were composed of counter panes or points, of various colours, contrasting with each other.

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Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

TRA. That, only, came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

GRE. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road[a].
What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?

TRA. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses[b],
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

GRE. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRA. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

BAP. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

TRA. That 's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

GRE. And may not young men die, as well as old?

BAP. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd:—
On Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

[a] Gremio's land was not worth "two thousand ducats by the year;" but he made up the deficiency by "an argosy." Du Cange says that *argosy* is derived from *Argo*, the fabulous name of the first ship.

[b] *Galliass*—galley, galleon, galleot, were vessels of burthen, navigated both with sails and oars.

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GRE. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

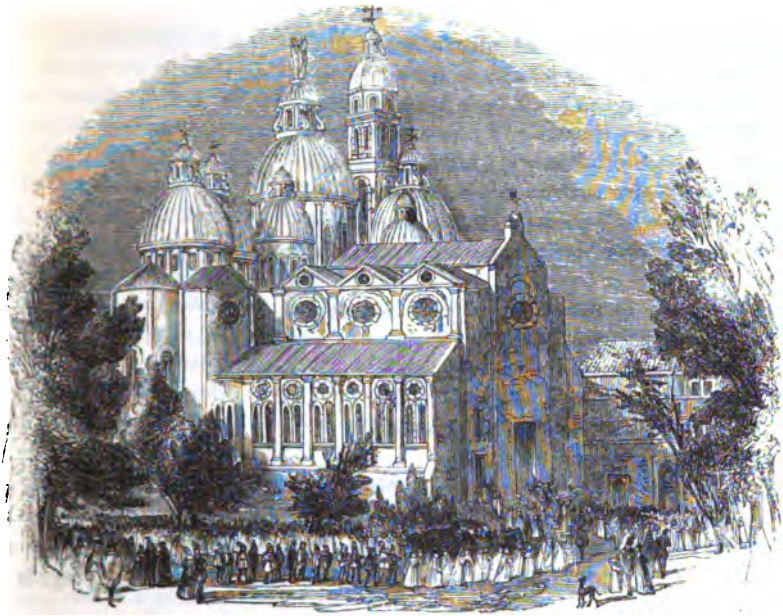
TRA. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten[a].
'T is in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that 's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

[a] *Card of ten*—a proverbial expression, as old as Skelton:—
"First pick a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
And so outface him with *a card of ten*."



['An argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road."]

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[*Church of St. Giustinio, Padua.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.— *A Room in* Baptista's *House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

LUC. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
HOR. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
LUC. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
HOR. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
BIAN. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

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To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

HOR. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* BIANCA.—HORTENSIO *retires.*

LUC. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

BIAN. Where left we last?

LUC. Here madam:—

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

BIAN. Construe them.

LUC. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HOR. Madam, my instrument 's in tune. [*Returning.*

BIAN. Let 's hear:— [HORTENSIO *plays.*

O fie! the treble jars.

LUC. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIAN. Now let me see if I can construe it; *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

HOR. Madam, 't is now in tune.

LUC. All but the base.

HOR. The base is right; 't is the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet.

BIAN. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUC. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

BIAN. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both[a].

HOR. You may go walk [*to* LUCENTIO], and give me leave awhile;

[a] In the original the preceding four speeches are all manifestly assigned to the wrong characters. Theobald remedied the confusion.

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My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUC. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd[a],
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

HOR. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIAN. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HOR. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIAN. [*Reads.*] Gamut, *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C fa ut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die*[15].
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions[b].

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIAN. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* SERV.

LUC. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

HOR. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

[a] *But I be deceiv'd*—unless I be deceived.

[b] The original reads,—
"To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions."
These alterations, which were made by the editor of the second folio, and by Theobald, are not violent, and belong to the class of typographical corrections.

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SCENE II.—*The same. Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and* Attendants.

BAP. Signior Lucentio [*to* TRANIO], this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petrucio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATH. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes[a], and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—"Lo, there is mad Petrucio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her."

TRA. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petrucio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

KATH. 'Would Katharine had never seen him, though!
[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, *and others.*

BAP. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy[b] impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

BION. Master, master! news, old news[c], and such news as you never heard of!

BAP. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

BION. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petrucio's coming?

[a] The original omits *yes*, which is inserted in the second folio. Malone substituted *them*.
[b] *Thy* is omitted in the original, but inserted in the second folio.
[c] *Old news*—rare news. The words, however, are not in the original, being added by Rowe. But they are necessary for the context.

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BAP. Is he come?

BION. Why, no, sir.

BAP. What then?

BION. He is coming.

BAP. When will he be here?

BION. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

TRA. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

BION. Why, Petrucio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points[a]: His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions[b], full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legg'd before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure[c], which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread[16].

BAP. Who comes with him?

BION. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock[d] on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "The humour of forty fancies" pricked in 't for a feather[e]: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

TRA. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

BAP. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

BION. Why, sir, he comes not.

BAP. Didst thou not say, he comes?

BION. Who? that Petrucio came?

BAP. Ay, that Petrucio came.

BION. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

BAP. Why, that 's all one.

[a] *Two broken points.* Johnson says, "How a sword should have two broken points I cannot tell." The *points* were amongst the most costly and elegant parts of the dress of Elizabeth's time; and to have *two broken* was certainly indicative of more than ordinary slovenliness.

[b] *Fashions*—the farcins, or farcy. In Greene's 'Looking-glass for London and England,' we find mentioned, amongst the "outward diseases" of a horse, "the spavin, splent, ringbone, windgall, and *fashion*."

[c] *Velure*—velvet.

[d] *Stock*—stocking.

[e] *The humour of forty fancies* was, it is conjectured by Warburton, a slight collection of ballads, or short poems, which Petrucio's lackey pricked in his hat for a feather.

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BION. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many[a].

Enter PETRUCIO *and* GRUMIO.

PET. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?
BAP. You are welcome, sir.
PET. And yet I come not well.
BAP. And yet you halt not.
TRA. Not so well apparel'd
As I wish you were.
PET. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
BAP. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.
TRA. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
PET. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.
TRA. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
PET. Not I, believe me; thus I 'll visit her.
BAP. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
PET. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

[a] We continue to print these lines as "an irregular couplet," although we are told that "they are evidently a quotation of five short lines from a then popular ballad." Where is the ballad? and where is the evidence of its popularity?

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When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, GRUMIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

TRA. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

BAP. I 'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

TRA. But, sir, to love[a] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUC. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

TRA. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We 'll over-reach the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

GRE. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRA. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GRE. A bridegroom, say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRA. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

GRE. Why he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRA. Why she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

GRE. Tut! she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I 'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud

[a] *To love.* The word *to* is omitted in the folio. Malone added *her* as well as *to*, which appears unnecessary.

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That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

TRA. What said the wench, when he arose again?

GRE. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—"A health," quoth he[17], as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play[a]. [*Music.*

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAP. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

PET. I must away to-day, before night come[18]:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

TRA. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PET. It may not be.

GRE. Let me entreat you.

[a] This speech is printed as prose in the first folio, but metrically in the second folio.

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PET. It cannot be.
KATH. Let me entreat you.
PET. I am content.
KATH. Are you content to stay?
PET. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
KATH. Now, if you love me, stay.
PET. Grumio, my horse[a].
GRU. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.
KATH. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone, till I please myself:
'T is like, you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
PET. O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.
KATH. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.
GRE. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.
KATH. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
PET. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I 'll buckler thee against a million.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, *and* GRUMIO.

[a] *Horse* is here used in the plural.

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BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
GRE. Went they not quickly I should die with laughing.
TRA. Of all mad matches, never was the like!
LUC. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?
BIAN. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.
GRE. I warrant him, Petrucio is Kated.
BAP. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast;
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
TRA. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
BAP. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let 's go. [*Exeunt.*



["Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play."]

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[*Prato della Valle, Padua.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Petruchio's *Country House.*

Enter GRUMIO.

GRU. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed[a]? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

CURT. Who is that calls so coldly?

GRU. A piece of ice[19]: If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to

[a] *Rayed*—covered with mire—sullied. As in Spenser ('Faery Queen,' b. vi., c. 5):—

"From his soft eyes the tears he wip'd away,
And from his face the filth that did it *ray*."

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my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

CURT. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRU. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

CURT. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

GRU. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself[a], fellow Curtis.

CURT. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

GRU. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

CURT. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

GRU. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURT. There 's fire ready; And, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

GRU. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!"[20] and as much news as thou wilt.

CURT. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

GRU. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without[b], the carpets laid[c], and everything in order?

CURT. All ready. And, therefore, I pray thee, news?

GRU. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURT. How?

GRU. Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

CURT. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

GRU. Lend thine ear.

CURT. Here.

GRU. There. [*Striking him.*

CURT. This 't is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRU. And therefore 't is called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

CURT. Both on one horse?

GRU. What 's that to thee?

[a] *Myself.* Some would read *thyself*, because Curtis says "I am no beast." But Grumio, calling himself a beast, has also called Curtis *fellow*,—hence the offence.

[b] *Jacks* were leathern drinking-vessels—*jills*, cups or measures of metal. The leathern jugs were to be kept clean within—the pewter ones bright without. But Grumio is quibbling upon the application of *Jills* to maids, and *Jacks* to men.

[c] *Carpets laid*—to cover the tables. The floors were strewed with rushes.

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CURT. Why, a horse.

GRU. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled[a]; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURT. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

GRU. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit[b]: let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

CURT. They are.

GRU. Call them forth.

CURT. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

GRU. Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURT. Who knows not that?

GRU. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

CURT. I call them forth to credit her.

GRU. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

NATH. Welcome home, Grumio.

PHIL. How now, Grumio?

JOS. What, Grumio!

NICH. Fellow Grumio?

NATH. How now, old lad?

GRU. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATH. All things is ready: how near is our master?

GRU. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCIO *and* KATHARINA.

PET. Where be these knaves[21]? What, no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

[a] *Bemoiled*—bemired.

[b] *Indifferent knit.* Malone conjectures that particoloured garters are here meant.

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ALL SERV. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
PET. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
GRU. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
PET. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
GRU. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
PET. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.— [*Exeunt some of the* Servants.
"Where is the life that late I led"[a]— [*Sings.*
Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud[b]!

Re-enter Servants, *with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?
"It was the friar of orders gray, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way:"[22]—
Out[c], you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.— [*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: [*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?
[*A bason is presented to him.*
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:— [Servant *lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*
KATH. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.
PET. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

[a] In 'A Handeful of Pleasant Delites,' 1584, this is the title of a "new Sonet."
[b] Malone thinks these words are meant to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.
[c] With all honour to Pope in his own line, we reject a second "out," which was inserted by him "to complete the metre."

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What is this? mutton?

1 SERV. Ay.

PET. Who brought it?

1 SERV. I.

PET. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c., about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.

KATH. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PET. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, *and* CURTIS.

NATH. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

GRU. Where is he?

CURT. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither[a].
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCIO.

PET. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty:
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.

[a] This speech is printed as prose both in the first and second folios.

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Another way I have to man my haggard [a],
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 't is charity to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

TRA. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
HOR. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching. [*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

LUC. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
BIAN. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
LUC. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
BIAN. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
LUC. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*
HOR. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
TRA. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
HOR. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,

[a] *To man my haggard*—to tame my wild hawk.

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Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

TRA. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

HOR. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her[a] withal.

TRA. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

HOR. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*

TRA. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIAN. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

TRA. Mistress, we have.

LUC. Then we are rid of Licio.

TRA. I 'faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

BIAN. God give him joy!

TRA. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

BIAN. He says so, Tranio.

TRA. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

BIAN. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

TRA. Ay, mistress, and Petrucio is the master;

[a] *Her.* The original has *them.*

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That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running*.

BION. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient engle[a] coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
TRA. What is he, Biondello?
BION. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
LUC. And what of him, Tranio?
TRA. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in[b] your love, and then let me alone. [*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a PEDANT.

PED. God save you, sir!
TRA. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
PED. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
TRA. What countryman, I pray?
PED. Of Mantua.
TRA. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
PED. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
TRA. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

[a] *Engle.* The original copy, as well as modern editions, read *angel.* But Theobald and others suggested that the word should be *engle*,—a gull. Tranio intends to deceive the Pedant, "if he be credulous." Ben Jonson several times uses *enghle* in this sense; and Gifford has no doubt that the same word is meant in the passage before us. Mr. Richardson, in his excellent 'Dictionary,' gives the word as *angle.* An *angle* is a bait, allurement; and, in the sense of the passage before us, is also *one* who may be allured, deceived. A passage in Jonson's 'Poetaster' is decisive as to the meaning in which he used the word: "What! shall I have my son a stager now? an *enghle* for players? a gull, a rook?"

[b] *In.* The folio *ms.*

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'T is marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
PED. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
TRA. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
PED. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
TRA. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
PED. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
TRA. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
BION. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*
TRA. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
PED. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
TRA. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Petrucio's *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

GRU. No, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life[23].
KATH. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,

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Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'T were deadly sickness, or else present death.
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRU. What say you to a neat's foot?

KATH. 'T is passing good; I prithee let me have it.

GRU. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

KATH. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRU. I cannot tell; I fear, 't is choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

KATH. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRU. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATH. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRU. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATH. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRU. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

KATH. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCIO, *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

PET. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort*?

HOR. Mistress, what cheer?

KATH. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

PET. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee: [*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:

* *All amort*—dispirited. The expression is common in the old dramatists.

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Here, take away this dish.

KATH. I pray you, let it stand.

PET. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATH. I thank you, sir.

HOR. Signior Petrucio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.

PET. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. [*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace;—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things[a];
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling[b] treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments[24];

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

HAB. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PET. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy;
Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnutshell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

KATH. I 'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PET. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

HOR. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

KATH. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:

[a] *Things.* Johnson says, "Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better; and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme." It is marvellous that the lexicographer did not see how characteristic the word is of Petrucio's bold and half-satirical humour. He has used it before:—

"We will have rings and *things*, and fine array."

[b] *Ruffling.* Pope changed this to *rustling.* The word was familiar to the Elizabethan literature. In Lyly's 'Euphues' we have, "Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with bracelets, with rings, with robes?" In Ben Jonson's 'Cynthia's Revels' we find, "Lady, I cannot *ruffle* it in red and yellow."

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Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PET. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin[a], a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

KATH. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

PET. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?
Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HOR. I see, she 's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*

TAI. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

PET. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

KATH. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

PET. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

TAI. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

PET. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAI. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:

[a] *Custard-coffin.* The crust of a pie was called the coffin. See 'Titus Andronicus,' Act V., Scene 2.

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Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRU. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

TAI. But how did you desire it should be made?

GRU. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

TAI. But did you not request to have it cut?

GRU. Thou hast faced[a] many things.

TAI. I have.

GRU. Face not me: thou hast braved[b] many men; brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

TAI. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PET. Read it.

GRU. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

TAI. *Imprimis*, "a loose-bodied gown:"

GRU. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

PET. Proceed.

TAI. "With a small compassed cape;"

GRU. I confess the cape.

TAI. "With a trunk sleeve;"

GRU. I confess two sleeves.

TAI. "The sleeves curiously cut."

PET. Ay, there 's the villainy.

GRU. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again: and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAI. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

GRU. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

HOR. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

PET. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRU. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

PET. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

GRU. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

PET. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

GRU. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

PET. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:— [*Aside.*
Go, take it hence; begone, and say no more.

HOR. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

[a] *Faced*—made facings.

[b] *Braved*—made fine. In the old stage-directions the word is commonly used in this sense. In this play we find, "Enter Tranio, *brave*."

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Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit* Tailor.
PET. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let 's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
KATH. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two;
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.
PET. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
HOR. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* VINCENTIO.

TRA. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?
PED. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
TRA. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

PED. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;

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'T were good he were school'd.

TRA. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you;
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

BION. Tut! fear not me.

TRA. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

BION. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

TRA. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—
Sir [*to the* Pedant], this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

PED. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you pleas'd to like
No worse than I,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing[a]
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious[b] I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

BAP. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,

[a] We print this line as in the old copy. It was changed by Hanmer to—
"Me shall you find *most* ready and *most* willing."
In this play we have many examples of short lines: and certainly Shakspere would not have resorted to these feeble expletives to make out ten syllables.

[b] *Curious*—scrupulous.

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The match is made, and all is done[a]:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRA. I thank, you sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

BAP. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

TRA. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

BAP. It likes me well: Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife!

LUC. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

TRA. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer;
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

BAP. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, PEDANT, *and* BAPTISTA.

BION. Cambio.

LUC. What say'st thou, Biondello?

BION. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

LUC. Biondello, what of that?

BION. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens

LUC. I pray thee, moralise them.

BION. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

LUC. And what of him?

BION. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

LUC. And then?

BION. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

LUC. And what of all this?

[a] Again, we print this line as in the folio. Hanmer changed it to—
"The match is made, and all is *fully* done."

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BION. I cannot tell: expect[a] they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take your assurance of her *eum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm:* to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

LUC. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

BION. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

LUC. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A public Road.*

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

PET. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATH. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

PET. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATH. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PET. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!

HOR. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATH. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PET. I say it is the moon.

KATH. I know it is the moon[b].

PET. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

KATH. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

[a] *Expect.* This is generally printed *except.* Biondello means to say, believe—think—they are busied, &c.

[b] The repetition by Katharine, "I know it is *the moon*," is most characteristic of her humbled deportment. Steevens strikes out "*the moon*," with, "the old copy *redundantly* reads," &c.

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And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

HOR. Petrucio, go thy ways; the field is won.

PET. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft! Company is coming here[a]!

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away? [*To* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HOR. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

KATH. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

PET. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATH. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PET. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

VIN. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PET. What is his name?

VIN. Lucentio, gentle sir.

PET. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;

[a] The meaning of this passage is changed by the modern editors to cram a syllable into the line. They read,—

"But soft: *what* company is coming here?"

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The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VIN. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

HOR. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PET. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.

HOR. Well, Petrucio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*



[*Scene V.—A public Road.*]

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[*Gymnasium, Padua.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. *Before* Lucentio's *House.*

Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca; Gremio *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master[a] as soon as I can. [*Exeunt* Lucentio, Bianca, *and* Biondello.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petrucio, Katharina, Vincentio, *and* Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They 're busy within, you were best knock louder.

[a] The original has *mistress.* Probably the word was written with a contraction.

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Enter PEDANT *above at a window.*

PED. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VIN. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

PED. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VIN. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

PED. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

PET. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir? —to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PED. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa[a], and here looking out at the window.

VIN. Art thou his father?

PED. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PET. Why, how now, gentleman [*to* VINCEN.]! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

PED. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

BION. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping! —But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

VIN. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

BION. I hope I may choose, sir.

VIN. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

BION. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VIN. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's[b] father, Vincentio?

BION. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

VIN. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

BION. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

PED. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [*Exit from the window.*

PET. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy.

[*They retire.*

Re-enter PEDANT *below;* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and* Servants.

TRA. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

VIN. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain

[a] The original has *Padua*—an evident error.

[b] The same mistake of *mistress* for *master* again occurs here.

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hat[a]!—O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRA. How now? what 's the matter?

BAP. What, is the man lunatic?

TRA. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what cerns[b] it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VIN. Thy father? O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo[25].

BAP. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

VIN. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

PED. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

VIN. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name: O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio.

TRA. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an* Officer.] Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VIN. Carry me to the gaol!

GRE. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

BAP. Talk not, signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

GRE. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PED. Swear, if thou darest.

GRE. Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRA. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GRE. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

BAP. Away with the dotard: to the gaol with him.

VIN. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd.
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

BION. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUC. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

VIN. Lives my sweet son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and* PEDANT *run out.*

[a] *Copatain hat*—high-crowned hat. *Cop* is the top. The copatain hat was probably that described by Stubbes, 'Anatomie of Abuses,' 1595:—"Sometimes they use them sharp on the crown, pearking up like the spear or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crown of their heads."

[b] *Cerns.* So the original. It means, and is usually printed, *concerns.* Perhaps Tranio uses the word as an abbreviation; for we know no instance in which *cern* (cernere) is used without a prefix, such as *con*, *dis*, *de*.

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BIAN. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*
BAP. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?
LUC. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.
GRE. Here 's packing with a witness, to deceive us all!
VIN. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?
BAP. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
BIAN. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.
LUC. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.
VIN I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.
BAP. But do you hear, sir? [*To* LUCENTIO.] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?
VIN. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to:
But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*
BAP. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*
LUC. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.
GRE. My cake is dough[a]: But I 'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,— but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

KATH. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.
PET. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
KATH. What, in the midst of the street?
PET. What, art thou ashamed of me?
KATH. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.
PET. Why, then, let 's home again:—Come, sirrah, let 's away.
KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.
PET. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *My cake is dough.* This proverbial expression is used in 'Howell's Letters,' to express the disappointment of the heir-presumptive of France when Louis XIV. was born: "So that now Monsieur's *cake is dough*."

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SCENE II.—*A Room in* Lucentio's *House.*

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* WIDOW. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

LUC. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:
Brother Petrucio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*

PET. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.
BAP. Padua affords this kindness, son Petrucio.
PET. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
HOR. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
PET. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
WID. Then never trust me if I be afeard[a].
PET. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
WID. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
PET. Roundly replied.
KATH. Mistress, how mean you that?
WID. Thus I conceive by him.
PET. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?
HOR. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
PET. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.
KATH. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
WID. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
KATH. A very mean meaning.
WID. Right, I mean you.
KATH. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
PET. To her, Kate!
HOR. To her, widow!
PET. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
HOR. That 's my office.

[a] The use of *fear* in the active and passive sense is here exemplified.

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PET. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad. [*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.
BAP. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
GRE. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
BIAN. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
VIN. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
BIAN. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I 'll sleep again.
PET. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter[a] jest or two.
BIAN. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all. [*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and* WIDOW.
PET. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.
TRA. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
PET. A good swift simile, but something currish.
TRA. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
BAP. O ho, Petrucio, Tranio hits you now.
LUC. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
HOR. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
PET. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
BAP. Now, in good sadness, son Petrucio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
PET. Well, I say—no: and, therefore, for assurance,
Let 's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
HOR. Content: What 's the wager?
LUC. Twenty crowns.
PET. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
LUC. A hundred then.
HOR. Content.
PET. A match; 't is done
HOR. Who shall begin?
LUC. That will I.

[a] *Bitter.* The original reads *better.* We adopt the correction of Capell.

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Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
BION. I go. [*Exit.*
BAP. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
LUC. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
BION. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
PET. How! she 's busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
GRE. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
PET. I hope, better.
HOR. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
PET. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
HOR. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where 's my wife?
BION. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
PET. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
HOR. I know her answer.
PET. What?
HOR. She will not.
PET. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

BAP. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
KATH. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
PET. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
KATH. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
PET. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit* KATHARINA.
LUC. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
HOR. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.
PET. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

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An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?

BAP. Now fair befall thee, good Petrucio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

PET. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* WIDOW.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

WID. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIAN. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

LUC. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIAN. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

PET. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WID. Come, come, you 're mocking; we will have no telling.

PET. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

WID. She shall not.

PET. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

KATH. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled[26],
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

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While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she 's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husbands' foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

PET. Why, there 's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

LUC. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

VIN. 'T is a good hearing, when children are toward.

LUC. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

PET. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed:
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white[a]; [*To* LUCENTIO.
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO *and* KATHARINA.

HOR. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew[b].

LUC. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt* [27].

[a] *Hit the white*—a term in archery.

[b] *Shrew.* It would appear from this couplet, and another in this scene, where *shrew* rhymes to *woe*, that *shrow* was the old pronunciation.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—"*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*"

In the play of 'The Taming of *a* Shrew,' we find the outline of Shakspere's most spirited Induction. There are few things in our poet which more decidedly bear the stamp of his peculiar genius than this fragment of a comedy, if we may so call it; and his marvellous superiority over other writers is by nothing more distinctly exhibited than by a comparison of this with the parallel Induction in the other play. It must be observed that the play to which Shakspere's was probably a rival, is by no means an ordinary performance. It is evidently the work of a very ambitious poet. The passage, for example, in which the Lord directs his servants how to effect the transformation of Sly is by no means deficient in force or harmony. But compare it with the similar passage of Shakspere, beginning—

"Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man,"

and we at once see the power which he possessed of adorning and elevating all that he touched. It will be necessary for us to furnish several examples of 'The Taming of *a* Shrew.'

We first select the opening scene:—

Enter a TAPSTER, *beating out of his doors* SLIE, *drunken.*

Tap. You whoreson drunken slave, you had best be gone
And empty your drunken paunch somewhere else,
For in this house thou shalt not rest to-night.
[*Exit* TAPSTER.

Slie. Tilly vally, by crisee, Tapster, I 'll fese you anon.
Fill 's the t' other pot, and all 's paid for, look you.
I do drink it of mine own instigation: [*Omne bene.*
Here I 'll lie a while: why, Tapster, I say,
Fill 's a fresh cushen here:
Heigh ho, here 's good warm lying. [*He falls asleep.*

Enter a NOBLEMAN *and his* Men *from hunting.*

Lord. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling looks,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
And darksome night o'ershades the crystal heavens,
Here break we off our hunting for to-night.
Couple up the hounds, let us hie us home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they have all deserv'd it well to-day.
But soft, what sleepy fellow is this lies here?
Or is he dead, see one what he doth lack?

Serv. My lord, 't is nothing but a drunken sleep;
His head is too heavy for his body,
And he hath drunk so much that he can go no further.

Lord. Fie, how the slavish villain stinks of drink!
Ho, sirrah, arise. What! so sound asleep?
Go, take him up, and bear him to my house,
And bear him easily for fear he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the board,
And put my richest garments on his back,
Then set him at the table in a chair:
When that is done, against he shall awake,
Let heavenly music play about him still.
Go two of you away, and bear him hence,
And then I 'll tell you what I have devis'd;
But see in any case you wake him not.
[*Exeunt* TWO *with* SLIE.
Now take my cloak, and give me one of yours,
All fellows now, and see you take me so:
For we will wait upon this drunken man,
To see his countenance when he doth awake,
And find himself clothed in such attire,
With heavenly music sounding in his ears,
And such a banquet set before his eyes,
The fellow sure will think he is in heaven:
But we will [be] about him when he wakes,
And see you call him lord at every word,
And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
And thou his hawks, and hounds to hunt the deer,
And I will ask what suits he means to wear,
And whatsoe'er he saith, see you do not laugh,
But still persuade him that he is a lord.

The players then enter, and *Sander*, a clown, is the principal speaker. The scene, when *Slie* awakes in his lordly guise, succeeds. Compare it with the rich poetry and the even richer humour of Sly (reminding us, as Hazlitt well observes, of Sancho Panza). The *Slie* of the old play is but a vulgar tinker, the lord and attendants somewhat fustian ranters:—

Enter TWO *with a table and a banquet on it, and* TWO *others with* SLIE *asleep in a chair, richly apparelled, and the music playing.*

One. So, sirrah, now go call my lord,
And tell him that all things are ready as he will'd it.

Another. Set thou some wine upon the board,
And then I 'll go fetch my lord presently. [*Exit.*

Enter the LORD *and his* Men.

Lord. How now? what! is all things ready?

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One. Yes, my lord.
Lord. Then sound the music, and I 'll wake him straight;
And see you do as erst I gave in charge.
My lord! my lord! (he sleeps soundly,) my lord!
Sle. Tapster, give 's a little small ale: heigh-ho.
Lord. Here 's wine, my lord; the purest of the grape.
Sle. For which lord?
Lord. For your honour, my lord.
Sle. Who, I? Am I a lord? Jesus, what fine apparel have I got!
Lord. More richer far your honour hath to wear,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
I 'll fetch your lusty steeds, more swift of pace
Than winged Pegasus in all his pride,
That ran so swiftly over Persian plains.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deer,
Your hounds stand ready coupled at the door,
Who in running will o'ertake the roe,
And make the long-breathed tiger broken-winded.
Sle. By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed.
What 's thy name?
Lord. Simon, an if it please your honour.
Sle. Sim, that 's much to say Simion, or Simon;
Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, Sim; am I a lord indeed?
Lord. Ay, my gracious lord, and your lovely lady
Long time hath mourned for your absence here,
And now with joy behold where she doth come
To gratulate your honour's safe return.

[2] SCENE I.—*"What think you, if he were conveyed to bed?"*

The story upon which this Induction is founded in all probability had an Eastern origin. 'The Sleeper Awakened,' of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' is conjectured by Mr. Lane, in the notes to his admirable translation, not to be a genuine tale, its chief and best portion being "an historical anecdote related as a fact." Mr. Lane adds,—"The author by whom I have found the chief portion of this tale related as an historical anecdote is El-Is-hakee, who finished his history shortly before the close of the reign of the 'Osmánlee Sultán Mustafa, apparently in the year of the Flight 1032 (A.D. 1623). He does not mention his authority; and whether it is related by an older *historian*, I do not know; but perhaps it is founded upon fact."

The following story, which has been extracted by Malone from Goulart's 'Admirable and Memorable Histories,' translated by E. Grimestone, 1607, is to be found in Heuterus, 'Rerum Burgund.,' lib. iv. Malone thinks that it had appeared in English before the old 'Taming of a Shrew:'—

"Philip, called the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxelles with his court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favourites, he found lying upon the stones a certain artisan that was very drunk, and that slept soundly. It pleased the prince, in this artisan, to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He, therefore, caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be laid in one of the richest beds; a rich night-cap to be given him; his foul shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine holland. When as this drunkard had digested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed pages and grooms of the Duke's chamber, who draw the curtains, and make many courtesies, and, being bareheaded, ask him if it please him to rise, and what apparel it would please him to put on that day.—They bring him rich apparel. This new *Monsieur*, amazed at such courtesy, and doubting whether he dreamed or waked, suffered himself to be dressed, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the mass, where with great ceremony they gave him the book of the Gospel and Pixe to kiss, as they did usually to the Duke. From the mass, they bring him back unto the palace; he washes his hands, and sits down at the table well furnished. After dinner, the Great Chamberlain commands cards to be brought, with a great sum of money. This Duke in imagination plays with the chief of the court. Then they carry him to walk in the garden, and to hunt the hare, and to hawk. They bring him back unto the palace, where he sups in state. Candles being lighted, the musicians begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleasant comedy*, after which followed a banquet, whereat they had presently store of ipocras and precious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impression, so as he was drunk, and fell soundly asleep. Thereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his rich attire. He was put into his old rags, and carried into the same place where he had been found the night before: where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he began to remember what had happened before;—he knew not whether it were true indeed, or a dream that had troubled his brain. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dream that had happened unto him; and so entertained

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his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension."

The Shakspere Society, in their 'Papers,' vol. ii., have printed a much longer version of this story, furnished from a fragment of a book containing 'The Waking Man's Dreame.'

[3] SCENE II.—"*Old Sly's son of Burton-heath.*"

Barton-on-the-Heath is a small village on the borders of Warwickshire and Oxfordshire. In Domesday-Book, according to Dugdale, it is written *Bertone*,—so that the *Burton* of the text may be correct. It consists of some twenty or thirty cottages, intermixed with a few small farm-houses, making together one short irregular street. The church is small and peculiar in its architectural arrangements; an old mansion near it of the Elizabethan era is the rectory. The village is situated two miles from Long Compton, on the road to Stratford from Oxford, and the approaches on all sides are by lonely lanes, and in its general aspect it is solitary and neglected. Of the "heath," however, from which it partly takes its name, no traces remain, the land being wholly enclosed.

[4] SCENE II.—"*The fat ale-wife of Wincot.*"

We believe that in this passage, as in 'Henry IV., Part II.,' the place to which Shakspere alludes is the hamlet of *Wilmecote*, anciently Wylmyncote, about three miles to the north of Stratford, in the parish of Aston-Cantlow. Here lived Robert Arden, our poet's maternal grandfather; and his youngest daughter, the mother of Shakspere, inherited a house and lands here situate. It is most probable, therefore, that this hamlet, which Malone says (though he gives no authority) was also called *Wyncote*, was in Shakspere's thoughts. Wilmecote is a straggling village with a few old houses, amongst whose secluded fields our poet no doubt passed many of his boyish hours.

ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Fair Padua, nursery of arts.*"

DURING the ages when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art, crowded into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua;

"His name is Licio, born in Mantua;"

or a student, like Lucentio from Pisa,

"As he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep;"

or "a pedant," (Act IV. Sc. 2.) turning aside from the road to Rome and Tripoli, to spend "a week or two" in the great "nursery of arts" of the Italian peninsula. The university of Padua was in all its glory in Shakspere's day; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its "ingenious studies." There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the "public places," and the servants who buy in the market: while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth, are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do from the play.

The university of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakspere's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged; but that of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. "The mathematics" are still a favourite branch of learning, with some "Greek, Latin, and other languages;" also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted

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The aspect of the university of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been.—(M.)

[6] SCENE I. *"fruitful Lombardy, The pleasant garden of great Italy."*

The rich plain of Lombardy is still like "a pleasant garden," and appears as if it must ever continue to be so, sheltered as it is by the vast barrier of the Alps, and fertilised by the streams which descend from their glaciers. From the walls of the Lombard cities, which are usually reared on rising grounds, the prospects are enchanting, presenting a fertile expanse, rarely disfigured by fences, intersected by the great Via Æmilia—one long avenue of mulberry trees; gleaming here and there with transparent lakes, and adorned with scattered towns, villas, and churches, rising from among the vines. Corn, oil, and wine, are everywhere ripening together; and not a speck of barrenness is visible, from the northern Alps and eastern Adriatic, to the unobstructed southern horizon, where the plain melts away in sunshine.—(M.)

[7] SCENE I.

"O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor had," &c.

There are in this play a few delicate touches of mythological images, as in the passage before us. But the old 'Taming of a Shrew' is crammed full of the learning of a university student, paraded with an ostentation totally inconsistent with dramatic propriety. The classical allusions introduced by Shakspere in this and other comedies are just such as a gentleman might use without pedantry. But the following passage from the old play (and there are many of a similar character) is as far removed from the language of nature as it is from that of high scholarship. It is nothing beyond a schoolboy's exercise :—

Philema. Not for great Neptune, no, nor Jove himself,
Will Philema leave Aurelius' love:
Could he instal me empress of the world,
Or make me queen and guidress of the heaven,
Yet would I not exchange my love for his:
Thy company is poor Philema's heaven,
And without thee heaven were hell to me.

Emelia. And should my love, as erst did Hercules,
Attempt the burning vaults of hell,
I would, with piteous looks and pleasing words,
As once did Orpheus with his harmony,
And ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Entreat grim Pluto, and of him obtain
That thou might'st go, and safe return again.

Philema. And should my love, as erst Leander did,
Attempt to swim the boiling Hellespont
For Hero's love, no towers of brass should hold,
But I would follow thee through those raging floods,
With locks dishever'd, and my breast all bare:
With bended knees upon Abidae's shore,
I would, with smoky sighs and brinish tears,
Importune Neptune and the watery gods,
To send a guard of silver-scaled dolphins,
With sounding Tritons, to be our convoy,
And to transport us safe unto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy lovely neck,
Redoubling kiss on kiss upon thy cheeks,
And with our pastime still the swelling waves.

Eme. Should Polidor, as Achilles did,
Only employ himself to follow arms,
Like to the warlike Amazonian queen,
Penthesilea, Hector's paramour,
Who foil'd the bloody Pyrrhus, murd'rous Greek,
I 'll thrust myself amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my love.

[8] SCENE I.—*"The Presenters above speak."*

In the second scene of the Induction, the original stage-direction is "Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants," &c. In the same way, in the parting scene of Romeo and Juliet, we have a similar direction,—"Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." In the illustrations of the third act of Romeo and Juliet will be found a description and representation of the construction of the balcony, or upper stage, of our old theatres, to which these directions refer.

[9] SCENE II.—*"Nay, 't is no matter what he 'leys in Latin."*

"Petrucio," says Steevens, "has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language." Monck Mason has a delicious remark on this:—"Mr. Steevens appears to have been a little absent when he wrote his note. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not possibly mistake it for Latin." To this Steevens rejoins, "I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumstance, because his Italians necessarily speak English throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial sentences." But if our author did attend "to this circumstance," he could not have made Grumio blunder more naturally. The "Italians neces-

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surly speak English throughout the play;"—and when they speak "a few colloquial sentences" of Italian, they speak them as an Englishman would speak that or any other foreign language. To make the citizens and scholars of Padua speak English at all is—to test poetry by laws which do not apply to it—a violation of propriety. But that violation admitted, the mistake of Grumio is perfectly in keeping.

[9] SCENE II.—"*Be she as foul as was Florentius' love.*"

In Gower, 'De Confessione Amantis,' we have the description of a deformed hag whom *Florent*, a young knight, had bound himself to marry, provided she gave him the key to a riddle, upon the solution of which his life depended.

[11] SCENE II. "*Were she as rough*
As are the swelling Adriatic seas."

The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for the three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by "the swelling Adriatic seas," which pour over it into the Lagunes.—(M.)

ACT II.

[2] SCENE I.—"*And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.*"

It is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than other ladies of their city and their time.

Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakspere and the university of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education. Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, the daughters of Sir Thomas More, and others, will at once occur to the reader's recollection in proof of this. "Greek, Latin, and other languages," "the mathematics," and "to read philosophy," then came as naturally as "music" within the scope of female education. Any association of pedantry with the training of the young ladies of this play is in the prejudices of the reader, not in the mind of the poet.—(M.)

[13] SCENE I.—"*Good morrow, Kate.*"

The first scene between Petrucio and Kate is founded upon a similar scene in 'The Taming of a Shrew.' Our readers may amuse themselves by a comparison of Shakspere and his anonymous rival:—

Alf. Ha, Kate, come hither, wench, and list to me:
Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.
Fer. Twenty good morrows to my lovely Kate.
Kate. You jest, I am sure; is she yours already?
Fer. I tell thee, Kate, I know thou lov'st me well.
Kate. The devil you do! who told you so?
Fer. My mind, sweet Kate, doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marry bonny Kate.
Kate. Was ever seen so gross an ass as this?
Fer. Ay, to stand so long, and never get a kiss.
Kate. Hands off, I say, and get you from this place;
Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.
Fer. I prithee do, Kate; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for fear it reach your ear.
Fer. No, Kate, this hand is mine, and I thy love.
Kate. I' faith, sir, no, the woodcock wants his tail.
Fer. But yet his bill will serve if the other fail.
Alf. How now, Ferando? what, my daughter?
Fer. She 's willing, sir, and loves me as her life.
Kate. 'T is for your skin, then, but not to be your wife.
Alf. Come hither, Kate, and let me give thy hand
To him that I have chosen for thy love,
And thou to-morrow shall be wed to him.
Kate. Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
To give me thus unto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[*She turns aside and speaks.*
And yet I will consent and marry him,
(For I, methinks, have lived too long a maid,)
And match him too, or else his manhood 's good.
Alf. Give me thy hand; Ferando loves thee well,
And will with wealth and ease maintain thy state.
Here Ferando, take her for thy wife,
And Sunday next shall be our wedding-day.
Fer. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man?
Father, I leave my lovely Kate with you:
Provide yourselves against our marriage-day,
For I must hie me to my country-house
In haste, to see provision may be made
To entertain my Kate when she doth come.
Alf. Do so; come, Kate, why dost thou look
So sad? Be merry, wench, thy wedding-day 's at hand;
Son, fare you well, and see you keep your promise.
[*Exeunt* ALFONSO *and* KATE.

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[14] SCENE I. *"I will unto Venice,*
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day."

. . . . . .

"My house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold," &c.

If Shakspere had not seen the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effectual means of knowing and realising in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Every educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The "cypress chests," and "ivory coffers," rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of "Tyrian tapestry," to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The "plate and gold" are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with everything sooner than their pictures. The "tents and canopies," and "Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl," now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependencies of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury.

Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewellery, especially its fine works in gold. "Venice gold" was wrought into "valance"—tapestry—by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jewellers' shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain,—the shell necklaces, the jewelled rings and tiaras, and the profusion of gold chains.—(M.)

ACT III.

[15] SCENE I.—*"Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,"* &c.

GAMUT, or, more correctly, *Gammut*, is, in the sense here intended, the lowest note of the musical scale, established in the eleventh century by a Benedictine monk, Guido, of Arezzo in Tuscany. To this sound (G, the first line in the base,) he gave the name of the third letter in the Greek alphabet, Γ (*Gamma*), cutting off the final vowel, and affixing the syllable *ut*. This, and the other syllables, *re, mi, fa*, &c., names assigned by Guido to the notes of the diatonic scale, were suggested to him by the following verses, which form the first stanza of a hymn, by Paulus Diaconus, to St. John the Baptist:—

"*Ut* queant laxis *re*sonare fibris,
*Mi*ra gestorum *fa*muli tuorum,
*Sol*ve polluti *la*bii reatum,
Sancte Joannes!"

The tune to which this hymn was anciently sung in the Catholic church, ascends by the diatonic intervals G, A, B, C, D, and E, at the syllables here printed in italics.

[16] SCENE II.—*"His horse hipped,"* &c.

Shakspere describes the imperfections and unsoundness of a horse with as much precision as if he had been bred in a farrier's shop. In the same way, in the 'Venus and Adonis,' he is equally circumstantial in summing up the qualities of a noble courser:—

"Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrils wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

[17] SCENE II.—*"A health, quoth he."*

It was the universal custom, in our poet's time, at the marriage of the humblest as well as the highest, for a *bride-cup*, sometimes called "a *knitting-cup*," to be quaffed in church. At the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester cathedral, in 1554, this part of the ceremony is thus described:—"The trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remained until mass was done; at which time *wine and sops* were hallow'd and delivered to them both." (*Leland's Collectanea.*)

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In Laneham's Letter (1575), describing the entertainments at Kenilworth, we have an account of a real rustic wedding, in which there was borne before the bride, "The bride-cup, formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a fair-turned post set to it, all seemingly besilvered and parcel-gilt." Laneham adds that "the busy flies flocked about the bride-cup for the sweetness of the sucket that it savoured on."

[18] SCENE II.—"*I must away to-day*," &c.

We subjoin the parallel scene in the earlier play:—

Fer. Father, farewell, my Kate and I must home.
Sirrah, go make ready my horse presently.
Alf. Your horse! what, son, I hope you do but jest;
I am sure you will not go so suddenly.
Kate. Let him go or tarry, I am resolved to stay,
And not to travel on my wedding-day.
Fer. Tut, Kate, I tell thee we must needs go home.
Villain, hast thou saddled my horse?
San. Which horse—your curtail?
Fer. Zounds! you slave, stand you prating here!
Saddle the bay gelding for your mistress.
Kate. Not for me, for I will not go.
San. The ostler will not let me have him; you owe tenpence
For his meat, and sixpence for stuffing my mistress' saddle.
Fer. Here, villain, go pay him straight.
San. Shall I give them another peck of lavender?
Fer. Out, slave! and bring them presently to the door.
Alf. Why, son, I hope at least you 'll dine with us.
San. I pray you, master, let 's stay till dinner be done.
Fer. Zounds, villain, art thou here yet? [*Exit* SANDER
Come, Kate, our dinner is provided at home.
Kate. But not for me, for here I mean to dine:
I 'll have my will in this as well as you;
Though you in madding mood would leave your friends,
Despite of you I 'll tarry with them still.
Fer. Ay, Kate, so thou shalt, but at some other time:
When as thy sisters here shall be espoused,
Then thou and I will keep our wedding-day
In better sort than now we can provide;
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long return to them again.
Come, Kate, stand not on terms, we will away;
This is my day, to-morrow thou shalt rule,
And I will do whatever thou command'st.
Gentlemen, farewell, we 'll take our leaves,
It will be late, before that we come home.
[*Exeunt* FERANDO *and* KATE.

ACT IV.
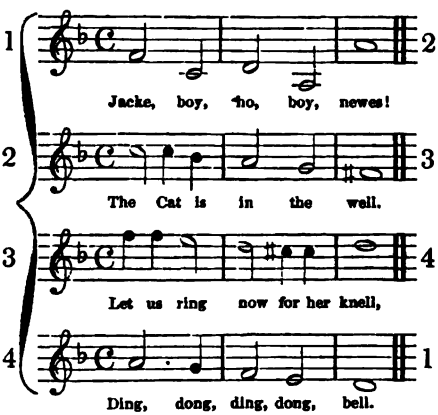
[19] SCENE I.—"Curt. *Who is that calls so coldly?* Gru. *A piece of ice?*"

AT Venice, surrounded by the sea, the temperature is rarely below 6° Reaumur—18° Fahrenheit; but the cold is much greater on the mainland, even at its nearest points; and at Padua, from which Petrucio's country-house was obviously not very distant, it is frequently so extreme as to justify all Grumio's lamentations. During a considerable period of the winter of 1838, nearly 200 men were daily employed in breaking up the ice on the Brenta for the passage of boats to Venice; and piles of ice, of great height, might be seen till spring.—(M.)

[20] SCENE I.—"*Jack, boy! ho, boy!*"

The first words of a *Round* for four voices, printed, in 1609, in a musical work, now become exceedingly rare, entitled '*Pammelia, Musickes Miscellanie; or Mixed Varietie of pleasant Roundelayes and delightful Catches*,' &c.

Malone gives a rather inaccurate copy of this, and in the enigmatic form which it takes in *Pammelia*, without seeming to be aware that it is printed in that work, for he cites Sir John Hawkins as his authority, in whose 'History of Music,' however, it not only does not appear, but is not even alluded to. We here insert it as it would have been shaped, by the composer himself, in the present day, merely changing the tenor clef into the treble, and adding, as the correction of what most likely is a clerical error, a sharp to the c in the third staff.



[21] SCENE I.—"*Where be these knaves*," &c.

This scene is one of the most spirited and characteristic in the play; and we see a joyous revelling spirit shining through Petrucio's affected violence. The *Ferando* of the old 'Taming of a Shrew' is a coarse bully, without

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the fine animal spirits and the real self-command of our Petrucio. The following is the parallel scene in that play; and it is remarkable how closely Shakspere copies the incidents:—

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE.

Fer. Now welcome, Kate. Where 's these villains
Here? What, not supper yet upon the board,
Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all?
Where 's that villain that I sent before?
San. Now, *adsum*, sir.
Fer. Come hither, you villain, I 'll cut your nose.
You rogue, help me off with my boots; will 't please
You to lay the cloth? Zounds! the villain
Hurts my foot: pull easily, I say, yet again!
[*He beats them all.*
[*They cover the board, and fetch in the meat.*
Zounds, burnt and scorch'd! Who dress'd this meat?
Wil. Forsooth, John Cook.
[*He throws down the table, and meat, and all, and beats them all.*
Fer. Go, you villains, bring me such meat!
Out of my sight, I say, and bear it hence:
Come, Kate, we 'll have other meat provided.
Is there a fire in my chamber, sir?
San. Ay, forsooth. [*Exeunt* FERANDO *and* KATE.
[*Manent* Serving-men, *and eat up all the meat.*
Tom. Zounds! I think of my conscience my master 's mad since he was married.
Wil. I laughed, what a box he gave Sander for pulling off his boots.

Enter FERANDO *again.*

San. I hurt his foot for the nonce, man.
Fer. Did you so, you damned villain?
[*He beats them all out again.*
This humour must I hold me to awhile,
To bridle and hold back my headstrong wife,
With curbs of hunger, ease, and want of sleep;
Nor sleep, nor meat shall she enjoy to-night.
I 'll mew her up as men do mew their hawks,
And make her gently come unto the lure:
Were she as stubborn, or as full of strength,
As was the Thracian horse Alcides tamed,
That king Egeus fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her down, and make her come,
As hungry hawks do fly unto their lure. [*Exit.*

[22] SCENE I.

"It was the friar of orders gray," &c.

Percy's poem, 'The Friar of Orders Gray,' which is partly made up of fragments of ballads found in Shakspere, begins thus:—

"It was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads."

[23] SCENE III.—*"No, no; forsooth, I dare not for my life."*

We subjoin the parallel scene from the other play:—

Enter SANDER *and his Mistress.*

San. Come, mistress.
Kate. Sander, I prithee help me to some meat,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.
San. Ay, marry, mistress, but you know my master has given me a charge that you must eat nothing, but that which he himself giveth you.
Kate. Why, man, thy master needs never know it.
San. You say true, indeed. Why, look you, mistress, what say you to a piece of beef and mustard now?
Kate. Why, I say 't is excellent meat; canst thou help me to some?
San. Ay, I could help you to some, but that I doubt the mustard is too choleric for you. But what say you to a sheep's head and garlic?
Kate. Why, anything, I care not what it be.
San. Ay, but the garlic I doubt will make your breath stink, and then my master will curse me for letting you eat it. But what say you to a fat capon?
Kate. That 's meat for a king, sweet Sander, help me to some of it.
San. Nay by'rlady! then 't is too dear for us; we must not meddle with the king's meat.
Kate. Out, villain! dost thou mock me?
Take that for thy sauciness. [*She beats him.*

Grey has been hastily betrayed into a remark upon this scene in Shakspere, which is singularly opposed to his usual accuracy:—"This seems to be borrowed from Cervantes' account of Sancho Panza's treatment by his physician when sham governor of the island of Barataria." The first part of 'Don Quixote' was not published till 1605; and our poet unquestionably took the scene from the old 'Taming of a Shrew,' which was published in 1594.

[24] SCENE III.—*"Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments," &c.*

The resemblance of this scene to the scene in the old play, in which the Shrew is tried to the utmost by her husband's interference with her dress, is closer than in almost any other part. The "face not me," and "brave not me," of Grumio, are literal transcripts of the elder jokes. In the speech of Petrucio, after the tailor is driven out, we have three lines, which are the same, with the slightest alteration, from the following:—

"Come, Kate, we now will go see thy father's house,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be rich, our garments plain."

And yet, in spirit and taste, the differences are as remarkable as the resemblances.

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE, *and* SANDER.

San. Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistress home her cap here.
Fer. Come hither, sirrah: what have you there?
Haberdasher. A velvet cap, sir, an it please you.
Fer. Who spoke for it? didst thou, Kate?
Kate. What if I did? Come hither, sirrah, give me the cap; I 'll see if it will fit me. [*She sets it on her head.*
Fer. O monstrous! why, it becomes thee not:
Let me see it, Kate. Here, sirrah, take it hence,
This cap is out of fashion quite.
Kate. The fashion is good enough: belike you mean to make a fool of me.
Fer. Why, true, he means to make a fool of thee,
To have thee put on such a curtal'd cap.
Sirrah, begone with it.

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Enter the Tailor *with a Gown.*

San. Here is the tailor, too, with my mistress' gown.

Fer. Let me see it, tailor: what, with cuts and jags? Zounds, thou villain, thou hast spoiled the gown!

Tailor. Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me direction. You may read the note here.

Fer. Come hither, sirrah. Tailor, read the note.

Tailor. Item, a fair round compassed cape.

San. Ay, that 's true.

Tailor. And a large trunk sleeve.

San. That 's a lie, master, I said two trunk sleeves.

Fer. Well, sir, go forward.

Tailor. Item, a loose-bodied gown.

San. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in a seam, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread.

Tailor. I made it as the note bade me.

San. I say the note lies in his throat, and thou too an thou sayest it.

Tailor. Nay, nay, ne'er be so hot, sirrah, for I fear you not.

San. Dost thou hear, Tailor, thou hast braved many men: brave not me. Thou hast faced many men—

Tailor. Well, sir?

San. Face not me: I 'll neither be faced nor braved at thy hands, I can tell thee.

Kate. Come, come, I like the fashion of it well enough; Here 's more ado than needs; I 'll have it, ay, And if you do not like it, hide your eyes; I think I shall have nothing by your will.

ACT V.

[28] SCENE I.—"*A sail-maker in Bergamo.*"

IT seems rather odd to select sail-making as the occupation of a resident in a town so far from the sea as Bergamo. It is possible, however, that the sails required for the navigation of the Lakes Lecco and Garda might have been made in the intermediate town of Bergamo. I looked through the place for a sail-maker; but the nearest approach I could find to one was a maker of awnings, &c.—(M.)

[28] SCENE II.—"*A woman moved is like a fountain troubled.*"

The fountain is the favourite of the many ornaments of the court of an Italian palazzo. It is important for its utility during the heats of summer; and such arts are lavished upon this species of erection as make it commonly a very beautiful object. It is worth the trouble of ascending a campanile in an Italian city in summer, merely to look down into the shady courts of the surrounding houses, where, if such houses be of the better sort, the fountains in the centre of the courts may be seen brimming and spouting, so as to refresh the gazer through the imagination. The birds that come to the basin to drink, and the servants of the house to draw water, form pictures which are a perpetual gratification to the eye. The clearness of the pool is the first requisite to the enjoyment of the fountain, without which, however elegant may be its form, it is "ill-seeming—bereft of beauty."—(M.)

[27] SCENE II.—"*Exeunt.*"

Shakspere's play terminates without disposing of Christopher Sly. The actors probably dealt with him as they pleased after his most characteristic speech at the end of the second scene of Act I. The old 'Taming of a Shrew' concludes as follows:—

Then enter two bearing of SLIE *in his own apparel again, and leave him where they found him, and then go out; then enters the* TAPSTER.

Top. Now that the darksome night is overpast,
And dawning day appears in crystal sky,
Now must I haste abroad: but soft, who 's this?
What Slie? O wondrous! hath he lain here all night?
I 'll wake him; I think he 's starv'd by this,
But that his belly was so stuff'd with ale.
What, now, Slie, awake, for shame.

Slie. Sim, give 's some more wine: what, all the players gone? Am not I a lord?

Top. A lord with a murrain: come, art thou drunken still?

Slie. Who 's this? Tapster! O Lord, sirrah, I have had the bravest dream to-night that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

Top. Yea, marry, but you had best get you home,
For your wife will curse you for dreaming here to-night.

Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew;
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast waked me out of the best dream
That ever I had in my life: but I 'll to my wife presently,
And tame her too if she anger me.

Top. Nay, tarry, Slie, for I 'll go home with thee,
And hear the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

COSTUME.

THE Italy of Shakspere's own time is intended to be presented in this play. So thoroughly are the *manners* Italian, that a belief, and not an unreasonable one, has grown up, that Shakspere visited Italy before its composition. To a highly-valued friend, we are much indebted for some interesting local illustrations, which greatly strengthen the conjecture that our poet had founded his accurate allusions in this play to Italian scenes and customs upon personal observation. These illustrations are distinguished by the initial (M).

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The scene of the comedy lies in Padua and its neighbourhood; in illustration of the costume of which famous city we give the figure of a lady from the pages of J. Wiegel, and that of a Paduan bride, from Vecellio's work. The principal characteristic of the latter is the hair hanging down the back in natural profusion; a fashion in bridal array very prevalent throughout Europe during the middle ages. The Induction enables us to introduce an English nobleman of Shakspere's day in his hunting garb, with his attendants, from 'The Noble Art of Venerie,' printed in 1611.



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A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.





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["Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword."]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM' was first printed in 1600. In that year there appeared two editions of the play;—the one published by Thomas Fisher, a bookseller; the other by James Roberts, a printer. The differences between these two editions are very slight. The play was not reprinted after 1600, till it was collected into the folio of 1623; and the text in that edition differs in few instances from that of the quartos.

Malone has assigned the composition of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' to the year 1594. We are not disposed to dissent from this; but we entirely object to the reasons upon which Malone attempts to show that it was one of our author's "*earliest* attempts in comedy." It appears to us a misapplication of the received meaning of words, to talk of "the warmth of a youthful and lively imagination" with reference to 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' and the Shakspere of thirty. Of all the dramas of Shakspere there is none more entirely harmonious than 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream.' All the incidents, all the characters, are in perfect subordination to the will of the poet. "Throughout the whole piece," says Malone, "the mere exalted characters are subservient to the interests of those beneath them." Precisely so. An unpractised author—one who had not "a youthful and lively imagination" under perfect control—when he had got hold of the Theseus and Hippolyta of the heroic ages, would have made them ultra-heroical. They would have commanded events, instead of moving with the supernatural influence around them in harmony and proportion. An immature poet, again, if the marvellous creation of Oberon and Titania and Puck could have entered into such a mind, would have laboured to make the power of the fairies produce some strange and striking events. But the exquisite beauty of Shakspere's conception is, that, under the supernatural influence, "the human mortals" move precisely according to their respective natures and habits. Demetrius and Lysander are impatient and revengeful;—Helena is dignified and affectionate, with a spice of female error;—Hermia is somewhat vain and shrewish. And then Bottom! Who but the most skilful artist could have given us such a character! Of him Malone says, "Shakspeare would naturally copy those manners first with which he was first acquainted. The ambition of a theatrical candidate for applause he has happily ridiculed in Bottom the weaver." A theatrical candidate for applause! Why, Bottom the weaver is the representative of the whole human race. His confidence in his own power is equally profound, whether he exclaims, "Let me play the lion too;" or whether he sings alone, "that they shall

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hear I am not afraid;" or whether, conscious that he is surrounded with spirits, he cries out, with his voice of authority, "Where 's Pea-blossom?" In every situation Bottom is the same,—the same personification of that self-love which the simple cannot conceal, and the wise can with difficulty suppress. Lastly, in the whole rhythmical structure of the versification, the poet has put forth all his strength. We venture to offer an opinion that, if any single composition were required to exhibit the power of the English language for purposes of poetry, that composition would be the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream.' This wonderful model, which, at the time it appeared, must have been the commencement of a great poetical revolution,—and which has never ceased to influence our higher poetry, from Fletcher to Shelley,—was, according to Malone, the work of "the genius of Shakspeare, even *in its minority*."

"This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard," says Hippolyta, when Wall has "discharged" his part. The answer of Theseus is full of instruction:—"The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them." It was in this humble spirit that the great poet judged of his own matchless performances. He felt the utter inadequacy of his art, and indeed of any art, to produce its due effect upon the mind, unless the imagination, to which it addressed itself, was ready to convert the shadows which it presented into living forms of truth and beauty. "I am convinced," says Coleridge, "that Shakspeare availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind and worked upon it as a dream throughout." The poet says so in express words:—

> "If we shadows have offended,
> Think but this (and all is mended),
> That you have but slumber'd here,
> While these visions did appear.
> And this weak and idle theme,
> No more yielding but a dream,
> Gentles, do not reprehend."

But to understand this dream—to have all its gay, and soft, and harmonious colours impressed upon the vision—to hear all the golden cadences of its poesy—to feel the perfect congruity of all its parts, and thus to receive it as a truth—we must not suppose that it will enter the mind amidst the lethargic slumbers of the imagination. We must receive it—

> "As youthful poets dream
> On summer eves by haunted stream."

To offer an analysis of this subtle and ethereal drama would, we believe, be as unsatisfactory as the attempts to associate it with the realities of the stage. With scarcely an exception, the proper understanding of the other plays of Shakspere may be assisted by connecting the apparently separate parts of the action, and by developing and reconciling what seems obscure and anomalous in the features of the characters. But to follow out the caprices and illusions of the loves of Demetrius and Lysander,—of Helena and Hermia;—to reduce to prosaic description the consequence of the jealousies of Oberon and Titania;—to trace the Fairy Queen under the most fantastic of deceptions, where grace and vulgarity blend together like the Cupids and Chimeras of Raphael's Arabesques;—and, finally, to go along with the scene till the illusions disappear—till the lovers are happy, and "sweet bully Bottom" is reduced to an ass of human dimensions; such an attempt as this would be worse even than unreverential criticism. No,—the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' must be left to its own influences.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

EGEUS, *father to* Hermia.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

LYSANDER, *in love with* Hermia.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

DEMETRIUS, *in love with* Hermia.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to* Theseus.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

QUINCE, *the carpenter.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

SNUG, *the joiner.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

BOTTOM, *the weaver.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

FLUTE, *the bellows-mender.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

SNOUT, *the tinker.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

STARVELING, *the tailor.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theseus.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

HERMIA, *daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lysander.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

HELENA, *in love with* Demetrius.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

PUCK, *or* Robin Goodfellow, *a fairy.*
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, *fairies.*
Appear, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, *characters in the* Interlude *performed by the* Clowns.
Appear, Act V. sc. 1.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus *and* Hippolyta.

SCENE,—ATHENS, AND A WOOD NEAR.

*** The old editions have no List of Characters.

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[" And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie."]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in the Palace of* Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

THE. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,

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Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIP. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent[a] in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THE. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword[i],
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling[b].

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

EGE. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke[c]!

THE. Thanks, good Egeus: What 's the news with thee?

EGE. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius: My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man[d] hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

[a] *New bent.* The two quartos of 1600, and the folio of 1623, read "*now* bent." *New* was supplied by Rowe. We believe that *now* was the original word, but used in the sense of *new*, both the words having an etymological affinity. In the same manner, we have, in 'All 's Well that Ends Well,' Act II., Scene 3—

"—— whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the *now*-born brief."

This, in many editions, has been changed to "*new*-born brief;" certainly without necessity. In the present case the corrected reading must, we apprehend, be received; for *now* could not be restored without producing an ambiguity. *Now*, we believe, cannot refer to the state of the moon when Theseus is speaking. The new moon will be bent like the "silver bow;" the "old moon" is surely not of the form to which the new moon gives the name—crescent.

[b] See 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Illustrations of Act V.

[c] *Our renowned duke.* In a note upon the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, where we find a list of "*the dukes of Edom*," the editor of the 'Pictorial Bible' says, "Duke is rather an awkward title to assign to the chiefs of Edom. The original word is *aleph*, which would perhaps be best rendered by the general and indefinite title 'prince.'" At the time of the translation of the Bible, *duke* was used in this general and indefinite sense. The word, as pointed out by Gibbon, was a corruption of the Latin *dux*, which was indiscriminately applied to any military chief. Chaucer has *duke* Theseus,—Gower, *duke* Spartacus,—Stanyhurst, *duke* Æneas. The "awkward title" was a word in general use; and therefore Steevens is not justified in calling it "a misapplication of a modern title."

[d] *This man.* So the old copies. In modern editions *man* is omitted; and the emphatic repetition of Egeus is in consequence destroyed.

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Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

THE. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HER. So is Lysander.

THE. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

HER. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

THE. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HER. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THE. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,

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To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthly happier[a] is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship[b], whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty[c].

THE. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

DEM. Relent, sweet Hermia:—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

LYS. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

EGE. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

LYS. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;

[a] *Earthly happier*—more happy in an earthly sense. The reading of all the old copies is *earthlier happy*, and this has been generally followed, although Pope and Johnson proposed *earlier happy*, and Steevens *earthly happy*. We have no doubt that Capell's reading, which we have adopted, is the true one; and that the old reading arose out of one of the commonest of typographical errors. The orthography of the folio is *earthlier happie*;—if the comparative had not been used, it would have been *earthlie happie*; and it is easy to see, therefore, that the *r* has been transposed.

[b] *Lordship*—authority. The word *dominion* in our present translation of the Bible (Romans, ch. vi.) is *lordship* in Wickliffe's translation.

[c] This is one of those elliptical expressions which frequently occur in our poet. The editor of the second folio, who was not scrupulous in adapting Shakspere's language to the changes of a quarter of a century, printed the lines—

"Unto his lordship, *to* whose unwish'd yoke," &c.

The *to* must be understood after *sovereignty*. In the same manner, the particle *on* must be understood in a passage in 'Cymbeline:'—

"Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand." (*on.*)

The same elliptical construction occurs in Othello's speech to the Senate:—

"What conjurations and what mighty magic
I won his daughter." (*with.*)

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My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted[a] and inconstant man.

THE. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: What cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

EGE. With duty and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES., HIP., EGE., DEM., *and train.*

LYS. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HER. Belike for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem[b] them from the tempest of mine eyes.

LYS. Ah me[c]! for aught that ever I[d] could read[2],
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;—

HER. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low[e]!

LYS. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—

[a] *Spotted*—stained, impure; the opposite of *spotless*.
[b] *Beteem*—pour forth.
[c] The folio omits the "Eigh me!" of the quartos.
[d] *Ever I*, in the folio. *I could ever*, in the quartos.
[e] The quartos and the folio, read—

"O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to *love*."

Theobald altered *love* to *low*; and the antithesis, which is kept up through the subsequent lines, ustifies the change:—*high—low; old—young*.

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HER. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
LYS. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends[a];
HER. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
LYS. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary[b] as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied[c] night,
That, in a spleen[d], unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
HER. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's[e] followers.
LYS. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From Athens is her house remov'd[f] seven leagues;

[a] *Friends.* So the quartos. In the folio we find—

"Or else it stood upon the choice of *merit.*"

The alteration in the folio was certainly not an accidental one; but we hesitate to adopt the reading, the meaning of which is more recondite than that of *friends.* The "choice of merit" is opposed to the "sympathy in choice;"—the merit of the suitor recommends itself to "another's eye," but not to the person beloved.

[b] *Momentary.* So the folio of 1623; the quartos read *momentany*, which Johnson says is the old and proper word. *Momentany* has certainly a more antique sound than *momentary*; but they were each indifferently used by the writers of Shakspere's time. We prefer the reading of the folio, because *momentary* occurs in four other passages in our poet's dramas; and this is a solitary example of the use of *momentany*, and that only in the quartos. The reading of the folio is invariably *momentary.*

[c] *Collied*—black, smutted. This is a word still in use in the Staffordshire collieries. Shakspere found it there, and transplanted it into the region of poetry.

[d] *In a spleen*—in a sudden fit of passion or caprice.

[e] *Fancy's followers*—the followers of Love. *Fancy* is here used in the same sense as in the exquisite song in 'The Merchant of Venice:'—

"Tell me where is *fancy* bred."

The word is repeated with the same meaning three times in this play: in Act II., Scene 2—

"In maiden meditation, *fancy*-free;"—

in Act III., Scene 2—

"All *fancy*-sick she is, and pale of cheer;"—

and in Act IV., Scene 1—

"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me."

[f] *Remov'd*—the reading of the folio. In the quartos we find *remote.* The reading of the folio is supported by several parallel passages; as in Hamlet,—

"It wafts you to a more *removed* ground;"

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And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May[3],
There will I stay for thee.

HER. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYS. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

HER. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

HEL. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair[a]: O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-stars[4]; and your tongue's sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour[b] so,
(Your words I catch[c],) fair Hermia, ere I go,

and in 'As You Like It'—"Your accent is somewhat finer than you could purchase in so *removed* a dwelling." Milton has in 'Il Penseroso,'—

"Some still *removed* place will fit."

Upon this line Warton observes, "*Removed* is the ancient English participle passive for the Latin *remote*."

[a] *Fair*—used as a substantive for *beauty*. As in 'The Comedy of Errors,'—

"My decayed *fair*
A sunny look of his would soon repair."

This is the reading of the quartos. In the folio we have "*you* fair."

[b] *Favour*—features—appearance—outward qualities. In 'Cymbeline' we find—

"I have surely seen him;
His *favour* is familiar to me;"

in 'Measure for Measure,' "Surely, sir, a good *favour* you have;" and in 'Hamlet,' "Tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this *favour* she must come."

[c] The reading of all the old editions is, *Your words I catch*. The substitution of *Yours would I catch* was made by Hanmer. We leave the text as in the old editions. It is in the repetition of

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My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

HER. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HEL. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HEL. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HER. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine[a].

HEL. None. But your beauty; would that fault were mine!

HER. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell[b]!

LYS. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

HER. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies[c].

the word *fair* that Helena catches the words of Hermia; but she would also catch her voice, her intonation, and her expression, as well as her words. We do not think, as Mr. Halliwell thinks, that the reading of the second folio helps the matter:—"Your words *I 'd* catch."

[a] This is the reading of the quarto printed by Fisher. That by Roberts, and the folio, read—

"His folly, Helena, is *none* of mine."

[b] *Unto a hell.* So Fisher's quarto. The others, *into hell.*

[c] In the original editions we have the following reading:—

"And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms, of their counsel *swell'd*,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes
To seek new friends and *strange companions*."

It will be observed that the whole dialogue is in rhyme; and the introduction, therefore, of four lines of blank verse has a harsh effect. The emendations were made by Theobald; and they are

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Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight. [*Exit* HER.

LYS. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit* LYSANDER.

HEL. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vild[a], holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft[b] beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

certainly ingenious and unforced. *Companies* for *companions* has an example in 'Henry V.:'—

"His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and shallow."

We cannot carry our reverence for the old texts so far as to exclude such an evident improvement.

[a] *Vild*—vile. The word repeatedly occurs in Shakspere, as in Spenser; and when it does so occur we are scarcely justified in substituting the *vile* of the modern editors.

[b] *So oft*, in the quartos. The folio, *often*.

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SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING.

QUIN. Is all our company here?

BOT. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip[a].

QUIN. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.

QUIN. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you[b], and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

QUIN. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUIN. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUIN. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein[c], a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

[a] *Scrip*—script—a written paper. Bills of exchange are called by Locke "*scrips* of paper;" and the term is still known upon the Stock Exchange.

[b] Bottom and Sly both speak of a theatrical representation as they would of a piece of cloth or a pair of shoes. Sly says of the play, "'T is a very excellent piece of work."

[c] *Ercles*—Hercules—was one of the roaring heroes of the rude drama which preceded Shakspere. In Greene's 'Groat's-worth of Wit' (1592), a player says, "The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage." There is a passage in Heywood's 'Apology for Actors' which strikingly exhibits the Hercules of the drama for the multitude,—"fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs," &c., &c.

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QUIN. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLU. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You must take Thisby on you.

FLU. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUIN. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLU. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUIN. That 's all one; you shall play it in a mask [5], and you may speak as small as you will.

BOT. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I 'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—"Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!"

QUIN. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOT. Well, proceed.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STAR. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

QUIN. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOT. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

QUIN. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOT. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUIN. Why, what you will.

BOT. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

QUIN. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there we will

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rehearse: for if we meet in the city we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties[6] such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

BOT. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

QUIN. At the duke's oak we meet.

BOT. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings[a]. [*Exeunt.*

[a] Capell says, this is a proverbial expression derived from the days of archery:—"When a party was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase."



["I will roar you an 't were any nightingale."]

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[*Scenes I. and II.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near* Athens.

Enter a Fairy *on one side, and* Puck *on the other.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;

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And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs[a] upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners[b] be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob[c] of spirits, I 'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling[d]:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square[e]; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

FAI. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow[f]; are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;

[a] *Orbs.* The *fairy rings*, as they are popularly called; which, however explained by philosophy, will always have a poetical charm connected with the beautiful superstition that the night-tripping fairies have, on these verdant circles, danced their merry roundels. It was the Fairy's office to *dew* these orbs, which had been parched under the fairy-feet in the moonlight revels.

[b] *Pensioners.* These courtiers, whom Mrs. Quickly put above earls ('Merry Wives of Windsor,' Act II., Scene 2), were Queen Elizabeth's favourite attendants. They were the handsomest men of the first families,—tall, as the cowslip was to the fairy, and shining in their spotted gold coats like that flower under an April sun.

[c] *Lob*—looby, lubber, lubbard.

[d] *Changeling*—a child procured in exchange.

[e] *Square*—to quarrel. It is difficult to understand how *to square*, which, in the ordinary sense, is to agree, should mean *to disagree*. And yet there is no doubt that the word was used in this sense. Holinshed has "Falling *at square* with her husband." In 'Much Ado about Nothing,' Beatrice says, "Is there no young *squarer* now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?" Mr. Richardson, after explaining the usual meaning of this verb, adds, "*To square* is also, consequently, to broaden; to set out broadly, in a position or attitude of offence or defence—(*as quarrer*)." The word is thus used in the language of pugilism. There is more of our old dialect in *flash* terms than is generally supposed.

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Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern[a];
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm[b];
Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

PUCK. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

FAI. And here my mistress:—Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.—*Enter* OBERON, *on one side, with his train, and* TITANIA, *on the other, with hers.*

OBE. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania[9].

TITA. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBE. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

TITA. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn[10], and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come

[a] *Quern*—a handmill; from the Anglo-Saxon, *cwyrn*.

[b] *Barm*—yeast. Holland, in his translation of Pliny, speaks of ".the froth, or *barm*, that riseth from these ales or beers."

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To give their bed joy and prosperity.

OBE. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

TITA. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring[a],
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain[b], or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain[11],
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting[c] river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents[d]:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud[12];
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
The human mortals[e] want; their winter here[f],

[a] *Middle summer's spring.* The *spring* is the beginning—as the *spring of the day*, a common expression in our early writers. The *middle summer* is the *midsummer*.

[b] *Paved fountain*—a fountain, or clear stream, rushing over pebbles,—certainly not an artificially paved fountain, as Johnson has supposed. The *paved fountain* is contrasted with the *rushy brook*. The epithet *paved* is used in the same sense as in the "pearl-paved ford" of Drayton, the "pebble-paved channel" of Marlowe, and the "coral-paven bed" of Milton.

[c] *Pelting*—petty, contemptible. See note on "pelting farm," in 'Richard II.,' Act II., Scene 1. *Pelting* is the reading of the quarto; the folio has *petty*.

[d] *Continents*—banks. A *continent* is that which contains.

[e] *Human mortals.* This beautiful expression has been supposed to indicate the difference between mankind and fairykind in the following manner—that they were each mortal, but that the less spiritual beings were distinguished as human. Upon this assertion of Steevens, Ritson and Reed enter into fierce controversy. Chapman, in his Homer, has an inversion of the phrase, "mortal humans;" and we suppose that, in the same way, whether Titania were, or were not, subject to death, she employed the language of poetry in speaking of "human mortals," without reference to the conditions of fairy existence.

[f] *Their winter here.* The emendation proposed by Theobald, *their winter cheer*, is very plausible. The original reading is—

"The humane mortals want their winter *heere*."

Johnson says *here* means in this country, and their *winter* signifies their winter evening sports.

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No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:—
Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown[a],
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
The childing[b] autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase[c], now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

OBE. Do you amend it then: it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman[d].

TITA. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:

The ingenious author of a pamphlet, 'Explanations and Emendations,' &c. (Edinburgh, 1814), would read—

"The human mortals want; their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd."

The writer does not support his emendation by any argument; but we believe that he is right. The swollen rivers have rotted the corn, the folds stand empty, the flocks are murrain, the sports of summer are at an end, the human mortals *want*. This is the climax. Their winter is *here*—is come—although the season is the latter summer, or autumn; and in consequence the hymns and carols which gladdened the nights of a seasonable winter are wanting to this premature one. The "*therefore*," which follows, introduces another clause in the catalogue of evils produced by the "brawls" of Oberon and Titania; as in the case of the preceding use of the same emphatic word in two instances:—

"*Therefore*, the winds, piping to us in vain," &c.,

and—

"The ox hath *therefore* stretch'd his yoke in vain," &c.

[a] *Hyems' thin and icy crown.* The old copies read *chin*. Tyrwhitt proposed the change of a single letter to produce *thin*. Gifford sanctions this reading. "When Ovid paints winter," says Mr. Dyce, "with icicles hanging from his beard and crown, we have such pictures presented to us as the imagination not unwillingly receives; but Hyems with a chaplet of summer buds on his *chin* is a grotesque which must surely startle even the dullest reader."

[b] *Childing*—producing. "The childing autumn" is "the teeming autumn" of our poet's 97th Sonnet.

[c] *Increase*—produce.

[d] *Henchman*—a page—originally a horseman. In Chaucer we find—

"And every knight had after him riding
Three *henchmen* on him a waiting."

It has been conjectured that *henchman* is *haunchman*—one that follows a chief or lord at his *haunch*. The derivation from the Anglo-Saxon *hengest*, a horse, seems more probable.

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And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following, (her womb then rich with my young squire,)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

OBE. How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITA. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBE. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TITA. Not for thy fairy[a] kingdom. Fairies, away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. [*Exeunt* TITANIA *and her train.*

OBE. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st[13]
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK. I remember.

OBE. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd[b]: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:

[a] *Fairy.* This epithet is not found in modern editions, being rejected by Steevens—"By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the useless adjective *fairy*, as it spoils the metre."

[b] *All arm'd.* One of the commentators turned this epithet into "alarm'd." The original requires no explanation, beyond the recollection of the Cupid of the poets:—

"He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows that outbrave
Dian's shafts."—(BEN JONSON.)

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But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower: the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK. I 'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes [a]. [*Exit* PUCK.

OBE. Having once this juice,
I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I 'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I 'll stay, the other stayeth me [b].

[a] This is the reading of Fisher's quarto. That of Roberts, and the folio, omit *round*, printing the passage as one line:—

"I 'll put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes."

[b] This is the invariable reading of the old copies. Theobald, upon the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby, changed it to—

"The one I 'll slay, the other *slayeth* me."

But it is surely unnecessary to assign to Demetrius any such murderous intents. Helena has betrayed her friend—

"I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her."

He is pursuing her, when he exclaims—

"The one I 'll *stay*, the other *stayeth* me."

He will *stay*—stop—Hermia; Lysander *stayeth*—*hindereth*—him.

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Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood.
And here am I, and wood[a] within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my[b] Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEM. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

HEL. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HEL. And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEM. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HEL. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEM. I 'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HEL. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;

[a] *Wood*—wild—mad.

[b] *My Hermia.* This has been enfeebled by some editor, who has been followed without apology by others, into

"Because I cannot meet *with* Hermia."

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The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

DEM. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exeunt* DEM. *and* HEL.

OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBE. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows[a],
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine[b],
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies

[a] So all the old copies. Steevens, who hated variety in rhythm, as he gloated on a *double-entendre*, gives us—

"I know a bank *whereon* the wild thyme blows."

[b] For the same love of counting syllables upon the fingers, the *luscious* woodbine of the old copies is changed into *lush* woodbine: Farmer, who knew as little about the melody of verse as Steevens, would read—

"O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine."

Their profane hands would not leave the passage as Milton had read it, when he wrote—

"I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwoven
With flaunting honey-suckle."—(*Comus.*)

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May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

TITA. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice[a] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 FAI. You spotted snakes[14], with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 FAI. Weaving spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 FAI. Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel. [*Exeunt* Fairies. TITANIA *sleeps.*

[a] *Rear-mice*—bats.

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Enter OBERON.

OBE. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eyelids.*
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

LYS. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
HER. Be it so, Lysander, find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
LYS. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
HER. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
LYS. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained[a] with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
HER. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!
LYS. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

[a] *Interchained* is the reading of the quartos. The folio has *interchanged.*

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Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!
HER. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian find[a] I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he my master said
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul; she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy[b].
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

HEL. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
DEM. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
HEL. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!

[a] *Find* is the reading of the folio, and of one of the quartos. The other quarto has *found*.
[b] This is the reading of the old copies. It is evidently intended for a long line amidst those of seven or eight syllables.

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Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYS. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. [*Waking.*
Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art[a],
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HEL. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

LYS. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now[b] I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady of one man refus'd
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

LYS. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!

[a] *Nature shows her art.* The quartos read, "Nature shows art;" the folio, "Nature *her* shows art." This is clearly a typographical error; and we agree, with Malone, that "Nature shows her art" is more probably a genuine reading than "Nature *here* shows art," which is the received one.

[b] *Now* is found in the folio, and in Roberts's quarto. In Fisher's quarto the emphatic *now* is omitted; and it is held that it can only be retained "to the injury of the metre."

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And all my powers address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

HER. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves[a]; I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I 'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

[a] *Of all loves.* We have this phrase in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and in 'Othello.'



["What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take."]

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["I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid."]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince,—

QUIN. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of 'Pyramus and Thisby' that will never

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please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT. By 'rlakin[a], a parlous[b] fear.

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six[c].

BOT. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing[15]: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

SNOUT. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner[16].

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNUG. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine[17], find out moonshine.

QUIN. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNUG. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold

[a] *By 'rlakin*—by our ladykin—our little lady.

[b] *Parlous*—perilous.

[c] *Eight and six*—alternate verses of eight and six syllables.

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his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

PUCK. What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I 'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

PYR. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet.

QUIN. Odours, odours.

PYR. —— odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Aside.—Exit.*

THIS. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes but to see a noise[a] that he heard, and is to come again.

THIS. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUIN. Ninus' tomb, man: Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

THIS. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.
PYR. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt* Clowns.

PUCK. I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

[a] Quince's description of Bottom going "to see a noise" is akin to Sir Toby Belch's notion of "to hear by the nose." ('Twelfth Night,' Act II., Scene 3.)

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And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

BOT. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

BOT. What do you see? you see an ass-head[a] of your own: Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

BOT. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill[18],
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with[b] little quill;

TITA. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

BOT. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry *cuckoo* never so?

TITA. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee[c].

BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[d] upon occasion.

TITA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOT. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

[a] *Ass-head.* So the quartos; and the folio, even more distinctly—"Asse-head."—The carefullest collation sometimes misses these small matters, and gives us "ass's head."

[b] *With*, in the quartos. The folio, *and.*

[c] This is the reading of the preceding five lines in the quarto printed by Fisher. In that by Roberts, and in the folio, two of the lines, namely, the third and fourth of Titania's speech, are transposed.

[d] *Gleek.* This verb is generally used in the sense of to *scoff*; but we apprehend Bottom only means to say that he can *joke.*

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TITA. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed[a]!

Enter PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, *and four* Fairies.

1 FAI. Ready.
2 FAI. And I.
3 FAI. And I.
4 FAI. And I.
ALL. Where shall we go[b]?

TITA. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries[c];
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes[19],
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 FAI. Hail, mortal!
2 FAI. Hail!
3 FAI. Hail!
4 FAI. Hail!

BOT. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

COB. Cobweb.

BOT. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

[a] This line looks like a stage-direction in the quartos, and we find no trace of it in the folio, except as a portion of the stage-direction, thus:—"*Enter Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed, and four Fairies.*" If the Fairies are separate persons from Peas-blossom and his fellows, we ought to restore the stage-direction, as we have done. But we believe that the Fairies are not separate persons, although it is scarcely necessary to disturb the customary arrangement.

[b] Steevens omitted the "And I" of the fourth Fairy, and gave her the "Where shall we go?"

[c] *Dewberries.* This delicate wild-fruit is perfectly well known to all who have lived in the country; but one of the commentators tells us dewberries are gooseberries, and another raspberries.

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PEAS. Peas-blossom.

BOT. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUS. Mustard-seed.

BOT. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience[a] well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

TITA. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

OBE. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule[b] now about this haunted grove?

PUCK. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,

[a] The *patience* of the family of Mustard in being devoured by the ox-beef is one of those brief touches of wit, so common in Shakspere, which take him far out of the range of ordinary writers. But his critics love commonplace; and therefore Hanmer would read *parentage*,—Farmer, *passions*,—and Mason, *passing*. Reed then solemnly pronounces "no change is necessary;" and so half a page of the variorum Shakspere is filled.

[b] *Night-rule*—night-revel. The old spelling of *revel* became *rule*; and by this corruption we obtained, says Douce, "the lord of mis-*rule*."

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An ass's nowl[a] I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic[b] comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So at his sight away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

OBE. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd[c] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I bid thee do?

PUCK. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That when he wak'd of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

OBE. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

PUCK. This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEM. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HER. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stolen away

[a] *Nowl*—noll—head.

[b] *Mimic*—actor. *Mimmick* is the reading of the folio; *minnock*, and *min nick*, are found in the quartos.

[c] *Latch'd*—licked o'er, according to Hanmer. A correspondent suggests, and we agree with him, that the common meaning of *fastened* (*i. e.*, by a charm) is more applicable. Oberon says, (p. 460, Act III., Scene 2,)

"And then I will her charmed eye *release*."

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From sleeping Hermia? I 'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

DEM. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HER. What 's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEM. I 'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.

HER. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh, once tell true, tell true[a], even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O, brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

DEM. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HER. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEM. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HER. A privilege never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so[b]:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

DEM. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrout sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

OBE. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

[a] The repetition of *tell true* is only found in Fisher's quarto.

[b] In the original copies the text stands thus:—

"And from thy hated presence part I: See me no more
Whether he be dead or no."

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PUCK. Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
OBE. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer[a]
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I 'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.
PUCK. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
OBE. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

PUCK. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
OBE. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
PUCK. Then will two at once woo one—
That must needs be sport alone[b];
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

LYS. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

[a] *Cheer*—face. From the old French *chère*.
[b] *Sport alone*—sport entirely—pure sport.

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HEL. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
LYS. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
LYS. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
DEM. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow[20]!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
HEL. O, spite! O, hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were* men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so.
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
LYS. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
HEL. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
DEM. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

* *Were*, in the quartos. The folio, *are*.

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My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

LYS. Helen[a], it is not so.

DEM. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby[b] it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy[c] sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYS. Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

HER. What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYS. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes[d] and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HER. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

HEL. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and[e] is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence[21]?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

[a] *Helen* is only found in Fisher's quarto.
[b] *Aby*, in Fisher's quarto. In the other copies, *abide*.
[c] *Thy*. The folio, *that*.
[d] *Oes*—circles.
[e] *And* was inserted in the second folio. It lends something to the pathetic simplicity of the sentiment.

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Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like[a] coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest[22].
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

HER. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

HEL. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd!
This you should pity, rather than despise.

HER. I understand not what you mean by this!

HEL. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 't is partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

LYS. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HEL. O, excellent!

HER. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

[a] *Like.* The original copies have *life.*

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DEM. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
LYS. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers[a].—
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
DEM. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
LYS. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
DEM. Quick, come,—
HER. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
LYS. Away, you Ethiope!
DEM. No, no, sir[b]:—
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!
LYS. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.
HER. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
LYS. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O, hated poison[c], hence!
HER. Do you not jest?
HEL. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.
LYS. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
DEM. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I 'll not trust your word.
LYS. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.
HER. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
LYS. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer, 't is no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
HER. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,

[a] *Prayers.* In the old copies, *praise.*
[b] This is the reading of the folio.
[c] *Poison.* Fisher's quarto has *potion.*

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And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HEL. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HER. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst*;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she 's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HER. Lower! hark, again.

HEL. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

HER. Why, get you gone: Who is 't that hinders you?

HEL. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

HER. What, with Lysander?

HEL. With Demetrius.

LYS. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEM. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

HEL. O, when she 's angry, she is keen and shrewd:

* *Curst*—shrewish.

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She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HER. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

LYS. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass[a] made;
You bead, you acorn.

DEM. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend[b]
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby[c] it.

LYS. Now she holds me not,
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEM. Follow? nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by jole. [*Exeunt* LYS. *and* DEM.

HER. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

HEL. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

HER. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say[d]. [*Exit, pursuing* HELENA.

OBE. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly[e].

PUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBE. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

[a] *Knot-grass*—"a low reptant herb," according to Richard Tomlinson, a botanical apothecary of the seventeenth century. It was a vulgar error that it had the power of hindering growth.

[b] *Intend.* Steevens explains this word by *pretend.* That is scarcely the meaning, which is rather to *direct.*

[c] *Aby it*—suffer for it. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"Foolhardy knight, full soon thou shalt *aby*
This fond reproach."

The folio, as in a former instance, has *abide.*

[d] This line is not found in the folio of 1623, but is in the previous quartos.

[e] *Wilfingly*, in the folio; *wilfully* in the quartos.

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The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision[23];
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I 'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast[24],
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBE. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport[25];
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams[26].
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit* OBERON.

PUCK. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

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Enter LYSANDER.

LYS. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
PUCK. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
LYS. I will be with thee straight.
PUCK. Follow me then to plainer ground. [*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

DEM. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
PUCK. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I 'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.
DEM. Yea; art thou there?
PUCK. Follow my voice; we 'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

LYS. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come, where he calls then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day! [*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I 'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

PUCK. Ho, ho, ho[27]! Coward, why com'st thou not?
DEM. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now[a]?
PUCK. Come hither; I am here.
DEM. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy[b] this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

[a] *Now* is only found in Fisher's quarto.
[b] *Buy.* So the old copies. This may be meant for the *aby* used before; but *buy it dear* is still a familiar form of expression.

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Enter HELENA.

HEL. O, weary night, O, long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

PUCK. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*

PUCK. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I 'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy. [*Squeezing the juice on* LYS.'s *eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st[28]
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well[a].
[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM., HEL., &c., *sleep.*

[a] The country proverb to which Puck alludes is also given in Fletcher's 'Chances:' "Why, the man has his mare again, and all 's well."

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["When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear."]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, Fairies *attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

TITA. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy[a],
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
BOT. Where 's Peas-blossom?

[a] *Do coy.* To *coy* is here to *caress.*

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PEAS. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where 's monsieur Cobweb?

COB. Ready.

BOT. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown [a] with a honey-bag, signior.—Where 's monsieur Mustard-seed?

MUST. Ready.

BOT. Give me your neif [b], monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

MUST. What 's your will?

BOT. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb [c] to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

TITA. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOT. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones [d].

TITA. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

BOT. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TITA. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

BOT. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITA. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm [29].
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

[a] *Overflown*—flooded—drowned. The sense in which this word is here used may explain a passage in Milton, which has been thought corrupt:—

"Then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."—(*Paradise Lost*, book i.)

[b] *Neif*—fist. Thus in 'Henry IV., Part II.,' Act II., Scene 4:—"Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif*."

[c] *Cobweb*. This is probably a misprint for *Peas-blossom*. Cobweb has been sent after the "red-hipped humble-bee;" and *Peas-blossom* has already been appointed to the honoured office in which *Mustard-seed* is now called to assist him.

[d] The folio has here a stage-direction:—"Music, Tongs; Rural music."

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OBERON *advances.* *Enter* PUCK.

OBE. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be thou[a], as thou wast wont to be, [*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

TITA. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

OBE. There lies your love.

TITA. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

OBE. Silence a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

TITA. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

PUCK. When thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep[b].

[a] So the folio. The quartos—
"Be, as thou wast wont to be."

[b] So the original copies. The modern editors have inserted *now* at the beginning of the line.

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OBE. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity[a]:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

PUCK. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

OBE. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

TITA. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

THE. Go one of you, find out the forester[30];
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THE. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable

[a] In Fisher's quarto, *prosperity*.

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Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

EGE. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

THE. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGE. It is, my lord.

THE. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and start up.*

THE. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

LYS. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel to* THESEUS.

THE. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYS. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law[a].

EGE. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEM. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;

[a] They intended to leave Athens for some place where they might be beyond (*without*) the perils of the Athenian law. Fisher's quarto, which Mr. Collier follows, omits *be*, and leaves the sense incomplete.

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And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following[a] me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we will hear more anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta. [*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

DEM. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

HER. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

HEL. So, methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel[b],
Mine own, and not mine own.

DEM. [Are you sure
That we are awake?[c]] It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

HER. Yea, and my father.

HEL. And Hippolyta.

LYS. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEM. Why then, we are awake: let 's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Following*, in Fisher's quarto. The other copies, *followed.*

[b] She has found Demetrius, as a person picks up a jewel—for the moment it is his own, but its value may cause it to be reclaimed. She feels insecure in the possession of her treasure.

[c] The words in brackets are omitted in the folio. They are scarcely wanted.

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As they go out, BOTTOM *awakes.*

BOT. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God 's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was:—Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had.—But man is but a patched fool[a] if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death[b]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in* Quince's *House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

QUIN. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marred; It goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

FLU. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

QUIN. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

FLU. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

SNUG. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward we had all been made men.

FLU. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I 'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

[a] *Patched fool*—a fool in a particoloured coat.

[b] Probably, at the death of Thisbe. Theobald would read "after death,"—that is, after Bottom had been killed in the part of Pyramus.

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Enter BOTTOM.

BOT. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUIN. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOT. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right[a] as it fell out.

QUIN. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOT. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards[31], new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred[b]. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Right* is omitted in the folio.

[b] *Preferred*—not in the sense of chosen in preference—but offered—as a suit is *preferred*.



[*Bottom awaking.*]

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["Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray."]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Athens. An Apartment in the Palace of* Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, *and* Attendants.

HIP. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.
THE. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

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The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear.

HIP. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

LYS. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

THE. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate[a].

PHILOST. Here, mighty Theseus.

THE. Say, what abridgment[b] have you for this evening?
What mask, what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

[a] The folio has "Call Egeus;" and to him nearly all the speeches subsequently given to Philostrate are assigned. As some stage convenience possibly suggested this arrangement in the folio, it is not worth while to derange the received allotment of the dialogue to Philostrate, which is that of the quartos.

[b] *Abridgment—pastime*—something that may *abridge* "the lazy time." This is one explanation. Is it not, rather,—what *short* thing have you, of play, or mask, or music?

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PHILOST. There is a brief, how many sports are rife[a];
Make choice of which your highness will see first. [*Giving a paper.*
LYS. [*Reads*[b].] "The battle with the Centaurs[32], to be sung,
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
THE. We 'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
LYS. "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
THE. That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
LYS. "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."
THE. That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
LYS. "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
THE. Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow[c].
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
PHILOST. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
THE. What are they that do play it?
PHILOST. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
THE. And we will hear it.
PHILOST. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,

[a] *Rife.* So the folio. One of the quartos, *ripe.*

[b] In the quartos, *Theseus* reads the "brief," and makes the remarks upon each item;—in the folio, *Lysander* reads the list. The lines are generally printed as in the quartos; but the division of so long a passage is clearly better, and is perfectly natural and proper.

[c] *Wonderous strange snow.* This has sorely puzzled the commentators. They want an antithesis for *snow*, as *hot* is for *ice*. Upton, therefore, reads, "*black* snow;" Hanmer, "*scorching* snow;" and Mason, "*strong* snow." Surely snow is a *common* thing; and, therefore, "wonderous strange" is sufficiently antithetical—hot ice, and snow as strange.

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(Unless you can find sport in their intents[a],)
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

THE. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies. [*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.

HIP. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

THE. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

HIP. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

THE. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might[b], not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHILOST. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd[c].

THE. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter Prologue.

PROL. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

[a] This line is parenthetical, and we print it so. Johnson says he does not know what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*. It is the *play* which Philostrate has heard over, so *stretch'd* and *conn'd*, which he describes as *nothing*.

[b] *Might*. This is not used to express *power*, but *will—what one mayeth*—the will for the deed. (See Tooke's 'Diversions of Purley,' Part II., c. 5.)

[c] *Address'd*—ready.

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Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points[33].

LYS. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

HIP. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

THE. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION, *as in dumb show.*

PROL. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder:
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which by name Lion hight,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall[a];
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt* PROL., THISBE, LION, *and* MOONSHINE.

THE. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

WALL. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:

[a] *Fall*—used actively.

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And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

THE. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEM. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

THE. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence.

Enter PYRAMUS.

PYR. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
That stands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
[WALL *holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THE. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

BOT. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

THIS. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
PYR. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!
THIS. My love! thou art my love, I think.
PYR. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander am I trusty still.
THIS. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.
PYR. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
THIS. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
PYR. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
THIS. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

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PYR. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
THIS. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
WALL. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.
[*Exeunt* WALL, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

THE. Now is the mural[a] down between the two neighbours.
DEM. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.
HIP. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.
THE. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
HIP. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.
THE. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

LION. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion's fell[b], nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity of my life.

THE. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
DEM. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.
LYS. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
THE. True; and a goose for his discretion.
DEM. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.
THE. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

MOON. This lantern doth the horned moon present.

DEM. He should have worn the horns on his head.
THE. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

MOON. This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be[34].

THE. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' the moon?

[a] *Mural.* In the folio *moral*—an evident misprint.
[b] We adopt the ingenious reading of Mr. Barron Field. The ordinary text is—
"Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell."
He assures the audience that he is only "a lion's fell"—or skin.

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DEM. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

HIP. I am weary of this moon: Would he would change.

THE. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

LYS. Proceed, Moon.

MOON. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEM. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

THIS. This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?

LION. Oh—. [*The* Lion *roars.*—THISBE *runs off.*

DEM. Well roared, lion.

THE. Well run, Thisbe.

HIP. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

THE. Well moused, lion. [*The* Lion *tears* THISBE'*s mantle, and exit.*

DEM. And then came Pyramus.

LYS. And so the lion vanished[a].

Enter PYRAMUS.

PYR. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams[b],
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay;—O spite!
But mark;—Poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood?

[a] This passage, according to an emendation of the old copies by Dr. Farmer, is always printed—

"And *so comes* Pyramus,
And *then the moon vanishes.*"

Farmer makes the correction, because, in this mock-play, the moon vanishes after Pyramus dies. But Demetrius and Lysander do not profess to have any knowledge of the play; it is Philostrate who has "heard it over." They are thinking of the classical story; and, like Hamlet, they are each "a good chorus."

[b] *Streams.* The word in the original copies is *beams*, which is clearly an error. The editor of the second folio altered it to *streams.* If he had put *gleams*, the ridicule of excessive alliteration would have been carried further.

(This note appeared in my previous editions, and Mr. Collier considered the suggestion reasonable, with reference to the alliteration. It is scarcely fair, therefore, in Mr. Dyce to say, "Neither Mr. Knight nor Mr. Collier appears to recollect that from the earliest times *stream* has been frequently used in the sense of *ray*;—and to add, that they have "an unreasonable objection to streams." I suggested "*gleams*," as heightening the burlesque.)

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Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

THE. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

HIP. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

PYR. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap
Where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled:
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.—Exit* MOONSHINE.

DEM. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

LYS. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

THE. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

HIP. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

THE. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

HIP. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

DEM. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better[a].

LYS. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

DEM. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.

THIS. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise,
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.

[a] In the quartos we have added—"he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us." The statute of James against the profane use of sacred names probably expelled the words; and we see no good in their restoration to the text.

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These lily lips[a],
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue;
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

THE. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

DEM. Ay, and Wall too.

BOT. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask[b] dance, between two of our company?

THE. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of* Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers to bed: 't is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play[as] hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Lips*, in the original copies, which Theobald changed to *brows*.

[b] An Italian dance, after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco.

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SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars[36],
And the wolf behowls[a] the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's[b] team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their train.*

OBE. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly[37].

TITA. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

OBE. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.

[a] *Behowls.* This is *beholds* in the original texts, but clearly an error. In 'As You Like It,' we have—"'T is like the *howling* of Irish wolves against the *moon*." The image is familiar to poetry, from Shakspere to Pope—

"Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls."

[b] Marlowe, Middleton, and Golding, also use Hecate as a dissyllable. In Spenser and Jonson we find Hĕcătē.

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To the best bride-bed will we[36],
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay:
Meet me all by break of day. [*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and train.*

PUCK. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword.*"

THE very ingenious writer of 'A Letter on Shakspere's Authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen,' (1833), remarks, that "the characters in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' are classical, but the costume is strictly Gothic, and shows that it was through the medium of romance that he drew the knowledge of them." It was in Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale' that our poet found the Duke of Athens, and Hippolyta, and Philostrate; in the same way that the author of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen,' and subsequently Dryden, found there the story of 'Palamon and Arcite.' Hercules and Theseus have been called by Godwin, "the knight-errants of antiquity;"[a] and truly the mode in which the fabulous histories of the ancient world blended themselves with the literature of the chivalrous ages fully justifies this seemingly anomalous designation. It is not difficult to trace Shakspere in passages of the 'Knight's Tale.' The opening lines of that beautiful poem offer an example:—

"Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time swiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the sonne.
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia;
And wedded the fresshe quene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree
With mochel glorie and gret solempnitee,
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his host, in armes him beside.
And certes, if it n'ere to long to here,
I wolde have tolde you fully the manere,
How wonnen was the regne of Feminie,
By Theseus, and by his chevalrie:
And of the grete bataille for the nones
Betwix Athenes and the Amasones:
And how asseged was Ipolita,
The faire hardy quene of Scythia;
And of the feste, that was at hire wedding,
And of the temple at hire home coming.
But all this thing I moste as now forbere
I have, God wot, a large field to ere."

[a] 'Life of Chaucer,' vol. i. p. 30.

[2] SCENE I.—"*Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,*" &c.

The passage in 'Paradise Lost,' in which Milton has imitated this famous passage of Shakspere, is conceived in a very different spirit. Lysander and Hermia lament over the evils by which

"—— true lovers have been ever cross'd,"

as "an edict in destiny," to which they must both submit with patience and mutual forbearance. The Adam of Milton reproaches Eve with the

"—— innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,"

as a trial of which lordly man has alone a right to complain:—

"—— for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."
('*Par. Lost*,' book x. v. 895.)

Adam had certainly cause to be angry when he uttered these reproaches; and therefore Milton has dramatically forgotten that man is not the only sufferer in such "disturbances on earth."

[3] SCENE I.—"*To do observance to a morn of May.*"

The very expression, "*to do observance,*" in

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connection with the rites of May, occurs twice in Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale:'—

"Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it fell ones in a morne of May
That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene
Than is the lilie upon his stalke grene,
And fresher than the May with floures newe,
(For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two,)
Er it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all redy dight,
For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
The sesun pricketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his sleep to sterte,
And sayth, arise, and *do thin observance.*"

Again:—

"Arcite, that is in the court real
With Theseus the squier principal,
Is risen, and loketh on the mery day
And for *to don his observance to May.*"

The "observance," in the days of Chaucer, as in those of Shakspere, was a tribute from the city and the town to the freshness of a beautiful world; and our ancestors, as Stow has described, went out "into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind." Stubbs, however, in his 'Anatomie of Abuses,' first printed in 1585—at the very period when Shakspere was laying up in his native fields those stores of high and pleasant thoughts which show his love for the country and for country delights—has, while he describes the "observance" of May, denounced it as being under the superintendence of "Sathan." This passage of the inflexible Puritan is curious and interesting:—

"Against May, Whitsunday, or some other time of the year, every parish, town, and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, old and young, even all indifferently; and either going all together, or dividing themselves into companies, they go some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, some to one place, some to another, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch boughs, and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withal. And no marvel, for there is a great lord present amongst them, as superintendent and lord over their pastimes and sports, namely Sathan, Prince of Hell. But their chiefest jewel they bring from thence is their Maypole, which they bring home with



[*Bringing in the Maypole.*]

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great veneration, as thus: they have twenty or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied on the tip of his horns, and these oxen draw home this Maypole (this stinking idol rather), which is covered all over with flowers and herbs, bound round about with strings, from the top to the bottom, and sometime painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women, and children, following it with great devotion. And thus being reared up, with handkerchiefs, and flags streaming on the top, they strew the ground about it, bind green boughs and arbours hard by it; and then fall they to banquet and feast, to leap and dance about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idols, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself."

The old spirit of joy was not put down when Herrick wrote sixty years afterwards—the spirit in which Chaucer sung—

"O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou, faire freshe Maye!"

The spirit, indeed, was too deeply implanted in "Merry England" to be easily put down; and the young, at any rate, were for the most part ready to exclaim with Herrick,—

"Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time."

[4] SCENE I.—"*Your eyes are load-stars.*"

The *load-star* is the north-star, by which sailors steered their course in the early days of navigation. Chaucer used the term in this sense; and Spenser also:—

"Like as a ship who, *load-star* suddenly
Cover'd with clouds, her pilot hath dismay'd."

It was under this guiding star that danger was avoided, and the haven reached. Thus, Sydney, in his 'Arcadia,' says, "Be not, most excellent lady—you, that nature has made to be the *load-star* of comfort—be not the rock of shipwreck." The *load-star* of Shakspere and the *cynosure* of Milton are the same in their metaphorical use:—

"Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The *cynosure* of neighb'ring eyes."—*L'Allegro.*

In the 'Spanish Tragedy' we have the same application of the image:

"Led by the *load-star* of her heavenly looks."

[5] SCENE II.—"*You shall play it in a mask.*"

Coryat, describing the theatres of Venice in 1608, writes,—"I observed certain things that I never saw before; for I saw women act,—a thing that I never saw before." Prynne, in his 'Histrio-Mastix' (1633), after denouncing women-actors in the most furious terms, speaks of them as recently introduced upon the English stage:—"as they have now their female players in Italy, and other foreign parts; and as they had such *French women-actors* in a play not long since personated in Blackfriars playhouse, to



[*Choragus instructing the Actors.*]

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which there was great resort." In a note he explains "not long since" as "Michaelmas Term, 1629." We therefore can have no doubt that in Shakspere's time the parts of women were personated by men and boys; and, indeed, Prynne denounces this as a more pernicious custom than the acting of women. The objection of Flute that he had "a beard coming," was doubtless a common objection; and the remedy was equally common—"You shall play it in a mask." Quince instructing his

"Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,"

reminds us of the celebrated picture, found at Pompeii, of the Choragus giving directions to the actors. The travestie would probably have been as just two thousand years ago as in the days of Shakspere.

[6] SCENE II.—*"Properties."*

The technicalities of the theatre are very unchanging. The person who has charge of the wooden swords, and pasteboard shields, and other trumpery required for the business of the stage, is still called the *property-man*. In 'The Antipodes,' by R. Brome, 1640, we have the following ludicrous account of the "properties," which form as curious an assemblage as in Hogarth's Strollers:—

"He has got into our tiring-house amongst us,
And ta'en a strict survey of all our properties;
Our statues and our images of gods,
Our planets and our constellations,
Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bugbears,
Our helmets, shields and visors, hairs and beards,
Our pasteboard marchpanes, and our wooden pies."
(*Quoted in Mr. Collier's 'History of the Stage.'*)

In 1839 the "property-man" of Covent Garden Theatre was examined in an appeal of the proprietors of the theatre against the poor-rate assessment, when he said that the articles under his charge consisted of "almost everything in creation—from the fly to the whale." He was worthy to be a property-man to Shakspere, who "exhausted worlds."

ACT II.

[7] SCENE I.—*"Over hill, over dale,*
Thorough bush, thorough briar," &c.

THEOBALD printed this passage as it appears in the folio and one of the quartos—

"Through bush, through briar."

Coleridge is rather hard upon him:—"What a noble pair of ears this worthy Theobald must have had!" He took the passage as he found it. It is remarkable that the reading was corrupted in the folio; for Drayton, in his imitation in the 'Nymphidia,' which was published a few years before the folio, exhibits the value of the word *"thorough:"*—

"Thorough brake, thorough briar,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire."

On the other hand, Steevens had not the justification of any text when he gave us—

"Swifter than the moones sphere."

Mr. Guest, in his 'History of English Rhythm,' (a work of great research, but which belongs to a disciple of the school of Pope, rather than of one nurtured by our elder poet,) observes upon the passage as we print it,—

"Swifter than the moon's sphere,"—

"The flow of Shakspere's line is quite in keeping with the peculiar rhythm which he has devoted to his fairies." This rhythm, Mr. Guest, in another place, describes as consisting of "abrupt verses of two, three, or four accents."

[8] SCENE I. ——*"that shrewd and knavish sprite,*
Call'd Robin Good-fellow."

There can be no doubt that the attributes of Puck, or Robin Good-fellow, as described by Shakspere, were collected from the popular superstitions of his own day. In Harsnet's 'Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures' (1603) he is mixed up as a delinquent with the friars:—"And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat

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[vat] never would have good head."—Again, in Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft' (1584), we have, "Your grandames' maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread, and bread and milk, was his standing fee." But Robin Good-fellow does not find a place in English poetry before the time of Shakspere. He is Puck's poetical creator. The poets who have followed in his train have endeavoured to vary the character of the "shrewd and meddling elf;" but he is nevertheless essentially the same. Drayton thus describes him in the 'Nymphidia:'—

"This Pu k seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray,
Long winter nights, out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

In the song of Robin Good-fellow, printed in 'Percy's Reliques' (which has been attributed to Ben Jonson), we have the same copy of the original features:—

"Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And while they sleep, and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!"

The "lubbar-fiend" of Milton is the "lob of spirits" of Shakspere. The hind, "by friar's lanthorn led,"

"Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar-fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings."—(*L'Allegro.*)

[9] SCENE II.—"*Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania,*" &c.

The name of "Oberon, King of Fairies," is found in Greene's 'James the IVth.' Greene died in 1592. But the name was long before familiar in Lord Berners' translation of the French romance of 'Sir Hugh of Bordeaux.' It is probable that Shakspere was indebted for the *name* to this source. Tyrwhitt has given his opinion that the Pluto and Proserpina of Chaucer's 'Marchantes Tale' were the true progenitors of Oberon and Titania. Chaucer calls Pluto the "King of Faerie," and Proserpina is "Queen of Faerie;" and they take a solicitude in the affairs of mortals. But beyond this they have little in common with Oberon and Titania. In the 'Wife of Bathes Tale,' however, Shakspere found the popular superstition presented in that spirit of gladsome revelry which it was reserved for him to work out in this matchless drama:—

"In olde dayes of the King Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
All was this land fulfilled of faerie,
The Elf-queene with her joly compagnie,
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede."

[10] SCENE II.—"*Playing on pipes of corn.*"

"Pipes made of grene corne" were amongst the rustic music described by Chaucer. Sydney's 'Arcadia,' at the time when Shakspere wrote his 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' had made pastoral images familiar to all. It is pleasant to imagine that our poet had the following beautiful passage in his thoughts:—"There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music."

[11] SCENE II.—"*Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain,*" &c.

In Churchyard's 'Charitie,' a poem published in 1595, the "distemperature" of that year is thus described:—

"A colder time in world was never seen:
The skies do lower, the sun and moon wax dim;
Summer scarce known but that the leaves are green.
The winter's waste drives water o'er the brim;
Upon the land great floats of wood may swim.
Nature thinks scorn to do her duty right,
Because we have displeased the Lord of Light."

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This "progeny of evils" has been recorded by the theologians as well as the poets. In Strype's 'Annals' we have an extract from a lecture preached by Dr. J. King, at York, in which are enumerated the signs of divine wrath with which England was visited in 1593 and 1594. The lecturer says:—"Remember that the spring" (that year when the plague broke out) "was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rains that fell. Our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April: so that the air must needs be infected." . . . . Then, having spoken of three successive years of scarcity, he adds,—"And see, whether the Lord doth not threaten us much more, by sending such unseasonable weather, and storms of rain among us: which, if we will observe, and compare it with that which is past, we may say that the course of nature is very much inverted. Our years are turned upside down. Our summers are no summers: our harvests are no harvests: our seed-times are no seed-times. For a great space of time, scant any day hath been seen that it hath not rained upon us."

[12] SCENE II.—*"The nine men's morris is filled up with mud."*

Upon the green turf of their spacious commons the shepherds and ploughmen of England were wont to cut a rude series of squares, and other right lines, upon which they arranged eighteen stones, divided between two players, who moved them alternately, as at chess or draughts, till the game was finished by one of the players having all his pieces taken or impounded. This was the *nine men's morris*. It is affirmed that the game was brought hither by the Norman conquerors, under the name of *merelles;* and that this name, which signifies *counters*, was subsequently corrupted into *morals* and *morris*. In a wet season the lines upon which the *nine men* moved were "filled up with mud;" and "the quaint mazes," which the more active of the youths and maidens in propitious seasons trod "in the wanton green," were obliterated.

[13] SCENE II.—*"My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st,"* &c.

There can be no doubt that the "fair vestal" of this exquisite description was Queen Elizabeth. See 'William Shakspere, a Biography,' page 51.

[14] SCENE III.—*"You spotted snakes,"* &c.

Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess' has passages which strongly remind us of the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream.' But they are such as a man of high genius would naturally produce with a beautiful model before him. Take the Song of the River God as an example:—

> "Do not fear to put thy feet
> Naked in the river, sweet;
> Think not leech, or newt, or toad
> Will bite thy foot when thou hast trod."

ACT III.

[15] SCENE I.—*"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."*

THERE was an account published in 1594 of the ceremonies observed at the baptism of Henry, the eldest son of the King of Scotland. A triumphal chariot, according to this account, was drawn in by a "black-moor." The writer adds—"This chariot should have been drawn in by a lion, but because his presence might have brought *some fear* to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meet that the moor should supply that room." It is not improbable that Shakspere meant to ridicule this incident in—"there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living."

[16] SCENE I.—*"Let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner."*

This passage will suggest to our readers Sir Walter Scott's description of the pageant at Kenilworth, when Lambourne, not knowing his part, tore off his vizard and swore, "Cogs-bones! he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking her Majesty's health from morning till

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midnight, and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle." But a circumstance of this nature actually happened upon the Queen's visit to Kenilworth, in 1575; and is recorded in the 'Merry Passages and Jests,' compiled by Sir Nicholas Lestrange, and lately published by the Camden Society from the Harleian MS.—"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and, amongst others, Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the dolphin's back, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but e'en honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discovery pleased the Queen better than if it had gone through in the right way; yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well." It is by no means improbable that Shakspere was familiar with this local anecdote, and has applied it in the case of Snug the joiner. Bottom and Quince, and the other "hard-handed men," must also have been exceedingly like the citizens of Coventry, who played their Hock play before the Queen, on the memorable occasion of her visit to their neighbourhood.

[17] SCENE I.—"*Look in the almanac; find out moonshine.*"

The popular almanac of Shakspere's time was that of Leonard Digges, the worthy precursor of the Moores and Murphys. He had a higher ambition than these his degenerate descendants; for, while they prophecy only by the day and the week, he prognosticated *for ever*, as his title-page shows:—'A Prognostication *everlastinge* of right good effect, fruictfully augmented by the auctour, contayning plain, briefe, pleasaunte, chosen rules to iudge the Weather by the Sunne, Moone, Starres, Comets, Rainebow, Thunder, Cloudes, with other extraordinarye tokens, not omitting the Aspects of the Planets, with a briefe iudgement *for euer*, of Plenty, Lucke, Sickenes, Dearth, Warres, &c., opening also many natural causes worthy to be knowen' (1575).

[18] SCENE I.—"*The oosel-cock, so black of hue, With orange-tawny bill.*"

Although Bottom has here described the blackbird with zoological precision, there are some commentators hardy enough to deny his scientific pretensions, maintaining that the woosel or ousel is something else. It is sufficient for us to show that this name expressed the blackbird in Shakspere's day. It is used by Drayton as synonymous with the *merle* (about which there can be no doubt) in his description of the "rough woodlands" of the Warwickshire Arden, where both he and his friend Shakspere studied the book of nature:—

"The throstel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song
T' wake the lustless sun, or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill:
The *woosel* near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had mark'd of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe, the *merle* doth only play."
(*Poly-Olbion*, 13th Song.)

[19] SCENE I.—"*And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.*"

Shakspere was certainly a much truer lover of nature, and therefore a much better naturalist, than Dr. Johnson, who indeed professed to despise such studies; but the critic has, nevertheless, ventured in this instance to be severe upon the poet:—"I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail." Well, then, let us correct the poet, and make Titania describe the glow-worm with a hatred of all metaphor:—

"And light them at the fiery glow-worm's *tail*."

We fear this will not do. It reminds us of the attempt of a very eminent naturalist to unite science and poetry in verses which he called the 'Pleasures of Ornithology,' of which union the following is a specimen:—

"The morning wakes, as from the lofty elm
The cuckoo sends the monotone. Yet he,
Polygamous, ne'er knows what pleasures wait
On pure monogamy."

We may be wrong, but we would rather have Bottom's

"—— plain-song cuckoo gray,"

than these hard words.

[20] SCENE II.—"*Thy lips, those kissing cherries,*" &c.

The "kissing cherries" of Shakspere gave Herrick a stock in trade for half-a-dozen poems. We would quote the 'Cherry ripe,' had it not passed into that extreme popularity which almost renders a beautiful thing vulgar. The following is little known:—

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"I saw a cherry weep, and why?
Why wept it? but for shame;
Because my Julia's lip was by,
And did out-red the same.
But, pretty fondling, let not fall
A tear at all for that;
Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all,
For tincture, wonder at."

[21] SCENE II.—"*O, and is all forgot?*" &c.

Gibbon compares this beautiful passage with some lines of a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life.

[22] SCENE II.—"*So, with two seeming bodies,*" &c.

Mr. Monck Mason's explanation of this passage seems more intelligible than some other interpretations:—"Every branch of a family is called a house; and none but the first of the first house can bear the arms of the family without some distinction; two of the first, therefore, means two coats of the first house, which are properly due but to one." But we have pleasure in giving the explanation of an anonymous correspondent, signing himself "A Lover of Heraldry:"—

"It is not easy to see how Monck Mason's explanation bears on this passage, or why 'the first house' should have *two* coats due to him: to a herald his reasoning is very vague.

"I propose to take the passage as it stands, and then the expression 'two of the first' will have nothing to do with the coats of heraldry, but refers to what Helena has just said, 'two seeming bodies:'—

'So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, (*i. e.* two bodies,) like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.'

There is a double comparison here: 1st, of the *two* bodies, compared to *two* coats of heraldry; and, 2ndly, of the *one* heart, compared to the *one* crest and the *one* owner. 'Our bodies are *two*, but they are as united under *one* heart, as two coats of arms (when quartered or impaled) are borne by *one* person under *one* crest.'"

[23] SCENE II.—"*Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision.*"

Mr. Guest classes this line in the division of "sectional rhyme"—an ancient form of emphatically marking a portion of a verse. We have it in the 'Taming of the Shrew:'—

"With *cuffs* and *ruffs*; and farthingales and things,"

and, in 'Love's Labour's Lost:'—

"Or *groan* for Joan, or spend a minute's time."

[24] SCENE II.—"*For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.*"

The chariot of night was drawn by dragons, on account of their watchfulness. They were the serpents, "whose eyes were never shut." In Milton's 'Il Penseroso:'—

"Cynthia checks her dragon yoke."

[25] SCENE II.—"*I with the morning's love have oft made sport.*"

Whether Oberon meant to laugh at Tithonus, the old husband of Aurora, or sport "like a forester" with young Cephalus, the morning's love, is matter of controversy.

[26] SCENE II.—"*Even till the eastern gate,*" &c.

This splendid passage was perhaps suggested by some lines in Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale:'—

"The besy larke, the messager of day,
Salewith in hire song the morwe gray:
And firy Phebus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his stremes drieth in the greves
The silver dropes, hanging on the leves."

[27] SCENE II.—"*Ho, ho! ho, ho!*"

The devil of the old mysteries was as well known by his Ho, ho! as Henry VIII. by his Ha, ha! Robin Good-fellow succeeded to the pass-word of the ancient devil. Of the old song, which we quoted in Act II., each stanza ends with "ho, ho, ho!"

[28] SCENE II.—"*When thou wak'st,*
Thou tak'st."

The second line is generally corrupted into—

"*See* thou tak'st."

The structure of the verse is precisely the same as in the previous lines—

"On the ground
Sleep sound.'

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ACT IV.

[29] SCENE I.—"*So doth the woodbine,*" &c.

ACCORDING to Steevens "the sweet honeysuckle" is an explanation of what the poet means by "the woodbine," which name was sometimes applied to the ivy. "The honeysuckle" doth *entwist*—"the female ivy" *enrings* —"the barky fingers of the elm." Upon this interpretation the lines would be thus printed :—

"So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings,—the barky fingers of the elm."

This is certainly very different from the usual Shaksperian construction. Nor is our poet fond of expletives. If the "elm" is the only plant entwisted and enringed, we have only *one* image. But if the "woodbine" is not meant to be identical with the "honeysuckle," we have *two* images, each distinct and each beautiful. Gifford pointed out the true meaning of the passage, in his note upon a parallel passage in Ben Jonson :—

"—— behold!
How the *blue bindweed* doth itself enfold
With *honeysuckle*, and both these entwine
Themselves with bryony and jessamine."

"In many of our counties," says Gifford, "the *woodbine* is still the name for the great *convolvulus*."

[30] SCENE I.—"*Go one of you, find out the forester.*"

The Theseus of Chaucer was a mighty hunter :—

"This mene I now by mighty Theseus,
That for to hunten is so desirous,
And namely at the grete hart in May,
That in his bed ther daweth him no day
That he n'is clad, and redy for to ride
With hunte and horne, and houndes him beside.
For in his hunting hath he swiche delite,
That it is all his joye and appetite
To ben himself the grete hartes bane,
For after Mars he serveth now Diane."
(*The Knightes Tale.*)

[31] SCENE II.—"*Good strings to your beards.*"

In the first Act, Bottom has told us that he will "discharge" the part of Pyramus, "in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow." He is now solicitous that the strings by which the artificial beards were to be fastened should be in good order. The custom of wearing coloured beards was not confined to the stage. In the comedy of 'Ram-alley' (1611,) we have :—

"What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?"
"A black man's, I think."
"I think, *a red*; for that is most in fashion."

In the 'Alchemist' we find, "he had *dyed* his beard and all." Stubbs, the great dissector of 'Abuses,' gives us nothing about the coloured beards of men; but he is very minute about the solicitude of the ladies to procure false hair, and to dye their hair. We dare say the anxiety was not confined to one sex.

ACT V.

[32] SCENE I.—"*The battle with the Centaurs.*"

THESEUS has told his love the story of the battle with the Centaurs—

"In glory of my kinsman Hercules."

Shakspere has given to Theseus the attributes of a real hero, amongst which modesty is included. He has attributed the glory to his "kinsman Hercules." The poets and sculptors of antiquity have made Theseus himself the great object of their glorification. The Elgin Marbles and Shakspere have made the glories of Theseus familiar to the modern world.

[33] SCENE I.—"*This fellow doth not stand upon points.*"

The Prologue is very carefully *mis*-pointed in the original editions—"a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered." Had the fellow stood "upon points" it would have read thus :—

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"If we offend, it is with our good will
That you should think we come not to offend:
But with good will to show our simple skill.
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then. We come: but in despite
We do not come. As, minding to content you,
Our true intent is all for your delight.
We are not here that you should here repent you.
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know."

We fear that we have taken longer to puzzle out this enigma, than the poet did to produce it.

[34] SCENE I.—"*Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.*"

The "man in the moon" was a considerable personage in Shakspere's day. He not only walked in the moon, ("his lantern,") with his "thorn-bush" and his "dog," but he did sundry other odd things, such as the man in the moon has ceased to do in these our unimaginative days. There is an old black-letter ballad of the time of James II., preserved in the British Museum, entitled 'The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,' adorned with a wood-cut of this remarkable tippler.

[35] SCENE I.—"*This palpable-gross play.*"

There is a general opinion, and probably a correct one, that the state of the early stage is shadowed in the 'Pyramus and Thisbe.' We believe that the resemblance is intended to be general, rather than pointed at any particular example of the rudeness of the ancient drama. The description by Quince of his play—'The most lamentable Comedy,' is considered by Steevens to be a burlesque of the title-page of Cambyses, 'A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth.' Capell thinks that "in the Clown's Interlude you have some particular burlesques of passages in 'Sir Clyomen and Sir Chlamydes,' and in 'Damon and Pithias.'"—

"O sisters three
Come, come to me,"

certainly resembles the following in 'Damon and Pithias:'—

"Gripe me, you greedy griefs,
And present pangs of death,
You sisters three, with cruel hands
With speed now stop my breath."

We incline to think that the Interlude is intended as a burlesque on 'The Art of Sinking,' whether in dramatic or other poetry. In Clement Robinson's 'Handefull of Pleasant Delites' (1584), we have a 'Tale of Pyramus and Thisbe' which well deserves the honour of a travestie.

[36] SCENE II.—"*Now the hungry lion roars,*" &c.

"Very Anacreon," says Coleridge, "in perfectness, proportion, grace, and spontaneity. So far it is Greek; but then add, O! what wealth, what wild ranging, and yet what compression and condensation of English fancy. In truth, there is nothing in Anacreon more perfect than these thirty lines, or half so rich and imaginative. They form a speckless diamond."—('Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 114.)

[37] SCENE II.—"*Sing, and dance it trippingly.*"

The *trip* was the fairy pace: in the 'Tempest' we have—

"Each one *tripping* on his toe,
Will be here with mop and moe."

In the 'Venus and Adonis'—

"Or, like a fairy *trip* upon the green."

In the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'—

"About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme,
And as you *trip* still pinch him to your time."

[38] SCENE II.—"*To the best bride-bed will we,*" &c.

"The ceremony of blessing the bed," says Douce, "was used at all marriages." Those who desire to consult the original form of blessing, illustrated by a copy of a hideous ancient wood-cut, may find very full details in Douce, vol. ii. p. 199.

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COSTUME.

For the costume of the Greeks in the heroical ages we must look to the frieze of the Parthenon. It has been justly remarked, that we are not to consider the figures of the Parthenon frieze as affording us "a close representation of the national costume," harmony of composition having been the principal object of the sculptors. But, nevertheless, although not one figure in all the groups may be represented as fully attired according to the custom of the country, nearly all the component parts of the ancient Greek dress are to be found in the



frieze. Horsemen are certainly represented with no garment but the chlamys, according to the practice of the sculptors of that age; but the tunic which was worn beneath it is seen upon others, as well as the cothurnus, or buskin, and the petasus, or Thessalian hat, which all together completed the male attire of that period. On other figures may be observed the Greek crested helmet and cuirass; the closer skull-cap, made of leather, and the large circular shield, &c. The Greeks of the heroic ages wore the sword under the left arm-pit, so that the pommel touched the nipple of the breast. It hung almost horizontally in a belt which passed over the right shoulder. It was straight, intended for cutting and thrusting, with a leaf-shaped blade, and not above twenty inches long. It had no guard, but a cross bar, which, with the scabbard, was beautifully ornamented. The hilts of the Greek swords were sometimes of ivory and gold. The Greek bow was made of two long goat's horns fastened into a handle. The original bow-strings were thongs of leather, but afterwards horse-hair was substituted. The knocks were generally of gold, whilst metal and silver also ornamented the bows on other parts. The arrow-heads were sometimes pyramidal, and the shafts were furnished with feathers. They were carried in quivers, which, with the bow, was slung behind the shoulders. Some of these were square, others round, with covers to protect the arrows from dust and rain. Several which appear on fictile vases seem to have been lined with skins. The spear was generally of ash, with a leaf-shaped head of metal, and furnished with a pointed ferule at the butt, with which it was stuck in the ground —a method used, according to Homer, when the troops rested on their arms, or slept upon their shields. The hunting-spear (in Xenophon and Pollux) had two salient parts, sometimes three crescents, to prevent the advance of the wounded animal. On the coins of Ætolia is an undoubted hunting-spear.

The female dress consisted of the long sleeveless tunic (olola or calasiris), or a tunic

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with shoulder-flaps almost to the elbow, and fastened by one or more buttons down the arm (axillaris). Both descriptions hung in folds to the feet, which were protected by a very simple sandal (solea or crepida). Over the tunic was worn the heplum, a square cloth or veil fastened to the shoulders and hanging over the bosom as low as the zone (tænia or strophum) which confined the tunic just beneath the bust. Athenian women of high rank wore hair-pins (one ornamented with a cicada or grasshopper, is engraved in Hope's 'Costume of the Ancients,' Plate 138), ribands or fillest, wreaths of flowers, &c. The hair of both sexes was worn in long, formal ringlets, either of a flat and zigzagged or of a round and corkscrew shape.

The lower orders of Greeks were clad in a short tunic of coarse materials; over which slaves wore a sort of leathern jacket, called diphthera; slaves were also distinguished from free men by their hair being closely shorn.

The Amazons are generally represented on the Etruscan vases in short embroidered tunics with sleeves to the wrist (the peculiar distinction of Asiatic or barbaric nations), pantaloons, ornamented with stars and flowers to correspond with the tunic, the chlamys, or short military cloak, and the Phrygian cap or bonnet. Hippolyta is seen so attired on horseback contending with Theseus. Vide Hope's 'Costumes.'

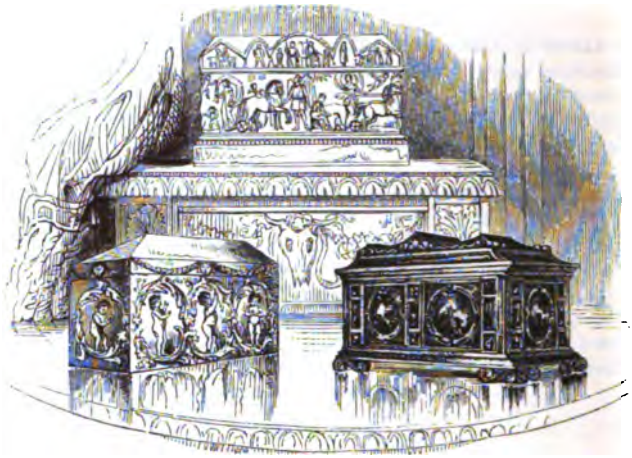


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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.



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[*The Caskets.*]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,' like 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' was first printed in 1600; and it had a further similarity to that play from the circumstance of two editions appearing in the same year—the one bearing the name of a publisher, Thomas Heyes, the other that of a printer, J. Roberts. The play was not reprinted till it appeared in the folio of 1623. In that edition there are a few variations from the quartos. All these editions present the internal evidence of having been printed from correct copies. 'The Merchant of Venice' is one of the plays of Shakspere mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598, and it is the last mentioned in his list.

Stephen Gosson, who, in 1579, was moved to publish a tract called 'The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillars of the commonwealth,' thus describes a play of his time:—"The Jew, shown at the Bull, representing the greedyness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers." Whatever might have been the plot of 'The Jew' mentioned by Gosson, the story of the bond was ready to Shakspere's hand, in a ballad to which Warton first drew attention. He considers that the ballad was written before 'The Merchant of Venice.' But this ballad of 'Gernutus' wants that remarkable feature of the play, the intervention of Portia to save the life of the Merchant; and this, to our minds, is the strongest confirmation that the ballad *preceded* the comedy. Shakspere found that incident in the source from which the ballad-writer professed to derive his history:—

> "In Venice towne not long agoe,
> A cruel Jew did dwell,
> Which lived all on usurie,
> As *Italian writers* tell."

It was from an Italian writer, Ser Giovanni, the author of a collection of tales called 'Il Pecorone,' written in the fourteenth century, and first published at Milan in 1558, that Shakspere unquestionably derived some of the incidents of his story, although he might be familiar with another version of the same tale.

"It is well known," says Mrs. Jameson, "that 'The Merchant of Venice' is founded on two different tales; and in weaving together his double plot in so masterly a manner, Shakspere has rejected altogether the character of the astutious lady of Belmont, with her magic potions, who figures in the Italian novel. With yet more refinement, he has

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thrown out all the licentious part of the story, which some of his contemporary dramatists would have seized on with avidity, and made the best or the worst of it possible; and he has substituted the trial of the caskets from another source."[a] That source is the 'Gesta Romanorum.'

In dealing with the truly dramatic subject of the forfeiture of the bond, Shakspere had to choose between one of two courses that lay open before him. The 'Gesta Romanorum' did not surround the debtor and the creditor with any prejudices. We hear nothing of one being a Jew, the other a Christian. There is a remarkable story told by Gregorio Leti, in his 'Life of Pope Sixtus the Fifth,' in which the debtor and creditor of 'The Merchant of Venice' change places. The debtor is the Jew,—the revengeful creditor the Christian; and this incident is said to have happened at Rome in the time of Sir Francis Drake. This, no doubt, was a pure fiction of Leti, whose narratives are by no means to be received as authorities; but it shows that he felt the intolerance of the old story, and endeavoured to correct it, though in a very inartificial manner. Shakspere took the story as he found it in those narratives which represented the popular prejudice. If he had not before him the ballad of 'Gernutus' (upon which point it is difficult to decide), he had certainly access to the tale of the 'Pecorone.' If he had made the contest connected with the story of the bond between two of the same faith, he would have lost the most powerful hold which the subject possessed upon the feelings of an audience two centuries and a half ago. If he had gone directly counter to those feelings (supposing that the story which Leti tells had been known to him, as some have supposed), his comedy would have been hooted from the stage.

'The Prioress's Tale' of Chaucer belonged to the period when the Jews were robbed, maimed, banished, and most foully vilified, with the universal consent of the powerful and the lowly, the learned and the ignorant:—

> "There was in Asie, in a gret citee,
> Amonges Cristen folk a Jewerie,
> Sustened by a lord of that contree,
> For foul usure, and lucre of vilanie,
> Hateful to Crist, and to his compagnie."

It was scarcely to be avoided in those times that even Chaucer, the most genuine and natural of poets, should lend his great powers to the support of the popular belief that Jews ought to be proscribed as—

> "Hateful to Crist, and to his compagnie."

But we ought to expect better things when we reach the times in which the principles of religious liberty were at least germinated. And yet what a play is Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,'—undoubtedly one of the most popular plays even of Shakspere's day, judging as we may from the number of performances recorded in Henslowe's papers! That drama, as compared with the 'Merchant of Venice,' has been described by Charles Lamb, with his usual felicity:—"Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakspere's as his Edward II. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose, to please the rabble. He kills in sport—poisons whole nunneries—invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners, *by the Royal command*, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet." 'The Jew of Malta' was written essentially upon an intolerant principle. 'The Merchant of Venice,' whilst it seized upon the prejudices of the multitude, and dealt with them as a foregone conclusion by which the whole dramatic action was to be governed, had the intention of making those prejudices as hateful as the reaction of cruelty and revenge of which they are the cause.

[a] 'Characteristics of Women,' vol. i., p. 72.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

PRINCE OF ARRAGON, *suitor to* Portia.
Appears, Act II. sc. 9.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *suitor to* Portia.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7.

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

BASSANIO, *friend to* Antonio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

SOLANIO, *friend to* Antonio *and* Bassanio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 8. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

SALARINO, *friend to* Antonio *and* Bassanio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 8. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.

GRATIANO, *friend to* Antonio *and* Bassanio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

LORENZO, *in love with* Jessica.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.

TUBAL, *a Jew, friend to* Shylock.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a clown, servant to* Shylock.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

Old GOBBO, *father to* Launcelot.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

LEONARDO, *servant to* Bassanio.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

BALTHAZAR, *servant to* Portia.
Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

STEPHANO, *servant to* Portia.
Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

NERISSA, *waiting-maid to* Portia.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

JESSICA, *daughter to* Shylock.
Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—PARTLY AT VENICE; AND PARTLY AT BELMONT, THE SEAT OF PORTIA, ON THE CONTINENT.

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[*Saint Mark's Place.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO[a], *and* SOLANIO.

ANT. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,

[a] *Salarino.* Nothing can be more confused than the manner in which the names of *Salarino* and *Solanio* are indicated in the folio of 1623. Neither in that edition, nor in the quartos, is there any enumeration of characters. In the text of the folio we find *Salarino* and *Slarino; Salanio, Solanio,* and *Salino.* Further, in the third act we have a *Salerio,* who has been raised to the dignity of a distinct character by Steevens. *Gratiano* calls this *Salerio* "my old Venetian friend;" and there is no reason whatever for not receiving the name as a misprint of *Solanio,* or *Salanio.* But if there be confusion even in these names when given at length in the text, the abbreviations prefixed to the speeches are "confusion worse confounded." *Salanio* begins with being *Sal.,* but he immediately turns into *Sola.,* and afterwards to *Sol.; Salarino* is at first *Salar.,* then *Sala.,* and finally *Sal.* We have adopted the distinction which Capell recommended to prevent the mistake of one abbreviation for another—*Solan.* and *Salar.;* and we have in some instances deviated from the usual assignment of the speeches to each of these characters, following for the most part the quarto, which in this particular is much less perplexed than the folio copy. The modern editors appear to have exercised only their caprice in this matter; and thus they have given *Salarino* and *Solanio* alternate speeches, after the fashion of Tityrus and Melibœus; whereas *Salarino* is decidedly meant for the liveliest and the greatest talker.

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What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALAR. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail[1],
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SOLAN. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind[2];
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew[a] dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top[b] lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANT. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,

[a] *Wealthy Andrew.* Johnson explains this (which is scarcely necessary) as "the name of the ship;" but he does not point out the propriety of the name for a ship, in association with the great naval commander, Andréa Doria, famous through all Italy.

[b] *Vailing her high-top.* To *vail* is to *let down:* the *high-top* was shattered—fallen—when the Andrew was on the shallows.

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My ventures[a] are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALAR. Why, then you are in love.

ANT. Fie, fie!

SALAR. Not in love neither? Then let us say, you are sad
Because you are not merry: an 't were as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus[3],
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper:
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

SOLAN. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

SALAR. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

SALAR. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

LOR. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

BASS. I will not fail you.

GRA. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,

[a] *My ventures, &c.* This was no doubt proverbial—something more elegant than "all the eggs in one basket." Sir Thomas More, in his 'History of Richard III.,' has—"For what wise merchant adventureth all his good in one ship?"

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And mine a sad one.

GRA. Let me play the Fool[a]:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain[a],
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am sir Oracle[b],
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; who[c], I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LOR. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear[d].

GRA. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

ANT. Is that anything now[e]?

[a] *And do a wilful stillness*, &c. So Pope, addressing *Silence*:—
"With thee, in private, modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks, in thought's disguise,
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise."

[b] *Sir Oracle.* So the quartos of 1600; the folio, *an oracle.*

[c] *Who.* The original copies have *when.*

[d] *For this gear*—a colloquial expression, meaning, *for this matter.* The Anglo-Saxon *gearcian* is *to prepare*—*gear* is the thing *prepared*, *in hand*—the business or subject in question.

[e] All the old copies read "*It* is that anything now." Those, we apprehend, did wisely who re-

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BASS. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are two grains of wheat[a] hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.

ANT. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

BASS. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port[b]
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASS. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT. You know me well: and herein spend but time,

jected the *it*, and rendered the sentence interrogative. Gratiano has made a commonplace attempt at wit; and Antonio gravely, but sarcastically, asks, "Is that *anything?*" Bassanio replies, "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of *nothing*." This is Tyrwhitt's sensible explanation.

[a] *Two grains of wheat.* The ordinary reading, that of the quartos, is, *as* two grains, &c. The folio omits *as*.

[b] *Port*—appearance, carriage.

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To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now[a] more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest[b] unto it: therefore speak.

BASS. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues. Sometimes[c] from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

ANT. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

POR. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

NER. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that

[a] *Me now.* The words are found in the quartos, but are omitted in the folio.
[b] *Prest*—ready. [c] *Sometimes*—formerly.

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surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no small[a] happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NER. They would be better, if well followed.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

NER. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

POR. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR. Ay, that 's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NER. Then, is there the County Palatine.

POR. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose;" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NER. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?

POR. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

NER. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

[a] *Small*, in the folio; the quartos, *mean*.

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POR. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian[a]; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

NER. What think you of the Scottish lord[a], his neighbour?

POR. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

NER. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

POR. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

POR. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

POR. If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

NER. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

POR. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think so was he called.

NER. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise[b]. How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

[a] *Scottish lord.* The folio reads *other* lord; the quartos of 1600, *Scottish.* The sarcasm against the political conduct of Scotland was suppressed upon the accession of James.

[b] *Worthy of thy praise.* In the folio the sentence here concludes. In the quartos, Portia, addressing the Servant, says, "How now! what news?"

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POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door[a].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A public Place*[b].

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK[7].

SHY. Three thousand ducats.—well.

BASS. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHY. For three months,—well.

BASS. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHY. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

BASS. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

SHY. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS. Your answer to that.

SHY. Antonio is a good man.

BASS. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY. Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad[b]. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

BASS. Be assured you may.

SHY. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

BASS. If it please you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Naza-

[a] We have printed the conclusion of this scene as *verse*. The doggrel line is not inconsistent with the playfulness of the preceding dialogue.

[b] *Squandered abroad.* In a letter published by Mr. Waldron, in Woodfall's 'Theatrical Repertory,' 1801, it is stated that "Macklin, mistakenly, spoke the word with a tone of reprobation implying that Antonio had, as we say of prodigals, unthriftly squandered his wealth." The meaning is simply *scattered;* of which Mr. Waldron gives an example from Howell's 'Letters:' "The Jews, once an elect people, but now grown contemptible, and strangely *squander'd* up and down the world." In Dryden's 'Annus Mirabilis' we have the same expression applied to ships:—

"They drive, they *squander*, the huge Belgian fleet."

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rite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on[a] the Rialto[8]?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

BASS. This is signior Antonio.

SHY. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice[9].
If I can catch him once upon the hip[b],
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

BASS. Shylock, do you hear?

SHY. I am debating of my present store:
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft: How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior: [*To* ANTONIO.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I 'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd[c]
How much you would?

SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANT. And for three months.

SHY. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But hear you:
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

[a] *On the Rialto.* The old copies have *on*. (See Illustration.) The Rialto meaning the island, it is indifferent whether we say *on*, *upon*, or *in*, as we find in the text.

[b] *Upon the hip.* We have the same expression in 'Othello:'—

"I 'll have our Michael Cassio *on the hip.*"

Johnson says the expression is taken from the practice of wrestling.

[c] *Possess'd*—informed.

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ANT. I do never use it.
SHY. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.
ANT. And what of him? did he take interest?
SHY. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings[a] which were streak'd and pied
Should fall, as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd[b] me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time
Fall[c] particolour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
ANT. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
ANT. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
SHY. Three thousand ducats,—'t is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me

[a] *Eanlings*—lambs just dropped.
[b] *Pill'd.* This is usually printed *peel'd.* The words are synonymous; but in the old and the present translations of the Bible we find *pill'd* in the passage of Genesis to which Shylock alludes.
[c] *Fall*—to let fall.

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About my moneys, and my usances[10]:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet[a] upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys;" You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can[b] lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys?"

ANT. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalties[c].

SHY. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

BASS. This were kindness[d].

[a] *Spet* was the more received orthography in Shakspere's time; and it was used by Milton:—
"The womb
Of Stygian darkness *spets* her thickest gloom."

[b] *Can*, in the quartos. The folio, *should*.

[c] *Penalties*, in the folio. The quartos, *penalty*.

[d] In all the early copies this exclamation is given to Bassanio; and it comes more naturally from the person who is to receive the benefit of the Jew's loan than from *Antonio*, to whom it is usually assigned.

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SHY. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary: seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
ANT. Content, in faith; I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
BASS. You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I 'll rather dwell[a] in my necessity.
ANT. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
SHY. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard[b]
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
ANT. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
BASS. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
ANT. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Dwell*—continue.
[b] *Fearful guard*—a guard that is the cause of fear.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, *and his Train;* Portia, Nerissa, *and other of her* Attendants[11].

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime

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Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

POR. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit[a], to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

MOR. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of sultan Solyman,
I would o'er-stare[b] the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady[c]: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page[d];
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

POR. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

MOR. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

POR. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

MOR. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bless'd, or cursed'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Wit.* The word is here used in its ancient sense of mental power in general. *To wite*, from the Anglo-Saxon *witan*, is *to know*.

[b] *O'er-stare.* So the folio and one of the quartos; the ordinary reading, which is of the other quarto, is *out-stare*.

[c] All the early copies have, "To win *the* lady."

[d] *Page.* All the old copies read *rage*. But there can be no doubt that Lichas, the unhappy servant of Hercules, was thus designated. The correction was made by Theobald.

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SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO[a].

LAUN. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me; saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:—My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn running with thy heels[b]: Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. Via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens[c]; rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not: budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

GOB. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind[d], high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try conclusions[e] with him.

[a] The original stage-direction is, "*Enter the Clown*," by which name Launcelot is invariably distinguished.

[b] When Pistol says, "He hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans calls the phrase "affectations." Perhaps Launcelot uses "*scorn running with thy heels*" in the same affected fashion.

[c] *For the heavens.* This expression is simply, as Gifford states, "a petty oath." It occurs in Ben Jonson and Dekker.

[d] *Sand-blind*—having an imperfect sight, as if there was sand in the eye. *Gravel-blind*, a coinage of Launcelot's, is the exaggeration of *sand-blind*. *Pur-blind*, or pore-blind, if we may judge from a sentence in Latimer, is something less than *sand-blind*: "They be pur-blind and sand-blind."

[e] *Conclusions.* This is the reading of Roberts's quarto. That of Hayes, and the folio, have *confusions*. To try confusions is not very intelligible; *to try conclusions* is to experimentalise,—as in 'Hamlet,' Act III., Scene 4:—

"Like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep."

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GOB. Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's [12]?

LAUN. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOB. By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him dwell with him, or no?

LAUN. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now—[*aside*]—now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

GOB. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUN. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

GOB. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot [a].

LAUN. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot [b].

GOB. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

LAUN. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUN. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

GOB. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father?

GOB. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

GOB. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOB. I cannot think you are my son.

LAUN. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

GOB. Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard

[a] The same form of expression occurs in 'Love's Labour 's Lost'—"Your servant, and Costard." It would seem, from the context, that the old man's name was Launcelot: "I beseech you, talk you of *young master* Launcelot," says the clown, when the old man has named himself.

[b] This sentence is usually put interrogatively, contrary to the punctuation of all the old copies, which is not to be so utterly despised as the modern editors would pretend.

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hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse[a] has on his tail.

LAUN. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

GOB. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

LAUN. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master 's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground[13].—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers.*

BASS. You may do so:—but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

LAUN. To him, father.

GOB. God bless your worship!

BASS. Gramercy! Wouldst thou aught with me?

GOB. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

LAUN. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

GOB. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

LAUN. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

GOB. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

LAUN. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

GOB. I have here a dish of doves[14], that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

LAUN. In very brief, the suit is impertinent[b] to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

BASS. One speak for both:—What would you?

LAUN. Serve you, sir.

GOB. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

[a] *Phill-horse.* The word is so spelt in all the old copies. It is the same as *thill-horse*—the horse in the shafts—and is the word best understood in the midland counties.

[b] *Impertinent.* Launcelot is a blunderer, as well as one who "can play upon a word;" here he means *pertinent.*

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BASS. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUN. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASS. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery [*To his Followers.*
More guarded[a] than his fellows': See it done.

LAUN. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no!—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well [*looking on his palm*]; if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune![b] Go to, here 's a simple line of life[15]! here 's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come. I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.[c]

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and Old* GOBBO.

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

LEON. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where 's your master?

LEON. Yonder, sir, he walks [*Exit* LEON.

GRA. Signior Bassanio,—

BASS. Gratiano!

GRA. I have a suit to you.

BASS. You have obtain'd it.

GRA. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

BASS. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;

[a] *More guarded*—more ornamented, laced, fringed.

[b] This passage is ordinarily pointed thus: "Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune." The punctuation which we have adopted was suggested by Tyrwhitt, and indeed it is borne out by the original punctuation. The table (palm) which doth offer to swear upon a book is not very different from other palms; but the palm which doth offer to swear that the owner shall have good fortune is a fair table to be proud of. (See Illustration.)

[c] The folio, following one of the quartos, has "the twinkling," omitting "*of an eye.*"

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Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where they are not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal:—pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconster'd[a] in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

GRA. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[b]
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

BASS. Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRA. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage[c] me
By what we do to-night.

BASS. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

GRA. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Room in* Shylock's *House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

JES. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,

[a] *Misconster'd.* To *misconster* is the common form of our early writers for *misconstrue*, and is so given here in the original copies.

[b] *Ostent*—display.

[c] *Gage*—measure; the same as *gauge.*

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And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk[a] with thee.

LAUN. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived[b]: But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

JES. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

LOR. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

GRA. We have not made good preparation.

SALAR. We have not spoke us yet of torchbearers.

SOLAN. T' is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

LOR. 'T is now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?

LAUN. An it shall please you to break up[c] this, it shall seem to signify.

LOR. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

GRA. Love-news, in faith.

LAUN. By your leave, sir.

LOR. Whither goest thou?

LAUN. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

[a] *In talk.* We prefer this reading of the quartos. That of the folio is, *see me talk with thee.*

[b] We follow, for once, the reading of the second folio. The quartos, and the folio of 1623, read, "If a Christian *do* not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived." The matter is hardly worth the fierce controversy which Steevens and Malone had upon the subject.

[c] *To break up this.* It would scarcely require an explanation that "to break up" was *to open*, unless Steevens had explained that "to break up" is a term of carving. In 'The Winter's Tale' we have, "*break up the seals*, and read."

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LOR. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately: go.
Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torchbearer.
SALAR. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.
SOLAN. And so will I.
LOR. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
SALAR. 'T is good we do so. [*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SOLAN.
GRA. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
LOR. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before* Shylock's *House.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

SHY. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise[16],
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
LAUN. Why, Jessica!
SHY. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

JES. Call you? What is your will?
SHY. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

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Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUN. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

SHY. So do I his.

LAUN. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday[17] last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

SHY. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing[a] of the wry-neck'd fife[18],
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

LAUN. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye[19]. [*Exit.* LAUN.

SHY. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring; ha?

JES. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

SHY. The patch[b] is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

[a] *Squealing.* So the folio and one of the quartos; the other quarto, which is usually followed, has *squeaking.*

[b] *Patch.* The domestic fool was sometimes called a patch; and it is probable that this class was thus named from the patched dress of their vocation. The usurper in 'Hamlet,' the "vice of kings," was "a king of shreds and patches." It is probable that in this way the word patch came to be an expression of contempt, as, in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,'—

"A crew of patches, rude mechanicals."

Shylock here uses the word in this sense; just as we say still, *cross-patch.*

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JES. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

GRA. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make a stand.
SALAR. His hour is almost past.
GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
SALAR. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
GRA. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younger[a], or a prodigal,
The scarfed[b] bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

SALAR. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.
LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who 's within?

Enter JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes.*

JES. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.
LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.

[a] *Younger.* So all the old copies. It is the same word as *younker* and *youngling.*
[b] *Scarfed bark*—the vessel gay with streamers.

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JES. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
LOR. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.
JES. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
LOR. Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.
JES. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.
LOR. So you are, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit, from above.*
GRA. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.
LOR. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Who 's there?
GRA. Signior Antonio?
ANT. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you:
No masque to-night; the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

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GRA. I am glad on 't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and both their Trains.*

POR. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
MOR. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
MOR. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

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But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

Why, that 's the lady: all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel [20]
Stamped in gold; but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

POR. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

MOR. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I 'll read the writing.

"All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs[a] do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

[a] *Gilded tombs.* The reading of all the old editions is "gilded *timber*." Rowe turned *timber* into *wood*. Johnson converted the *timber* and the *wood* into *tombs*. Douce thinks that *timber* is *possibly* right. The original reading is harsh and startling; and Johnson very justly observes that the old mode of writing *tombes* might be easily mistaken for *timber*.

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Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell heat; and welcome frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*
POR. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

SALAR. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
SOLAN. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
SALAR. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together[21]
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
SOLAN. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"
SALAR. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
SOLAN. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
SALAR. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd[a] with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part

[a] *Reason'd* is here used for *discours'd*. We have the same employment of the word in Beaumont and Fletcher—

"There is no end of women's *reasoning*."

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The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

SOLAN. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—"Do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

SOLAN. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

SALAR. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a* Servant.

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their Trains.*

POR. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince;
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnis'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

AR. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

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First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

POR. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

AR. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:"

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"

And well said too. For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

I will assume desert:—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

POR. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

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AR. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

POR. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

AR. What is here?

"The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone; you are sped."[a]

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and Train.*

POR. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

NER. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

POR. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Where is my lady?

POR. Here; what would my lord[b]?

SERV. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets[c];

[a] This line is usually corrupted into—
"So begone, *sir*, you are sped,"
for the sake of the metre, as the syllable-counters say.

[b] Mr. Dyce explains this as "a sportive rejoinder to the abrupt exclamation of the messenger."

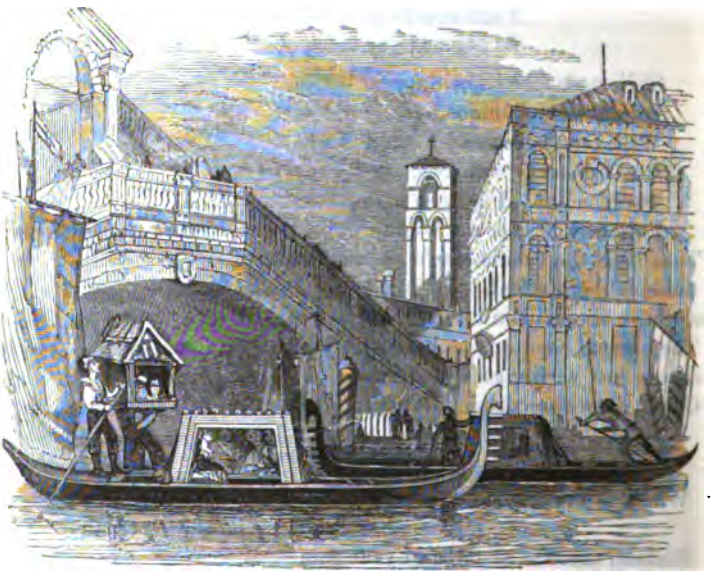
[c] *Regreets*—salutations.

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To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

POR. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

NER. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*



["In a gondola were seen together."]

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[*Venice. From the Lagunes.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO *and* SALARINO.

SOLAN. Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALAR. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place[28]; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

SOLAN. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SALAR. Come, the full stop.

SOLAN. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SALAR. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

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SOLAN. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

SHY. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALAR. That 's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SOLAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damned for it.

SALAR. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SOLAN. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

SHY. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SALAR. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrout, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

SALAR. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh? What 's that good for?

SHY. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his[a] reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

[a] *His*, in the quartos. The folio, *the*.

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SALAR. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

SOLAN. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt* SOLANIO, SALARINO, *and* Servant.

SHY. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHY. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not how much is[a] spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

SHY. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

SHY. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

TUB. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

SHY. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

TUB. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHY. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him; I 'll torture him; I am glad of it.

TUB. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise[23]: I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUB. But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHY. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *How much is.* So the folio. The quartos, *what 's.*

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SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants. *The caskets are set out.*

POR. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There 's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd[a] me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours: O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 't is to peize[b] the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASS. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

POR. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,

[a] *O'erlook'd.* In 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' we have—

"Vild worm, thou wast *o'erlook'd* even in thy birth."

The word is here used in the same sense; which is derived from the popular opinions of the influence of fairies and witches. The *eyes* of Bassanio have *o'erlook'd* Portia, and she yields to the enchantment.

[b] *Peize. Poise* and *peize* are the same words. To *weigh* the *time*, is, to keep it in suspense—upon the balance.

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Where men enforced do speak anything.
BASS. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.
POR. Well, then, confess, and live.
BASS. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
POR. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply[a].

[a] These words, "*Reply, reply,*" which are unquestionably part of the song, were considered by Johnson to stand in the old copies as a marginal direction; and thus, from Johnson's time, in all editions, except in Capell's and the last of Malone's, the line has been suppressed. In all the old copies the passage is printed thus, in italic type:—
"*How begot, how nourished. Replie, replie.*"
The reply is then made; and, probably, by a second voice.

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2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

ALL. Ding, dong, bell.

BASS. So may the outward shows be least themselves[a];
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand[b], wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre[24].
Thus ornament is but the guiled[c] shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on

[a] The old stage-direction for the conduct of this scene has been retained in the modern editions:—"*Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.*" He has made up his mind whilst the music has proceeded, and then follows out the course of his thoughts in words.

[b] *Stairs of sand.* In the first folio the word is printed *stayers*. In modern editions, *stairs*. Cowards in their falseness—their assumption of appearances without realities—may be compared to *stairs* of sand, which betray the feet of those who trust to them. But as we have here cowards appearing ready to face an enemy with

"The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,"

we might retain the old reading without any violent impropriety; they are false as *stayers* of sand—banks, bulwarks of sand, that the least opposition will throw down—vain defences—feeble ramparts.

[c] *Guiled*—deceiving. The active and passive participles are often substituted each for the other by Shakspere and the other Elizabethan poets.

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To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness[a] moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

POR. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy,
In measure rain thy joy[b], scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

BASS. What find I here? [*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd[c]: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[a] *Paleness.* So all the old copies. But it is ordinarily printed *plainness*, upon a suggestion of Warburton. It appeared to him that, because silver was called "thou *pale* and common drudge," lead ought to be distinguished by some other quality. Malone has justly observed that if the emphasis is placed on *thy*, Warburton's objection is obviated.

[b] *Rain thy joy.* Some would read *rein* thy joy. To *rain* is here to pour down. Lord Lansdowne, who in 1701 had the temerity to produce an improved version of 'The Merchant of Venice,' modernises the passage into—

"In measure *pour* thy joy."

[c] *Unfurnish'd*—unsurrounded by the other features. The pretty conceit of this passage is supposed by Steevens to have been founded upon a description in Greene's 'History of fair Bellora.' But it is by no means certain that the tract was written by Greene, or that it was published before 'The Merchant of Venice.' The passage, however, illustrates the text,—"If Apelles had been tasked to have drawn her *counterfeit*, her two bright burning lamps would have so dazzled his quick-seeing senses, that, quite despairing to express with his cunning pencil so admirable a work of nature, he had been enforced to have stayed his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfinished*."

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" You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave: [*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

POR. You see, my lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing[a]; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord,—I give them with this ring;

[a] *Sum of nothing.* So the folio and one of the quartos. The quarto printed by Roberts reads *sum of something*; which is the ordinary text. We agree with Monck Mason in preferring the reading of the folio, "as it is Portia's intention in this speech to undervalue herself."

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Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio 's dead.

NER. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord and lady!

GRA. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASS. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

GRA. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

POR. Is this true, Nerissa?

NER. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

BASS. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRA. Yes, faith, my lord.

BASS. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

GRA. We 'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

NER. What, and stake down?

GRA. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

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But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio*?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SOLANIO.

BASS. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
POR. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
LOR. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
SOLAN. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
BASS. Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
SOLAN. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
GRA. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio. What 's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
SOLAN. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
POR. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world

* *Solanio.* For the reasons assigned in the first note to this play, we have dispensed with the character of *Salerio*, and have substituted *Solanio* in the present scene. It appears to us not only that there is no necessity for introducing a new character, Salerio, in addition to Solanio and Salarino, but that the dramatic propriety is violated by this introduction. In the first scene of this act the servant of Antonio thus addresses Solanio and Salarino: "Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both." To the unfortunate Antonio, then, these friends repair. What can be more natural than that, after the conference, the one should be dispatched to Bassanio, and the other remain with him whose "creditors grow cruel?" We accordingly find, in the third scene of this act, that one of them accompanies Antonio when he is in custody of the gaoler. In the confusion in which the names are printed it is difficult to say which goes to Belmont, and which remains at Venice. We have determined the matter by the metre of this line, and of the subsequent lines in which the name is mentioned.

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Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

BASS. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SOLAN. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

JES. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,

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If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

POR. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

BASS. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

POR. What sum owes he the Jew?

BASS. For me, three thousand ducats.

POR. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife:
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

BASS. [*Reads.*]

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

POR. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

BASS. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

SHY. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lends out[a] money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.
ANT. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
SHY. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond[b]
To come abroad with him at his request.
ANT. I pray thee, hear me speak.
SHY. I 'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
SALAR. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
ANT. Let him alone;
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
SALAR. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
ANT. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice; if it be denied,
'T will much impeach the justice of the state[c];
Since that the trade and profit of the city

[a] *Lends out*, in the folio; the quartos, *lent out*. As a matter of taste we have little hesitation in taking the text of the folio. It is not a case of mere past and present;—the generosity which constituted "the fool" moves the Jew's wrath: the quality of Antonio's nature is not in the preterite tense; though his power of lending, to speak literally, is gone.

[b] *Fond*. This is generally explained as *foolish*—one of the senses in which Shakspere very often uses the word. We are inclined to think that it here means *indulgent*, tender, weakly compassionate.

[c] The construction of this passage, as it stands in all the old copies, is exceedingly difficult;

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Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

LOR. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

POR. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;

and the paraphrases of Warburton and Malone do not remove the difficulty. Their reading, which is ordinarily followed, is—

> "The duke cannot deny the course of law;
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice, if it be denied,
> Will much impeach the justice of the state."

Here *commodity* governs *impeach*. But *commodity* is used in the sense of traffic—commercial intercourse; and although the traffickers might impeach the justice of the state, the traffic cannot. Capell, neglected and despised by all the commentators, has, with the very slightest change of the original, supplied a text which has a clear and precise meaning; and this we have followed: —The Duke cannot deny the course of law *on account of* the interchange which strangers have with us in Venice; if it be denied, *'t will* much impeach the justice of the state.

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Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

LOR. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

POR. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

LOR. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JES. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

POR. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua[a]; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect[b], to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice[25]:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

BALTH. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

POR. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

[a] *Padua.* The old copies read Mantua—evidently a mistake; as we have in the fourth Act—
"Came you from *Padua*, from Bellario?"

[b] *Tranect.* No other example is found of the use of this word in English, and yet there is little doubt that the word is correct. *Tranare*, and *trainare*, are interpreted by Florio not only as *to draw*, which is the common acceptation, but as *to pass or swim over*. Thus the *tranect* was most probably the *tow-boat* of the ferry.

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NER. Shall they see us?
POR. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal[a]: then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
NER. Why, shall we turn to men?
POR. Fie! what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

LAUN. Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.
JES. And what hope is that, I pray thee?
LAUN. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

[a] *I could not do withal.* Gifford is very properly indignant at the mode in which a corruption of this reading—*I could not do with all*—has been commented upon by Steevens under the name of Collins. He says—"The phrase, so shamelessly misinterpreted, is in itself perfectly innocent, and means neither more nor less than, *I could not help it.*"—(Notes on 'The Silent Woman.')

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JES. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUN. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways.

JES. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

LAUN. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

JES. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

LOR. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JES. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

LOR. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

LAUN. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

LOR. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUN. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

LOR. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUN. That is done, too, sir: only, cover is the word.

LOR. Will you cover, then, sir?

LAUN. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUN. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

LOR. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;—

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How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

JES. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven[a].
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else,
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LOR. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

JES. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LOR. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

JES. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

LOR. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

JES. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

[a] So one of the quartos. The folio has—
"And, if on earth he do not mean it, *it*
Is reason," &c.

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[*Court of the Ducal Palace.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes[a], ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, *and others.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?
ANT. Ready, so please your grace.
DUKE. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
ANT. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach[b], I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,

[a] *Magnificoes.* So the old copies. Coryat calls the nobles of Venice *Clarissimoes.*
[b] *Envy's reach.* Envy is here used in the sense of *malice, hatred;* as in the translation of the Bible (Mark xv. 10)—"For he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy."

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The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SOLAN. He 's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant[a] down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig[b];

[a] *Royal merchant.* Warburton says that *royal* is not a mere sounding epithet, but was peculiarly applicable to the old Venetian merchants, who were rulers of principalities in the Archipelago. He adds that the title was given them generally throughout Europe.

[b] *A gaping pig.* In 'Henry VIII.' (Act V., Scene 3) the porter at the Palace Yard thus addresses the mob:—"You 'll leave your *noise* anon, ye rascals, ye rude slaves: leave your *gaping*." Here *to gape* is *to bawl*—a sense in which Littleton gives the word in his dictionary. But in Webster we have "*a pig's head gaping;*" and in Fletcher, "*gaping like a roasted pig.*" We are inclined to think that Shylock alludes to the squeaking of the living animal. He is particularising the objects of offence to other men; and he would scarcely repeat his own dislike to pork, so strongly expressed in the first Act.

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Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood[a]
Of what it likes, or loathes[26]: Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen[b] bagpipe[27],—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

BASS. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHY. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANT. I pray you, think you question with the Jew[c],
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;

[a] Shylock himself, in a previous scene, has distinguished between *affection* and *passion*:—"Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, *affections*, *passions*?" The distinction, indeed, is a very marked one, in the original use of the words. *Affection* is that state of mind, whether pleasant or disagreeable, which is produced by some *external* object or quality. *Passion* is something higher and stronger—the *suggestive* state of the mind—going to a point by the force of its own will. The distinction is very happily preserved in an old play, 'Never too Late:'—"His heart was fuller of *passions* than his eyes of *affections*." Keeping in view this distinction, we have a key to this very difficult passage. In the original the period is closed at *affection;* and the line which follows, after a full point, is—

"*Masters* of passion *sways* it to the mood," &c.

Steevens would read, upon an ingenious suggestion of Mr. Waldron,—"*Mistress* of passion;"—supposing that *mistress* was originally written *maistress*, and thence corrupted into *masters*. But it appears to us a less violent change to read *master*. The meaning then is, that *affection*, either for love or dislike—sympathy or antipathy—being the *master of* passion,—sways *it* (*passion*) to the mood of what *it* (*affection*) likes or loathes. We are happy to have the sanction of Mr. Dyce in this alteration.

[b] *Woollen*. So the old copies. It is ordinarily written *swollen bagpipe*, upon the suggestion of Sir John Hawkins. Dr. Johnson would read *wooden*. Douce very properly desires to adhere to the old reading, having the testimony of Dr. Leyden in his edition of 'The Complaynt of Scotland,' who informs us that the Lowland bagpipe commonly had the bag or sack covered with *woollen cloth* of a green colour, a practice which, he adds, prevailed in the northern counties of England.

[c] The construction of this line appears to us elliptical—we believe that it should be understood thus:—

"I pray you, think, [if] you question with the Jew."

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You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb*;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what 's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASS. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHY. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHY. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 't is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SOLAN. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

BASS. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,

* So the quartos. The folio gives these two lines confusedly.

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Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
NER. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*
BASS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
SHY. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.
GRA. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen[a]; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
SHY. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
GRA. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable[b] dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd[c], and ravenous.
SHY. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall
To cureless[d] ruin.—I stand here for law.
DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?
NER. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.
DUKE. With all my heart:—some three or four of you

[a] A passage in 'Henry IV., Part II.,' will explain this:—

"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life."

[b] *Inexecrable.* So the old copies. The ordinary reading is *inexorable.* Malone thinks that *in* is used as an augmentative particle, the sense being *most execrable.* Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce consider it a misprint.

[c] *Starv'd*—synonymous with *starved*, and used by Spenser and the elder poets.

[d] *Cureless*, in the quartos. The folio, *endless.*

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Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter. [*Clerk reads.*

"Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

DUKE. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
POR. I did, my lord.
DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
POR. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
POR. Is your name Shylock?
SHY. Shylock is my name.
POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger[a], do you not? [*To* ANTONIO
ANT. Ay, so he says.
POR. Do you confess the bond?
ANT. I do.

[a] Dr. Jamieson says—"*In his dawnger, under his dawnger*, in his power as a captive. The old French *danger* frequently occurs as signifying *power*, dominion." Steevens quotes from Harl. MS. (1013):—

"Two detters some tyme there were
Oughten money to an usurere,
The one was *in his daungere*,
Fyve hundred poundes tolde."

But the phrase is not used by Portia in the limited and secondary sense of being in debt. Mr. Collier says, "the phrase has no necessary reference to the peril of Antonio's position." If so, why does Portia afterwards say to Shylock:—

"Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The *danger* formerly by me rehears'd."

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POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.
SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd[28];
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
POR. Is he not able to discharge the money?
BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth[a]. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
POR. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'T will be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
SHY. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

[a] *Truth* is here used in the sense of honesty

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POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
SHY. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.
POR. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
POR. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
SHY. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
POR. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
POR. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
SHY. 'T is very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
POR. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
SHY. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
POR. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?
SHY. I have them ready.
POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
SHY. Is it so nominated in the bond?
POR. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
SHY. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.
POR. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
ANT. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

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For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRA. I have a wife, whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NER. 'T is well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHY. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY. Most rightful judge!

POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHY. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

POR. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

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Unto the state of Venice.
GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!
SHY. Is that the law?
POR. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
GRA. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!
SHY. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
BASS. Here is the money.
POR. Soft.
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
POR. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
POR. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.
BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
GRA. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal?
POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
SHY. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I 'll stay no longer question.
POR. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

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Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

GRA. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

POR. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANT. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use[a], to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
Two things provided more,—That for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

POR. Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?

SHY. I am content.

POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:

[a] *In use*—lent on interest.

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I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

GRA. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more[a],
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.

POR. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua;
And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, Magnificoes, *and Train.*

BASS. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANT. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

POR. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASS. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

POR. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASS. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

POR. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

BASS. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

[a] *Ten more.* Jurymen were jestingly called godfathers—"Godfathers in law," as Ben Jonson has it.

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And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.

POR. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASS. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

POR. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

ANT. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

BASS. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste. [*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

POR. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we 'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

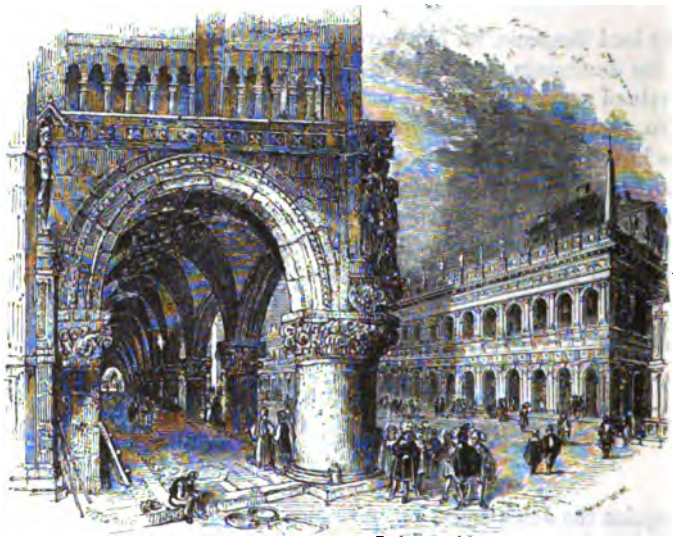
Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

POR. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

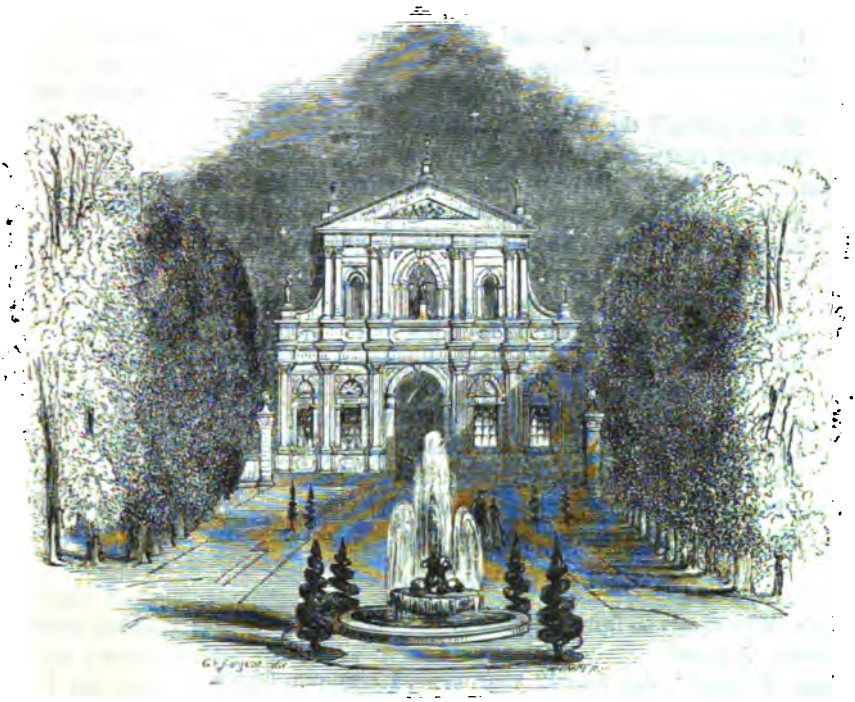
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GRA. That will I do.
NER. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
POR. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.
NER. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*



[*Street in Venice.*]

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[*Italian Villa by Moonlight.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

LOR. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls [29],
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JES. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

LOR. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand [30]

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Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

JES. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs[31]
That did renew old Æson.

LOR. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

JES. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LOR. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JES. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

LOR. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

STEPH. A friend.

LOR. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.

STEPH. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses[32], where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

LOR. Who comes with her?

STEPH. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

LOR. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

LAUN. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

LOR. Who calls?

LAUN. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

LOR. Leave hollaing, man; here.

LAUN. Sola! Where? where?

LOR. Here.

LAUN. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

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LOR. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter:—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank [33]!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica [34]. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines [a] of bright gold.
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins [b]:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in [c], we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.
JES. I am never merry when I hear sweet music. [*Music.*
LOR. The reason is your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature;
The man that hath no music in himself [35],
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

[a] *Patines.* The word in the folio is spelt *patens*. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used in the service of the altar. Archbishop Laud bequeaths to the Duke of Buckingham his "chalice and *patin* of gold."

[b] *Cherubins.* We follow the orthography of the old editions, though cherubim may be more correct. Spenser uses *cherubins* as the plural of cherubin; Milton, more learnedly, *cherubim*.

[c] *Close it in.* In one of the quartos, and the folio, this is printed *close in it*; the verb in this case being probably compound—*close-in*. *Close us in* has crept into some texts,—for which there is no authority.

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Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at a distance.*

POR. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
NER. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.
POR. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
NER. It is your music, madam, of the house.
POR. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
NER. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
POR. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark [36],
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace! How the moon [a] sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*
LOR. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
POR. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.
POR. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

[a] *Peace! How the moon*, &c. So all the old copies. Malone substituted, *Peace! Hos! the moon*, thinking that Portia uses the words as commanding the music to cease. This would be a singularly unladylike act of Portia, in reality as well as in expression. We apprehend that, having been talking somewhat loudly to Nerissa as she approached the house, she checks herself as she comes close to it with the interjection—*Peace!*—equivalent to *hush!* and then gives the poetical reason for being silent:—

"How the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!"

The stage-direction, *Music ceases*, is a coincidence with Portia's *Peace!* but not a consequence of it.

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LOR. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
POR. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo:—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*
LOR. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
POR. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick[37].
It looks a little paler; 't is a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

BASS. We should hold day with the antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
POR. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.
BASS. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
POR. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.
POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
[GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *seem to talk apart.*
GRA. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
POR. A quarrel, ho, already? what 's the matter?
GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."
NER. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

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You should have been respective[a], and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.

NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRA. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed[b] boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny him.

POR. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

BASS. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*

GRA. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

POR. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

BASS. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

POR. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NER. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

BASS. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,

[a] *Respective*—regardful.
[b] *Scrubbed.* Warton would read *stubbed*, in the sense of *stunted.*

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And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

POR. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain[a] the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I 'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.

BASS. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

POR. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

NER. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRA. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.

ANT. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

[a] *Contain* and *retain* are here synonymous.

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POR. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
BASS. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
POR. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye one:—swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.
BASS. Nay, but hear me;
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
ANT. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
POR. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
ANT. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
BASS. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
POR. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
NER. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.
GRA. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
POR. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
ANT. I am dumb.
BASS. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

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GRA. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
NER. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
BASS. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent then lie with my wife.
ANT. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.
POR. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
NER. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
LOR. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
POR. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories[a],
And we will answer all things faithfully.
GRA. Let it be so; The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I 'll fear no other thing
So sore[b], as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Inter'gatories.* Ben Jonson several times uses this elision.
[b] *Sore*—excessively—extremely—much.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Argosies with portly sail.*"

THE largest vessels now used and supposed to have been ever employed in Venetian commerce, are of two hundred tons. Fleets of such made up the ancient "argosies with portly sail." The smallest trading vessels,—coasters, "petty traffickers,"—are brigs and brigantines, which may be seen daily hovering, "with their woven wings," around the Island City.

The most splendid "pageants of the sea" ever beheld were perhaps some that put forth from Venice in the days of her glory. Cleopatra's barge itself could not supass the Bucintoro, with its exterior of scarlet and gold, its burnished oars, its inlaid deck and seats, its canopy and throne. The galleys of many of the wealthier citizens almost equalled this state vessel in splendour, to judge by the keels and other remains of ancient vessels which are preserved at the arsenal.—(M.)

[2] SCENE I.—"*Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind.*"

Though sea-weed is much more common than grass in Venice, there is enough land-vegetation in the gardens belonging to some of the palazzi to furnish the means of Solanio's experiment. —(M.)

[3] SCENE I.—"*Now, by two-headed Janus,*" &c.

Warburton, upon this passage, justly and sensibly says, "Here Shakspere shows his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed* Janus is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus, of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques, and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim," &c. Farmer upon this displays his unfairness and impertinence very strikingly:—"In 'The Merchant of Venice' we have an oath, 'By two-headed Janus;' and here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakspere shows his knowledge in the antique: and so again does the Water-poet, who describes Fortune—

'Like a Janus with a double face.'"

Farmer has just told us that "honest John Taylor, the Water-poet, declares that he never learned his Accidence, and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek." Now, Warburton's remark does not apply to the simple use by Shakspere of the term "two-headed Janus," but to the propriety of its use in association with the image which was passing in Salarino's mind, of one set of heads that would "laugh, like parrots,"—and others of "vinegar aspect"—the open-mouthed and closed-mouthed—"strange fellows,"—as different as the Janus looking to the east, and the Janus looking to the west.

[4] SCENE I.—"*Let me play the Fool.*"

The part of the Fool running over with "mirth and laughter," was opposed to the "sad" part which Antonio played. The Fool which Shakspere found in possession of the "stage" was a rude copy of the domestic fool—licentious, if not witty. Our great poet, in clothing him with wit, hid half his grossness. In the time of Middleton (Charles I.), when the domestic Fool was extinct, and the Fool of the stage nearly so, he is thus described retrospectively:—

"Oh, the clowns that I have seen in my time!
The very passing out of one of them would have
Made a young heir laugh though his father lay a-dying:
A man undone in law the day before
(The saddest case that can be) might for his second
Have burst himself with laughing, and ended all
His miseries. Here was a merry world, my masters."

Mayor of Queinborough.

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[5] SCENE II.—"*He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian.*"

"A satire," says Warburton, "on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time." Authors are not much in the habit of satirising themselves; and yet according to Farmer and his school, Shakspere knew "neither Latin, French, nor Italian."

[6] SCENE III.—"*Venice. A public Place.*"

Though there are three hundred and six canals in Venice, serving for thoroughfares, there is no lack also of streets and public places. The streets are probably the narrowest in Europe, from the value of ground in this City of the Sea. The public places (excepting the great squares before St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace) are small open spaces in front of the churches, or formed by the intersection of streets, or by four ways meeting, or a bridge. These resound with a hubbub of voices, from the multitude of conferences perpetually going on; thus forming a remarkable contrast with the neighbouring canals, where the plash of the oar, and its echo from the high walls of the houses, is usually all that is heard. As conferences cannot well take place on these watery ways, and the inhabitants had, till lately, nowhere else to meet, all out-door conversation must take place in the alleys and on the bridges; and it is probable that a greater amount of discourse goes up from the streets of Venice than from any other equal space of ground in Europe. There must, however, be less now than there was, since Napoleon conferred on the Venetians the inestimable boon of the public gardens, where thousands of the inhabitants can now converse while pacing the grass (that rare luxury to a Venetian) under the shade of a grove of acacias.—(M.)

[7] SCENE III.—"*Shylock.*"

Farmer asserts that Shakspere took the name of his Jew from a pamphlet entitled 'Caleb *Shillocke* his prophesie, or the Jew's prediction.' Boswell, who had seen a copy of this pamphlet, says its date was 1607. Farmer's theory is therefore worthless. *Scialac* was the name of "a Marionite of Mount Libanus," as we learn from 'An account of Manuscripts in the Library of the King of France,' 1789.

[8] SCENE III.—"*What news on the Rialto?*"

The Rialto spoken of throughout this play is not the bridge to which belong our general associations with the name. The bridge was built in 1591, by A. da Ponte, under the Doge Pascal Cicogna.

The Rialto of ancient commerce is an island—one of the largest of those on which Venice is built. Its name is derived from *riva alta—high shore,*—and its being larger and somewhat more elevated than the others accounts for its being the first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there; and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement. The arcades used for these purposes were burned down in the great fire of 1513, and rebuilt on the same spot in 1555, as they now stand. Rialto Island is situated at the bend of the Grand Canal, by which it is bounded on two sides, while the Rio delle Beccarie and another small canal bound it on the other two. There is a vegetable market there daily; and, though the great squares by St. Mark's are now the places "where merchants most do congregate," the old rendezvous is still so thronged, and has yet so much the character of a "mart," as to justify now, as formerly, the question, "What news on the Rialto?"—(M.)

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[9] SCENE III.

"He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

When the commerce of Venice extended over the whole civilised world, and Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea, were her dependencies (which was the case during a part of Shakspere's century), the city was not only the resort of strangers from all lands, but the place of residence of merchants of every nation, to whom it was the policy of the state to afford every encouragement and "commodity." Much of this convenience consisted in the lending of capital, which was done by the Jews, to the satisfaction of the government. These Jews were naturally feared and disliked by their merchant debtors; but while they were essential to these very parties, and countenanced by the ruling powers, they throve, to the degree declared by Thomas, in his 'History of Italy,' published in 1561,—ten years before the republic lost Cyprus.

"It is almost incredyble what gaine the Venetians receive by the usurie of the Jewes, both privately and in common. For in everie citie the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere; and if, at the yere's end, the gaige be not redeemed, it is forfeite, or at least dooen away to a great disadvantage, by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parts."—(M.)

[10] SCENE III.——*"you have rated me*
About my moneys, and my usances."

Upon this passage Douce observes,—"Mr. Steevens asserts that *use* and *usance* anciently signified usury, but both his quotations show the contrary." Ritson and Malone both state that *usance* signifies *interest of money*. And so *usury* formerly did. It is evident, from Bacon's masterly 'Essay on Usury,' in which he has anticipated all that modern political economy has given us on the subject, that *usury* meant *interest at any rate*. One of the objections, he says, which is urged against usury is, "that it is against nature for money to beget money."

ACT II.

[11] SCENE I.

THE stage direction of the quartos is curious, as exhibiting a proof that some attention to costume prevailed in the ancient theatres:—"Enter Morochus, a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, and their trains."

[12] SCENE II.—*"Which is the way to master Jew's?"*

It does not appear that the Jews (hardly used everywhere) had more need of patience in Venice than in other states. The same traditional reports against them exist there as elsewhere, testifying to the popular hatred and prejudice: but they were too valuable a part of a commercial population not to be more or less considered and taken care of. An island was appropriated to them; but they long ago overflowed into other parts of the city. Many who have grown extremely rich by money-lending have now fine palaces in various quarters; and of these, some are among the most respectable and enlightened of the citizens. The Jews who people their quarter are such as are unable to rise out of it. Its buildings are ancient and lofty, but ugly and sordid. "Our Synagogue" is, of course, there. Judging by the commotion among its inhabitants when the writer traversed it, it would seem that strangers rarely enter the quarter. It is situated on the canal which leads to Mestre. There are houses old enough to have been Shylock's, with balconies from which Jessica might have talked; and ground enough beneath, between the house and the water for her lover to stand, hidden in the shadow, or under "a pent-house." Hence, too, her gondola might at once start for the mainland, without having to traverse any part of the city.—(M.)

[13] SCENE II.—*"I will run as far as God has any ground."*

A characteristic speech in the mouth of a Venetian. Ground to run upon being a scarce

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convenience in Venice, its lower orders of inhabitants regard the great expanse of the mainland with feelings of admiration which can be little entered into by those who have been able, all their days, to walk where they would.—(M.)

In Winwood's 'Memorials' there is a letter dated Venice, 21st June, 1611, from Sir Dudley Carleton, Ambassador from England to the Venetian Republic, addressed to Mr. Trumbull, Resident at Brussels, which contains the following passage:—

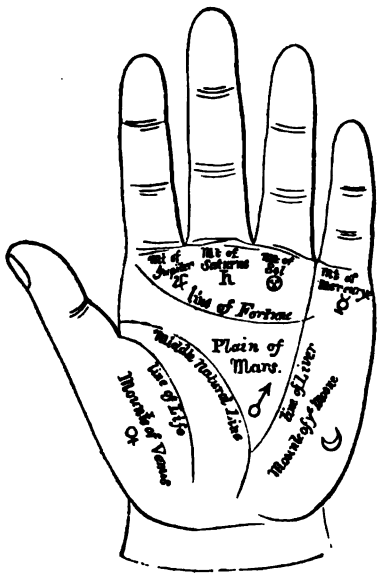
"Even now I have met with your last of the eighth of this present, being newly come from a *Villa* hard by, where I have been for the space of a fortnight with my wife and family, this being the first time for these six months past, that any of us have trod on firm land; and I find it so good a course, as well for health as recreation, that I am like hereafter to use it often. I have heard it as well from other hands as now by your letters, that my predecessor here is my successor in the nomination to that employment where you are; wherein I shall envy him in two things only, that he shall be nearer the air of England, and that he shall have *God's dear earth under his feet.*"

[14] SCENE II.—"*I have here a dish of doves.*"

Mr. Brown, as we have noticed in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' has expressed his decided conviction that some of the dramas of Shakspere exhibit the most striking proofs that our poet had visited Italy. The passage before us is cited by Mr. Brown as one of these proofs:—"Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a servant."—(*Autobiographical Poems.*)

[15] SCENE II.—"*Go to, here's a simple line of life!*"

Palmistry, or chiromancy, had once its learned professors as well as astrology. The printing-press consigned the delusion to the gypsies. Chiromancy and physiognomy were once kindred sciences. The one has passed away



amongst other credulities belonging to ages which we call ignorant and superstitious. The other, although fashionable half a century ago, is professed by none, but, more or less, has its influence upon all. The woodcut which we give is copied from a little book, with which Shakspere must have been familiar:—'Briefe introductions, both natural, pleasaunte, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manuel divination, and Phisiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes. Also certain Canons or Rules upon Diseases and Sicknesses, &c. Written in y^e^ Latin tongue by Jhon Indagine, Prieste, and now lately translated into Englishe, by Fabian Withers. For Richard Jugge, 1558.' Launcelot, as well as his betters, were diligent students of the mysteries interpreted by John Indagine, Priest; and a simple or complex line of life were indications that made even some of the wise exult or tremble. Launcelot's "small trifle of wives" was, however, hardly compatible with the *simple* line of life. There must have been too many *crosses* in such a destiny.

[16] SCENE V.—"*Thou shalt not gormandise.*"

The word gormandise, which is equivalent to the French *gourmander*, is generally considered to be of uncertain origin. Zachary Grey, however, in his 'Notes on Shakspeare,' quotes a

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curious story from Webb's 'Vindication of Stone-Heng restored' (1665), which at any rate will amuse, if it does not convince, our readers:—"During the stay of the Danes in Wiltshire they consumed their time in profuseness and belly cheer, in idleness and sloth. Insomuch that, as from their laziness in general we even to this day call them Lur-Danes; so, from the licentiousness of *Gurmond* and his army in particular, we brand all luxurious and profuse people by the name of *Gurmandisers*. And this luxury and this laziness are the sole monuments, the only memorials, by which the Danes have made themselves notorious to posterity, by lying encamped in Wiltshire."

[17] SCENE V.—"*Black-Monday.*"

Stow, the Chronicler, thus describes the origin of this name:—"Black-Monday is Easter-Monday, and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360), the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris: which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath been call Black-Monday."

[18] SCENE V.—"*The wry-neck'd fife.*"

There is some doubt whether *the fife* is here the instrument or the musician. Boswell has given a quotation from Barnaby Rich's 'Aphorisms,' 1618, which is very much in point:—"A *fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument." And yet we are inclined to think that Shakspere intended the instrument. We are of this opinion principally from the circumstance that the passage is an imitation of Horace, in which the instrument is decidedly meant:—

"Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias,
Sub cantu querulæ despice tibiæ."—(*Carm.* I. iii. 7.)

(By the way, Farmer has not told us from what source, except the original, Shakspere derived this idea; nor could Farmer, for there was no English translation of any of the Odes of Horace in Shakspere's time.)

[19] SCENE V.—"*Will be worth a Jewess' eye.*"

The play upon the word alludes to the common proverbial expression, "worth a Jew's eye." That worth was the price which the persecuted Jews paid for the immunity from mutilation and death. When our rapacious King John extorted an enormous sum from the Jew of Bristol by drawing his teeth, the threat of putting out an eye would have the like effect upon other Jews. The former prevalence of the saying is proved from the fact that we still retain it, although its meaning is now little known.

[20] SCENE VII.—"*A coin that bears the figure of an angel.*"

Verstegan, in his 'Restitution of Decayed Intelligence,' gives the following account of the origin of the practice amongst the English monarchs of insculping an angel upon their coin:—

"To come now unto the cause of the general calling of our ancestors by the name of English-men, and our country consequently by the name of England, it is to be noted, that the seven petty kingdoms aforenamed, of Kent, East-English, West-Saxons, South-Saxons, East-Saxons, Northumbers, and Mercians, came in fine one after another by means of the West-Saxons, who subdued and got the sovereignty of all the rest to be all brought into one monarchy under King Egbert, king of the said West-Saxons. This king then considering that so many different names as the distinct kingdoms before had caused, was now no more necessary, and that as the people were all originally of one nation, so was it fit they should again be brought under one name; and although they had had the general name of Saxons, as unto this day they are of the Welch and Irish called, yet did he rather choose and ordain that they should be all called English-men, as but a part of them before were called; and that the country should be called England. To the affectation of which name of English-men, it should seem he was chiefly moved in respect of Pope Gregory, his alluding the name of *Engelisce* unto Angel-like. The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonick tongues, to wit, the high and low Dutch, &c., as much to say, as Angel, and if a Dutch-man be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man*; and being asked how in his own language he would or doth call an English-man, he can give no other name for him, but even the very same that he gave before for an Angel-like-man, that is, as before is said, *ein*

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English-man, Engel being in their tongue an Angel, and English, which they write, *Engelsche*, Angel-like. And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which, may be supposed, hath as well been used before the Norman Conquest, as since."

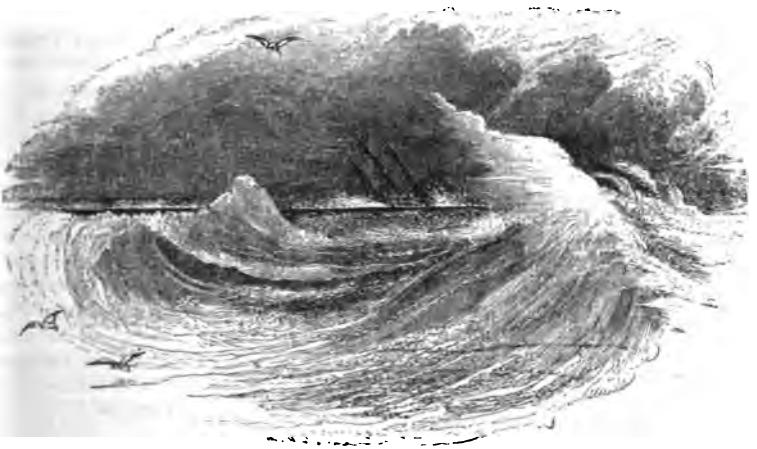
We subjoin the angel of Elizabeth.



[*Angel of Queen Elizabeth.*]

[21] SCENE VIII.—"*That in a gondola were seen together.*"

The only way of reaching the mainland was in a gondola. But to be "seen" was altogether a matter of choice,—the gondola being the most private mode of conveyance in the world, (not excepting the Turkish palanquin,) and the fittest for an elopement.



["The Goodwins."]

ACT III.

[22] SCENE I.—"*The Goodwins, I think they call the place.*"

THE popular notion of the Goodwin Sand was, not only that it was "a very dangerous flat and fatal," but that it possessed a "voracious and ingurgitating property; so that, should a ship of the largest size strike on it, in a few days it would be so wholly swallowed up by these quicksands, that no part of it would be left to be seen." It is to this belief that Shakspere most probably alludes when he describes the place as one "where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried." It has, however, been ascertained that

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the sands of the opposite shore are of the same quality as that which tradition reports to have once formed the island property of Goodwin, Earl of Kent.

[23] SCENE I.—"*It was my turquoise.*"

The turquoise, turkise, or Turkey-stone, was supposed to have a marvellous property, thus described in Fenton's 'Secret Wonders of Nature,' 1569:—"The turkeys doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it." Ben Jonson and Drayton refer to the same superstition. But the Jew, who had "affections, senses, passions," values his turquoise for something more than its commercial worth or its imaginary virtue. "I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;"

and Shakspere here, with marvellous art, shows us the betrayed and persecuted Shylock, at the moment when he is raving at the desertion of his daughter, and panting for a wild revenge, as looking back upon the days when the fierce passions had probably no place in his heart—"I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor."

[24] SCENE II.—"*The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.*"

Shakspere appears to have had as great an antipathy to false hair as old Stubbes himself; from whose 'Anatomy of Abuses' we gave a quotation upon this subject in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' (Illustrations of Act IV.). Timon of Athens says—

——"thatch your poor thin roofs
With burthens of the dead."

In the passage before us the idea is more elaborated, and so it is also in the 68th Sonnet:—

"Thus in his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new."

The "holy antique hours" appear to allude to a state of society in which the fashion, thus placed under its most revolting aspect, did not exist. Stow says—"Women's periwigs were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris" (1572). Barnaby Rich, in 1615, speaking of the periwig-sellers, tells us—"These attire-makers within these forty years were not known by that name." And he adds—"But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls—such monstrous mop-poles of hair—so proportioned and deformed that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawn the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

[25] SCENE IV.

"*Unto the tranect, to the common ferry*
Which trades to Venice."

If Shakspere had been at Venice (which, from the extraordinary keeping of the play, appears the most natural supposition), he must surely have had some situation in his eye for Belmont. There is a "common ferry" at two places—Fusina and Mestre. The Fusina ferry would be the one if Portia lived in perhaps the most striking situation, under the Euganean Hills. But the Mestre ferry is the most convenient medium between Padua and Venice. There is a large collection of canal-craft there. It is eighteen English miles from Padua, and five from Venice. Supposing Belmont to lie in the plain N.W. from Venice, Balthazar might cut across the country to Padua, and meet Portia at Mestre, while she travelled thither at a lady's speed.—(M.)

ACT IV.

[26] SCENE I.—"*Some men there are,*" &c.

THERE is a passage in Donne's 'Devotions' (1626), in which the doctrine of antipathies is put in a somewhat similar manner:—"A man that is not afraid of a lion is afraid of a cat; not afraid of starving, and yet is afraid of some joint of meat at the table, presented to feed him; not afraid of the sound of drums and trumpets, and shot, and those which they seek to drown, the last cries of men, and is afraid of some particular harmonious instrument; so

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much afraid, as that with any of these the enemy might drive this man, otherwise valiant enough, out of the field."

[27] SCENE I.—"*Bagpipe.*"

We extract the following notice of this instrument (which we apprehend is not the "particular *harmonious* instrument" alluded to by Donne) from the 'Penny Cyclopædia:—"The



bagpipe, or something nearly similar to it, was in use among the ancients. Blanchinus gives a figure of it, under the name of *tibia utricularis*, though this is not precisely the same as the modern instrument. Luscinius, in his 'Musurgia' (1536), has a woodcut of it, whence it appears that the bagpipe in his time was in all respects the same as ours. Indeed, it is mentioned, though not described, by Chaucer, who says of his miller—

'A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune;'

and this, we are told in the same prologue, was the music to which the Canterbury pilgrims performed their journey." The preceding engraving is copied from a carving in the church of Cirencester, which is supposed to be of the period of Henry VII.

[28] SCENE I.

"*The quality of mercy is not strain'd,*" &c.

Douce has pointed to the following verse in Ecclesiasticus (xxxv. 20) as having suggested the beautiful image of the rain from heaven:—"Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." The subsequent passage, when Portia says, "we do pray for mercy," is considered by Sir William Blackstone to be out of character as addressed to a Jew. Shakspere had probably the Lord's Prayer immediately in his mind; but the sentiment is also found in Ecclesiasticus, ch. xxviii.

ACT V.

[29] SCENE I.—"*Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls.*"

OUR poet had Chaucer in his mind:—

"The dale goth fast, and after that came eve,
And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide.
He lookith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
And ferre his heade ovir the walle he leide."

[30] SCENE I. "*In such a night*
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand."

"This passage," says Steevens, "contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakspere was no reader of the classics." And why?—because the Dido of the classics is never represented with a willow! Shakspere was not, like many of Steevens' day who had made great reputations with slender means, a mere transcriber of the thoughts of other men. He has here given us a *picture* of the forsaken Dido, which was perfectly intelligible to the popular mind. Those who remember Desdemona's willow song in Othello need no laboured comment to show them that the willow was emblematic of the misery that Dido had to bear.

[31] SCENE I. "*In such a night*
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs," &c.

The picture of the similar scene in Gower ('Confesso Amantis') is exceedingly beautiful:—

"Thus it befell upon a night
Whann there was nought but sterre light,
She was vanished right as hir list,
That no wight but herself wist:
And that was at midnight tide,
The world was still on every side."

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[32] SCENE I. ———"*she doth stray about*
By holy crosses."

These holy crosses still, as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads; and there is now a shrine of the Madonna del Mare in the midst of the sea between Mestre and Venice, and another between Venice and Palestrina, where the gondolier and the mariner cross themselves in passing, and whose lamp nightly gleams over the waters, in moonlight or storm. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying "for happy wedlock hours," or for whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines.—(M.)

[33] SCENE I.—"*How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.*"

One characteristic of an Italian garden is that its trees and shrubs are grown in avenues and gathered into thickets, while the grass-plots and turfy banks are studded with parterres of roses and other flowers, which lie open to the sunshine and the dews. The moonlight thus *sleeps* upon such lawns and banks, instead of being disturbed by the flickering of overshadowing trees.—(M.)

[34] SCENE I.—"*Sit, Jessica,*" &c.

Mr. Hallam, in his very interesting account of the philosophy of Campanella, thus paraphrases one of the most imaginative passages of the Dominican friar:—"The sky and stars are endowed with the keenest sensibility; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that they signify their mutual thoughts to each other by the transference of light, and that their sensibility is full of pleasure. The blessed spirits, that inform such living and bright mansions, behold all things in nature, and in the divine ideas; they have also a more glorious light than their own, through which they are elevated to a supernatural beatific vision." Mr. Hallam adds: "We can hardly read this, without recollecting the most sublime passage perhaps in Shakspere;" and he then quotes the following lines, which our readers will thank us for offering to them apart from the general text:—

"Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."[a]

Campanella was of a later period than Shakspere, who probably found the idea in some of the Platonic works of which his writings unquestionably show that he was a student. In his hands it has reached its utmost perfection of beauty. After these glorious lines, the parallel passage in Milton's 'Arcadea,' fine as it is, appears to us less perfect in sentiment and harmony:—

"In deep of night when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughter of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

Coleridge has approached the subject in lines which are worthy to stand by the side of these of Shakspere and Milton:—

"Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell;—
So may the gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard;—
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?"
(*Remorse*, Act III. Sc. I.

[35] SCENE I.—"*The man that hath no music is himself.*"

There is a great controversy amongst the commentators upon the moral fitness of this passage; and those who are curious in such matters may turn to the variorum edition, for a long and perilous attack upon Shakspere's opinions by Steevens, and to a defence of them in their separate works, by Douce and Monck

[a] 'Literature of Europe,' vol. iii. p. 147. Mr. Hallam has quoted from memory: having put "vault" for "floor," with two or three minor variations.

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Mason. The interest of the dispute wholly consists in the solemn stupidity with which it is conducted. The summing-up of Steevens is unequalled:—"Let not this capricious sentiment of Shakspere descend to posterity unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Chesterfield upon the same subject;" and then he quotes one of his Lordship's letters, containing an insolent attack upon "fiddlers."

[36] Scene I.—"*The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,*" &c.

The animals mentioned in this play are all proper to the country, and to that part of it, to which the play relates. The wren is uncommon; but its note is occasionally heard. The crow, lark, jay, cuckoo, nightingale, goose, and eel, are all common in Lombardy.—(M.)

[37] Scene I.—"*This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.*"

The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight in England. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for "the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap,"—an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation. Two hours after sunset, on the night of new moon, we have seen so far over the lagunes, that the night seemed indeed only a paler day,—"a little paler."—(M.)



[*Costume of the Doge of Venice.*]

COSTUME.

The Venice of Shakspere's own time, and the manners of that city, are delineated with matchless accuracy in this drama. To the same friend who furnished us with some local illustrations of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' we are indebted for some equally interesting notices of similar passages in this play. They go far to prove that Shakspere had visited Italy. Mr. Brown has justly observed, "The Merchant of Venice is a merchant of no other place in the world."

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The dresses of the most civilised nations of Europe have at all periods borne a strong resemblance to each other: the various fashions having been generally invented amongst the southern, and gradually adopted by the northern, ones. Some slight distinctions, however, have always remained to characterise, more or less particularly, the country of which the wearer was a native; and the Republic of Venice, perhaps, differed more than any other State in the habits of its nobles, magistrates, and merchants, from the universal fashion of that quarter of the globe in which it was situate.

To commence with the chief officer of the Republic:—The Doge, like the Pope, appears to have worn different habits on different occasions. Cæsar Vecellio describes at some length the alterations made in the ducal dress by several princes, from the close of the twelfth century down to that of the sixteenth, the period of the action of the play before us; at which time the materials of which it was usually composed were cloth of silver, cloth of gold, and crimson velvet, the cap always corresponding in colour with the robe and mantle. On the days sacred to the Holy Virgin the Doge always appeared entirely in white. Coryat, who travelled in 1608, says, in his 'Crudities,' "The fifth day of August, being Friday . . . I saw the Duke in some of his richest ornaments. . . . He himself then wore two very rich robes, or long garments, whereof the uppermost was white cloth of silver, with great massy buttons of gold; the other cloth of silver also, but adorned with many curious works made in colours with needlework." Howell, in his 'Survey of the Signorie of Venice,' Lond. 1651, after telling us that the Duke "always goes clad in silk and purple," observes, that "sometimes he shows himself to the public in a robe of cloth of gold, and a white mantle; he hath his head covered with a thin coif, and on his forehead he wears a crimson kind of mitre, with a gold border, and, behind, it turns up in form of a horn: on his shoulders he carries ermine skins to the middle, which is still a badge of the Consul's habit; on his feet he wears embroidered sandals[a], tied with gold buttons, and about his middle a most rich belt, embroidered with costly jewels, in so much, that the habit of the Duke, when at festivals he shows himself in the highest state, is valued at about 100,000 crowns."[a]

The chiefs of the Council of Ten, who were three in number, wore "red gowns with long sleeves, either of cloth, camlet, or damask, according to the weather, with a flap of the same colour over their left shoulders, red stockings, and slippers." The rest of the Ten, according to Coryat, wore black camlet gowns with marvellous long sleeves, that reach almost down to



[*Costume of the "Clarissimoes."*]

the ground. The "clarissimoes" generally wore gowns of black cloth faced with black taffata, with a flap of black cloth, edged with taffata, over the left shoulder[b]; and "all these gowned men," says the same author, "do wear marvellous little black caps of felt, without any brims at all, and very diminutive falling bands, no ruffs at all, which are so shallow, that I have seen many of them not above a little inch deep." The colour of their under garments was also generally black, and consisted of "a slender doublet made close to the body, without much quilting or bombast, and long hose plain, without those new-fangled curiosities and ridiculous superfluities of panes, pleats, and other light toys used with us Englishmen. Yet," he continues, "they make it of costly stuff, well

[a] C. Vecellio, a much better authority, says slippers. "Porta in piedi le piandelle piu del medesimo usasi anche da cavallieri nobili di Venetia."

[a] In the collection at Goodrich Court is the walking-staff of a Doge of Venice of the sixteenth century.

[b] Coryat.

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beseeming gentlemen and eminent persons of their places, as of the best taffatas and satins that Christendom doth yield, which are fairly garnished also with lace of the best sort. The Knights of St. Mark, or of the Order of the Glorious Virgin, &c., were distinguished by wearing red apparel under their black gowns." "Young lovers," says Vecellio, "wear generally a doublet and breeches of satin, tabby, or other silk, cut or slashed in the form of crosses or stars, through which slashes is seen the lining of coloured taffata: gold buttons, a lace ruff, a bonnet of rich velvet or silk with an ornamental band, a silk cloak, and silk stockings, Spanish morocco shoes, a flower in one hand, and their gloves and handkerchief in the other." This habit, he tells us, was worn by many of the nobility, as well of Venice as of other Italian cities, especially by the young men before they put on the gown with the sleeves, "a comito," which was generally in their eighteenth or twentieth year.

Vecellio also furnishes us with the dress of a doctor of laws, the habit in which Portia defends Antonio. The upper robe was of black damask cloth, velvet, or silk, according to the weather. The under one of black silk with a silk sash, the ends of which hang down to the middle of the leg; the stockings of black cloth or velvet; the cap of rich velvet or silk.



[*Costume of a Doctor of Laws.*]

And now to speak of the dress of the principal character of this play. Great difference of opinion has existed, and much ink been shed, upon this subject, as it seems to us very needlessly. If a work, written and published by Venetians in their own city, at the particular period when this play was composed, is not sufficient authority, we know not what can be considered such. Vecellio expressly informs us that the Jews differed in nothing, as far as regarded dress, from Venetians of the same professions, whether merchants, artisans, &c.[a], with the exception of a *yellow bonnet*, which they were *compelled to wear by order of the government*[b]. Can anything be more distinct and satisfactory? In opposition to this positive assertion of a Venetian writing upon the actual subject of dress, we have the statement of Saint Didier, who, in his 'Histoire de Venise,' says that the Jews of Venice wore *scarlet hats lined with black taffata*, and a notification in Hakluyt's 'Voyages' (p. 179, edit. 1598), that in the year 1581 the Jews wore *red caps* for distinction's sake. We remember also to have met somewhere with a story, apparently in confirmation of this latter statement, that the colour was changed from *red* to *yellow*, in consequence of a Jew having been accidentally taken for a cardinal! But besides that neither of the two last-mentioned works are to be compared with Vecellio's in respect of authority for what may be termed Venetian costume, it is not likely that scarlet, a sacred colour among Catholics generally, and appropriated particularly by the Venetian knights and principal magistrates, would be selected for a badge of degradation, or rather infamous distinction. Now yellow, on the contrary, has always been in Europe a mark of disgrace. Tenne (*i. e.* orange) was considered by many heralds as *stainant*. The Jews, in England, wore yellow caps of a peculiar shape as early as the reign of Richard I.; and Lord Verulam, in his 'Essay on Usury,' speaking of the witty invectives that men have made against usury, states one of them to be that "usurers should have *orange-tawny bonnets*, because they do *Judaize*."

As late, also, as the year 1825, an order was issued by the Pope that "the Jews should wear a *yellow* covering on their hats, and the women a *yellow* riband on their breast, under the pain of severe penalties."—Vide 'Examiner,' Sunday

[a] "Imitano gli altri mercanti e artigiani di questa litta." Edit. 1590.

[b] "Portano per comandamento publico la berretta gialla." *Ibid.*

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Newspaper, Nov. 20th, 1825. The which order there can be little doubt, from the evidence before us, was the re-enforcement of the old edict, latterly disregarded by the Jews of Italy. It is not impossible that "the orange-tawny bonnet" might have been worn of so deep a colour by some of the Hebrew population as to have been described as red by a careless observer, or that some Venetian Jews, in fact, did venture to wear red caps or bonnets in defiance of the statute, and thereby misled the traveller or the historian. We cannot, however, imagine that a doubt can exist of the propriety of Shylock wearing a yellow, or, at all events, an orange-coloured, cap of the same form as the black one of the Christian Venetian merchants. Shakspere makes Shylock speak of "his Jewish gaberdine;" but independently of Vecellio's assurance, that no difference existed between the dress of the Jewish and Christian merchants save the yellow bonnet aforesaid, the word gaberdine conveys to us no precise form of garment, its description being different in nearly every dictionary, foreign or English. In German it is called a rock or frock, a mantle, coat, petticoat, gown, or cloak. In Italian, "*palandrano*," or "great-coat," and "*gavardina*, a peasant's jacket." The French have only "*gaban*" and "*gabardine*,"—cloaks for rainy weather. In Spanish, "*gabardina*" is rendered a sort of cassock with close-buttoned sleeves. In English, a shepherd's coarse frock or coat.

Speaking of the ladies of Venice, Coryat says, "Most of these women, when they walk abroad, especially to church, are veiled with long veils, whereof some do reach almost to the ground behind. These veils are either black, or white, or yellowish. The black, either wives or widows do wear; the white, maids, and so the yellowish also, but they wear more white than yellowish. It is the custom of these maids, when they walk the streets, to cover their faces with their veils, the stuff being so thin, and slight, that they may easily look through it, for it is made of a pretty slender silk, and very finely curled. . . . Now, whereas I said that only maids do wear white veils, I mean these white silk curled veils, which (as they told me) none do wear but maids. But other white veils wives do much wear, such as are made in Holland, whereof the greatest part is handsomely edged with great and very fair bonelace."

The account in Howell's 'Survey' differs slightly from Coryat's, but Vecellio confirms the latter, and states that courtesans wore black veils, in imitation of women of character.

Jewish females, Vecellio says, were distinguished from Christian women by their being "highly *painted*," and wearing *yellow* veils, but that in other respects their dresses were perfectly similar[a]. We must not forget to mention that singular portion of a Venetian lady's costume at this period, "the chioppine." A description and an engraving of several varieties of this monstrosity will be found in our Illustrations of the second Act of 'Hamlet.'

[a] Edit. 1590.



[*Costume of a Lady of Venice.*]

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